Nov. 24, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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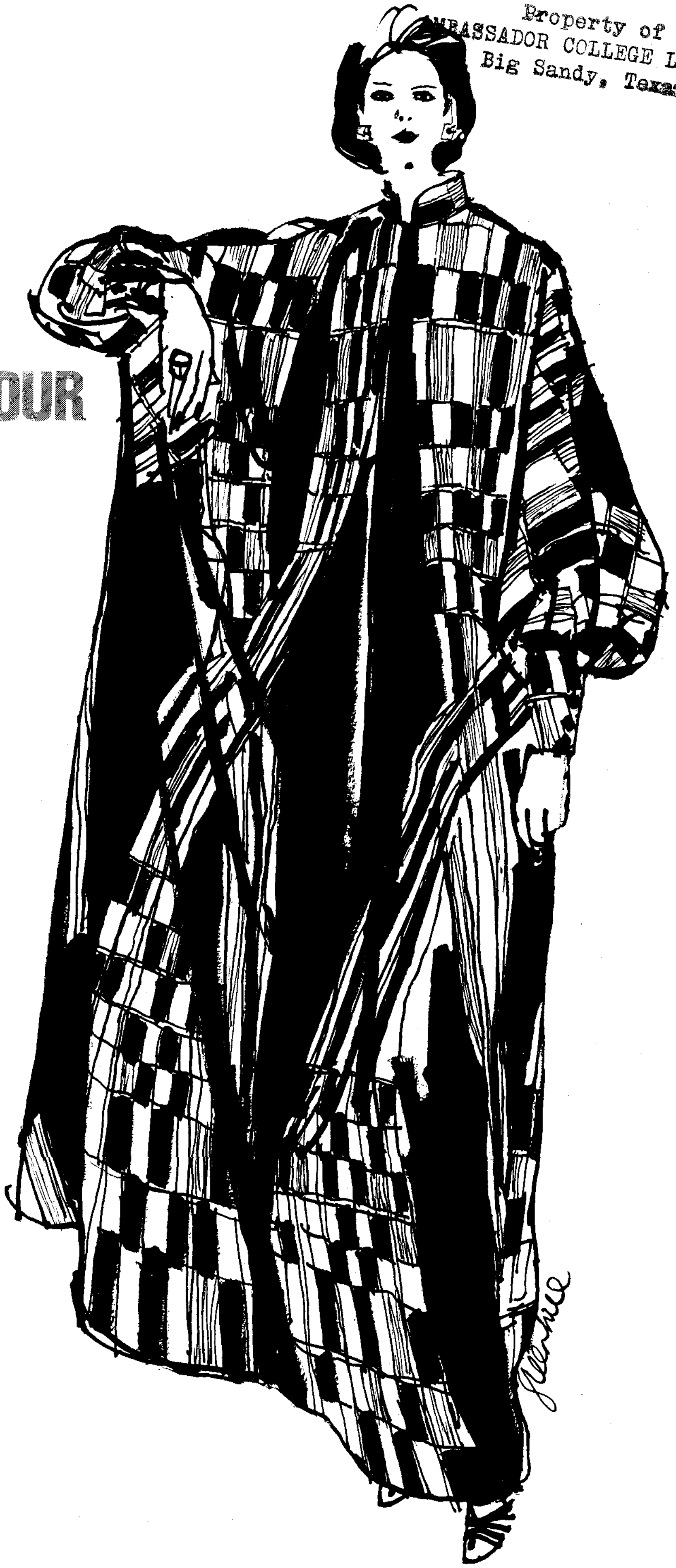

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 27. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ah, Wilderness!—Geraldine Fitzgerald, William Swetland, and other stalwarts of the Long Wharf Theatre in an endearing revival of the O'Neill comedy, well directed by Arvin Brown. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23.)

Boccaccio—A musical somehow based on the "Decameron," originally produced at the Arena Stage in Washington. Kenneth Cavander wrote the book and lyrics, and Richard Peaslee composed the music. Directed by Warren Enters. Previews through Sunday, Nov. 23. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 24. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff, by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chicago—Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Elephant in the House—A play by Berrilla Kerr. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23.)

Equity Library Theatre—The musical **tenderloin**, with a book by Jerome Weidman and George Abbott, music by Jerry Bock, and lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Family—A pair of full-length plays—one-half of a tetralogy, with the other half due in December—done in soap-opera form and about the adventures—rape, incest, mayhem, and lesbianism, among them—of two brothers and their mute sister living in a basement in Amsterdam. The Dutch playwright is Lodewijk de Boer, and his relentless friskiness and weighty irony soon grow tedious. But some of his ideas are truly funny, and he also appears to have a serious purpose in mind. The production, by the Chelsea Theatre Center of Brooklyn, is first-rate. Barry Davis directed. Lawrence King designed the fine setting. David Selby is splendid in the leading role, and he is ably supported by the other actors. Play No. 1: Wednesdays through Sundays at 6:30. . . . ¶ Play No. 2: Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 9:30. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

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The Fifth Season—Joseph Buloff and Stan Porter in a musical version (in Yiddish and English) of Sylvia Regan's comedy. Adapted by Luba Kadison, with music and lyrics by Dick Manning. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, Nov. 20, at 2; Friday, Nov. 21, at 7:30; Saturday, Nov. 22, at 2 and 8:15; Sunday, Nov. 23, at 2 and 6; Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 7:30; Thanksgiving Day at 2 and 6; Friday, Nov. 28, at 7:30; and Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2 and 8:15.)

Gorky—A play with music by Steve Tesich. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 1, and Friday, Nov. 28, at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

Habeas Corpus—A comedy by Alan Bennett, imported from London, with Donald Sinden, Jean Marsh, Rachel Roberts, Celeste Holm, and June Havoc. Directed by Frank Dunlop. Previews through Monday, Nov. 24. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 25. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Hello, Dolly!—The everlasting musical, with the everlasting Pearl Bailey. (Minskoff, 45th

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Jesse and the Bandit Queen—David Freeman's romp, presumably a fantasy, about Jesse James and his mistress and partner-in-crime, Belle Starr, is unsettling on a number of counts, but there is no doubt that it is an occasion for two first-rate, spirited performances, by Pamela Payton-Wright and Kevin O'Connor, its entire cast. Costumes by Hilary M. Rosenfeld and lighting by Arden Fingerhut. Gordon Stewart directed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23.)

Kennedy's Children—A lament for five voices, the subject being the sad sixties and the disappointments inflicted in the course of that decade upon the promising young. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lamppost Reunion—A realistic melodrama about a famous singer who returns to his home town in New Jersey and meets old friends, not all of whom have a high opinion of him. With Gabriel Dell and Danny Aiello. The author is Louis LaRusso II, and the director is Tom Signorelli. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

Me and Bessie—A vigorous, if eventually disappointing, attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson), dressing up in cloche hats and feather boas that wear *her*, and giving an esoteric biographical patter. But there are moments, particularly in such numbers as "T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do" and "Kitchen Man," when Hopkins' singing and acting synchronize and the great Bessie materializes. The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

A Musical Jubilee—A couple of dozen old songs, delivered with spirit by Cyril Ritchard, Lillian Gish, Patrice Munsel, John Raitt, Tammy Grimes, Larry Kert, and Dick Shawn. This is Broadway? (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

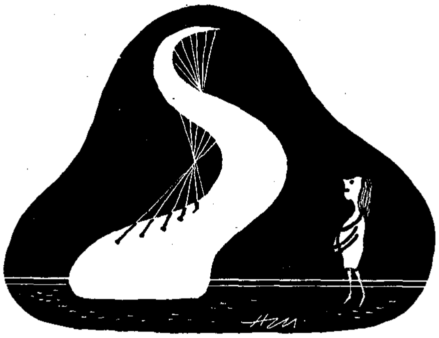
Same Time, Next Year—A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Joyce Van Patten and Conrad Janis are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago—A one-acter by David Mamet that deals, in the high-comedy style invented by the Second City, with some rather basic matters. The performances of all concerned are fine. Albert Takazauckas was the director. (Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. CI 6-7277. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Closes Saturday, Nov. 29.)

The Tavern and Christy—A repertory of two works. **the tavern,** by George M. Cohan, plays Thursdays through Mondays at 7:30; matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.... **christy,** a musical based on Synge's "Playboy of the Western World," with book and lyrics by Bernie Spiro and music by Lawrence J. Blank, plays Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 9, with matinées Wednesdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 4. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 221-9143.)

Travesties—A comedy by Tom Stoppard that ingeniously mingles history with outrageous make-believe. John Wood (David Dukes substitutes for him at the Wednesday matinées) is the spectacular star. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Treemonisha—There is one graceful and attractive number in this Scott Joplin "opera," and it's called "A Real Slow Drag." But it comes at the close of the show, which is long and somnolent and has been fattened up with a mini-ballet, a full chorus, expressionistic sets, and lots of razzmatazz stage business. And the wheezy story—how a young educated black woman is chosen to lead her people out of ignorance and superstition—is no help. But the singing, most of it by Carmen Balthrop (Kathleen Battle substitutes for her at the matinées), Betty Allen, Curtis Rayam, and Willard White, is very good, and Gunther Schuller's orchestrations have resonance. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)



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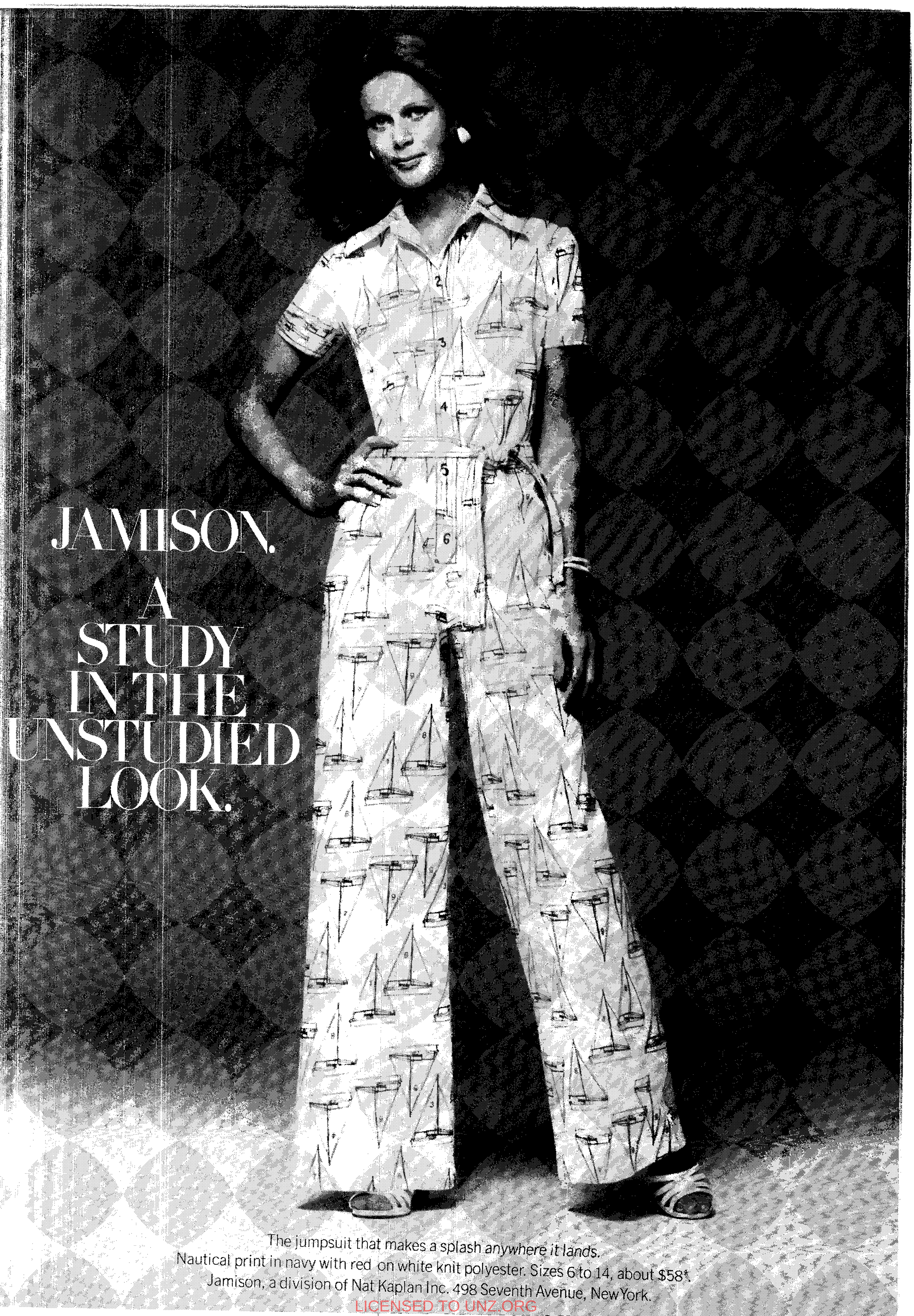
Trelawny of the 'Wells'—The turn-of-the-century Pinero melodrama is supposed to be heartwarming and is certainly mind-cooling. A misbegotten production, saved from disaster by Marybeth Hurt in the title role. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23.)

The Trip Back Down—A racing-car driver, fed up with his career, returns to the wife and child he left eight years before, hoping to pick up the pieces. The theme is an old one, but John Bishop, the dramatist, and the actors, under Terry Schreiber's direction, make it seem fresh and absorbing. This little Off Off Broadway house seats only fifty people. (T. Schreiber Studio, 386 Third Ave., at 28th St. 874-7509. Wednesday and Thursday at 7:30; Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23.)

Yentl—You don't have to be Jewish to like "Yentl," but it will certainly help. Taken from a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, the play tells how an old-country Jewish maiden assumes the guise of a man, marries a pretty girl, and finds misery. Tovah Feldshuh is enchanting in the title role. The play has been well directed by Robert Kalfin. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**absurd person singular:** A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clark, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **candide:** Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)... **dance with me:** A comedy with music, written by Greg Antonacci. A pleasant account of the daydreams of a young man of Manhattan, well acted by the gifted La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)... **equus:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Thomas Hulce, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.) ... **the fantasticks:** 6,481 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays—except Thanksgiving—Fridays, and Monday, Nov. 24, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)... **the hot l baltimore:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 28, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.) ... **pippin:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Irving Lee, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)... **raisin:** A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 7.)... **the ritz:** A very funny vaudeville about life in a homosexual bathhouse. Written by Terrence McNally, and starring Stubby Kaye, June Gable, and Mike Kellin. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)... **shenandoah:** A musical about the Civil War, but really about showbiz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)... **sherlock holmes:** The great detective is played by Robert Stephens, and Alan Sues is his implacable adversary, Professor Moriarty. Frank Dunlop directed this amusing revival of the William Gillette classic. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)... **the wiz:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through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Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Symphony in Three Movements," "Tzigane," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Duo Concertant," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 2: "Donizetti Variations," "Four Temperaments," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations," "Tzigane," and "Danses Concertantes." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 23, at 1: "Four Temperaments," "Ivesiana," "Pas de Deux," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 23, at 7: "Swan Lake," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Pas de Deux," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov 28, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2: "The Goldberg Variations," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Coppélia." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—Wednesday evening, Nov. 19: "Excursions," "The Consort," and "Mazurka." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 20: "Harbinger," "Sephardic Song," "Tzaddik," and "Mazurka." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 21: "The Consort," "Excursions," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 22: "The Real McCoy," "At Midnight," and "Mazurka." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 23: "Sephardic Song," "Cortège Parisien," "Tzaddik," and "Excursions." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 23: "The Consort," "Early Songs," and "Excursions." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 25: "The Real McCoy," "Mazurka," and "The Consort." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 26: "Harbinger," "Sephardic Song," "Intermezzo," and "Excursions." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 27: "The Consort," "Excursions," and "Mazurka." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 28: "The Real McCoy," "Early Songs," "Tzaddik," and "Excursions." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 29: "Harbinger," "Sephardic Song," "At Midnight," and "Excursions." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3. Through Sunday, Nov. 30.)

Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev—With Leslie Edwards, Daniel Lommel, members of the Murray Louis Dance Company, and a symphony orchestra conducted by Jacques Beaudry, in a program that includes American premières of "Amazon Forest Pas de Deux" and "Moments," and the New York première of "Songs of a Wayfarer Pas de Deux." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway, 586-6510. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 29.)

Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 14—Tuesday evening, Nov. 25: "Night Creature," "Love Songs," "Hidden Rites," and "The Mooche." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 26: "Streams," "Cry," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 27: "Night Creature," "Love Songs," "Hidden Rites," and "The Mooche." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 28: "Streams," "Cry," "Liberian Suite" (company première), and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 29: "Night Creature," "Love Songs," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "The Mooche." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 29: "Streams," "Cry," "Liberian Suite," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

Dance Umbrella at Roundabout Stage One—A four-week season by five contemporary dance companies that will end Sunday, Dec. 7. **CLIFF KEUTER DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday evening, Nov. 19, and Saturday and Sunday evenings, Nov. 22-23. . . . **JAMES CUNNINGHAM AND THE ACME DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday and Friday evenings, Nov. 20-21, and Sunday matinée, Nov. 23. . . . **LAR LUBOVITCH DANCE COMPANY:** Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Nov. 25-29, and Sunday matinée and evening, Nov. 30. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Don Redlich Dance Company—"Traces" and other works. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 20-22, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 3. For tickets, call 242-3900.)

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—"Pas de Quatre," "Phaedra/Monotonous," "Frontier Spring," "Röslein Wehrte Sich," and "Carmen." (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-7341. Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 26-30, at 8.)

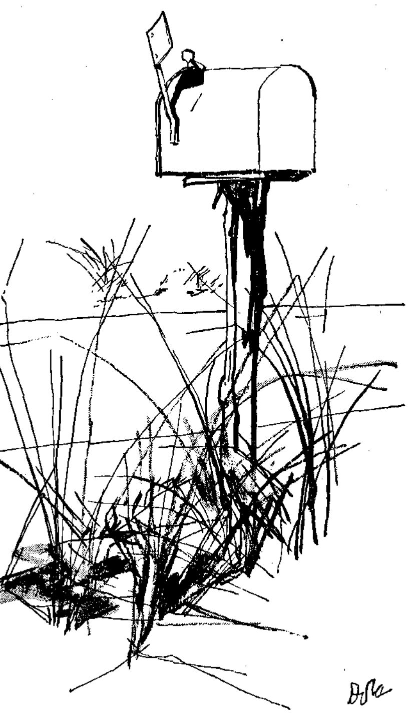
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Pianist **KENNY BARRON** joins up with saxophonist **FRANK WESS**, bassist **RON CARTER**, and drummer **BEN RILEY** (three-fourths of the New York Jazz Quartet) to play satisfying, straight-ahead stuff through Saturday, Nov. 22. On Wednesday, Nov. 26, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** team up with a quartet. Music from nine-forty-five. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The Pointer Sisters are here, singing gussied-up, recycled ditties from the forties, opposite comedian Mike Preminger, whose recent lacklustre stint on Dial-a-Joke could have been viewed as a message-unit-saving gesture by the phone company; through Sunday, Nov. 23. Monday through Thursday, Nov. 24-27, Daryl Hall, John Oates, and their rock group will trade sets with a rock-and-mime quartet, the Hello People. Pop folkie Don McLean will alternate with comic Ed Begley, Jr., Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Vibraharpist Mike Mainieri and pianist Warren Bernhardt play lyrical duets in this buzzing bar Mondays through Saturdays. The Sunday-night slot is currently filled by Barry Harris. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.



Buddy's Place, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—Lou Rawls does unadorned, unenergetic ballads and a watered-down blues number or two through Saturday, Nov. 22. On Monday, Nov. 24, Esther Phillips, who was formerly known for her Dinah Washington-inspired rhythm-and-blues work, and who lately has spent most of her time singing disco music, begins alternating with comic Jimmie Walker. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight; dancing on Fridays and Saturdays after the second show. Supper. Closed Sundays.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a lovely pastel-hued time capsule: just step in and thoughts of New York's cash-flow drought and proposed wage freezes give way to strains of "On the Sunny Side of the Street" and "I Happen to Like New York." **BOBBY SHORT** and his sidekick, bassist Beverly Peer, perform Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . **MARIAN MCPARTLAND**, all fire and brilliance, is once again playing in the Bemelmans Bar, Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Madison Avenue is the brighter for it.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The decades go by, but **MARY LOU WILLIAMS'** playing—with its startling, steely single-note lines; tight, almost harsh choral passages; and flashing, exploratory rhythmic sense—continues to surprise and delight and instruct. Her accompanist is bassist Brian Torff. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN**, a neatly bearded musical historian and memory bank, plays just about everything. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, Nov. 25, Johnny Windhurst will sit in with the regulars. Pianist Jim Andrews plays into the night, starting most nights at five-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. On Sunday, Nov. 23, the **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET**—**FRANK WESS, RON CARTER, BEN RILEY**, and **ROLAND HANNA**—takes over the stage for a few hours, beginning at eight.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—Modest and functional, with absolutely no frills, this club has presented some of the most important contemporary jazz in the world in the last few months. **SUN RA** and his **HUMANITARIAN ARKESTRA**, a twenty-seven-or-so-person collective—musicians, dancers, someone to run the slide and movie projectors, etc.—are currently in orbit around these parts. A performance by the Arkestra, which amounts to one continuous set lasting some four and a half hours, includes out-there jazz; skillfully executed African dances; home movies of Sun Ra, the band, New York, the world. All the while, the music seldom lets up—either the whole ensemble steaming along or just one section, the reeds or the percussionists, for example, playing while the others lay out. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from ten to three. Chinese and American food.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A very small and subdued music room. On Mondays, pianist Hal Galper and his bassist, Victor Gaskin, work with guitarist Chuck Wayne; on Tuesdays, they work with Wayne's six-string jogging partner, Joe Puma. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three. Gregory's balloons with the Odd Trio—pianist **BROOKS KERR**, who at twenty-three knows more Ellington tunes than Himself ever did, and two Ellington alumni: reedman **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and drummer **SONNY GREER**. The trio is not to be missed. Pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist Eddie Diehl, and bassist Jamil Nasser meet here from five-thirty to nine-thirty on Sundays, and they come up with some fine, loose, and exceedingly lyrical and blues-riddled renditions of bop and post-bop numbers.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive

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is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, check their mail, throw darts, and listen to Lance Hayward, whose piano style is peppered with tremolos. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**RAY NANCE** is here, doing vocals, playing his violin, and leading a quartet. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. Music from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Drummer **ART BLAKEY** and the five newest apprentices that make up his **JAZZ MESSENGERS** perform here through Sunday, Nov. 23. Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 24-26, guitarist Joe Beck will lead his quartet. Ten to three are the music hours. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Lori Lieberman, who looks and sings like an adman's idea of a folksinger, works through some slick arrangements with her retinue on Wednesday, Nov. 19. Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 20-23, are likely to be four fine evenings of folk-type music: Ellen McIlwaine, an expressive and strong singer and guitarist, will open the show for Artie Traum, a longtime New York/Woodstock musician. On Wednesday, Nov. 26, Lucy Simon, Carly's sister, will arrive to sing opposite West Coast rock singer Jimmy Spheeris. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—An attractive, easygoing haunt for belatedly decadent college freshmen, middle-aged couples from Roslyn, remnants of the neighborhood glitter element, and an occasional record-company representative. On the other side of the lights, the place lures performers bent on a comeback: thirtyish former Top Forty teen-queen luminaries like Janis Ian; rarely seen jazz singers like Anita O'Day; and ex-musical-comedy stars like Barbara Cook, who is here right now, singing old standbys as well as songs from her numerous Broadway roles. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Shows at nine and midnight. Dining.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—**MABEL MERCER** is back, and everything is just right—the voice (despite its ups and downs), the phrasing, the wonderful songs, and her regal good looks. Jimmy Lyon's accompaniment is calm and fatherly. At ten and midnight, through Saturday, Nov. 22.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—David Friedman and David Samuels, who are both vibraharpists, arrive with their mallets on Wednesday, Nov. 19. Saxophonist Paul Jeffrey's octet follows with a performance on Thursday, Nov. 20, and guitarist Roland Prince arrives to work with his trio Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22. The following week will see alto saxophonist Richy Cole and his quartet, who've been playing the Tin Palace with bop singer Eddie Jefferson, in this clean-cut uptown bar on Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 24-25; and vibraharpist Warren Chiasson, a George Shearing alumnus, rounds things out with his trio on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29. Sundays, as always, are reserved for **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA** guitar duets. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Thanksgiving Day.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Nearly half the tables have been placed on a newly constructed two-foot-high carpeted platform that offers a fine view of the musicians—usually pianists and bassists—who occupy the knotty-pine-walled corner. Those musicians include guitarist Gene Bertoncini and his bassist, through Saturday, Nov. 22; guitarist Paul Knobs and bassist Duke Cleamons, on Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 24-25; and Rosalinda, a singer and pianist from the Catskill jazz circuit, and her bassist, beginning Wednesday, Nov. 26. The hours run from nine Mondays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Tangerine, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard on Sundays and Mondays, assisted by bassist John Williams.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—None of the music here is slick, but most of it is first-rate: **CAKEWALK,** a fledgling R. & B. quintet, plays some stomping numbers Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Thursdays and Sundays are given over to vocalist Sheila Jordan and her backing quartet. On Fridays and Saturdays, **EDDIE JEFFERSON,** a bebop singer of authority—he looks like a black George Kennedy, the villain one is always glad to see—sings, scats, and inspires Richy Cole's quartet. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Subtle, soothing, and bluesy **MILT JACKSON** has settled into these murky quarters with his quartet. **KEITH JARRETT,** an acrobatic and innovative young pianist whose solo recordings are widely admired, and his impressive quartet—saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN,** bassist **CHARLIE HADEN,** and drummer **PAUL MOTIAN**—drop by to share the bill with the Jackson foursome Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 20-23. On Mondays, pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** incites the talented, young bunch that comprises his up-to-date big band. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays have been set aside for a swing group that includes trumpeter Franc Williams, trombonist and guitarist Eddie Durham, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary. Wednesdays, the Warren Court—an outfit that includes former Basieite Earle Warren, Taft Jordan (his gigs were with Chuck Webb and Ellington), Dill Jones, and Ronnie Cole—is in session. A swing-to-bop quartet performs Thursdays and Fridays, and on Saturdays and Sundays, Sammy Price and Paul Quinichette get together with their quartet for some more swing sessions. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—The sixth in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by **GALT MACDERMOT** and the **NEW YORK DANCE ENSEMBLE** on Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 5:45.

Sparks and **Mott**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8.

Edgar Winter Group (with Rick Derringer)—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8.

Gordon Lightfoot and **Mimi Fariña**—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 22, at 7:30 and 11.

Dave Mason and **Peter Frampton**—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8.

Hot Tuna—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

ZZ Top and **Slade**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 7.

Duke Jordan's Quintet—CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.

Marshall Tucker Band and **the James Cotton Band**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8 and 11:30.

The Tubes—Beacon Theatre. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 8.

Roxy Music—Beacon Theatre. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8.

Paul Simon—Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 27-28, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 29, at midnight; and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 8.

Allman Brothers Band—Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Nov. 27, at 8.

The Kinks—With Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel. (Beacon Theatre. Friday, Nov. 28, at 7 and 11.)

Pete Seeger—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Nov. 28, at 8.

Donald Byrd and the Blackbyrds and **Gil Scott-Heron and Brian Jackson and the Midnight Band**—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8 and at midnight. Gino Vannelli will appear at the early show, and Michal Urbaniak's Fusion (with Urszula Dudziak) at the midnight show.

Renaissance and **Al Stewart**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 29-30, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Kosta Alex—Painted relief-collages. Through Jan. 10. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Friday, Nov. 28.)

Will Barnet / Leo Manso—Lithographs. / Collages. Through Dec. 20. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Varujan Boghosian—Boxlike constructions in which the artist arranges designs of metal figures, children's building blocks, and so on. Through Dec. 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Elaine de Kooning—Oil portraits of a number of her art-world connections (and a tough-looking crew they seem to be), plus some quick, attractive wash drawings of French villages and some watercolors of bullfights. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Willem de Kooning—A swirl of oil paintings completed in the last year, and five bronze sculptures. Through Dec. 6. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

José de Rivera—A revolving abstract stainless-steel sculpture, plus other works. Through Dec. 19. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Stephen Edlich—Strong Constructivist collage-paintings in the Mondrian line of descent, utilizing scraps from linen and burlap coffee bags, and rope. Through Dec. 6. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

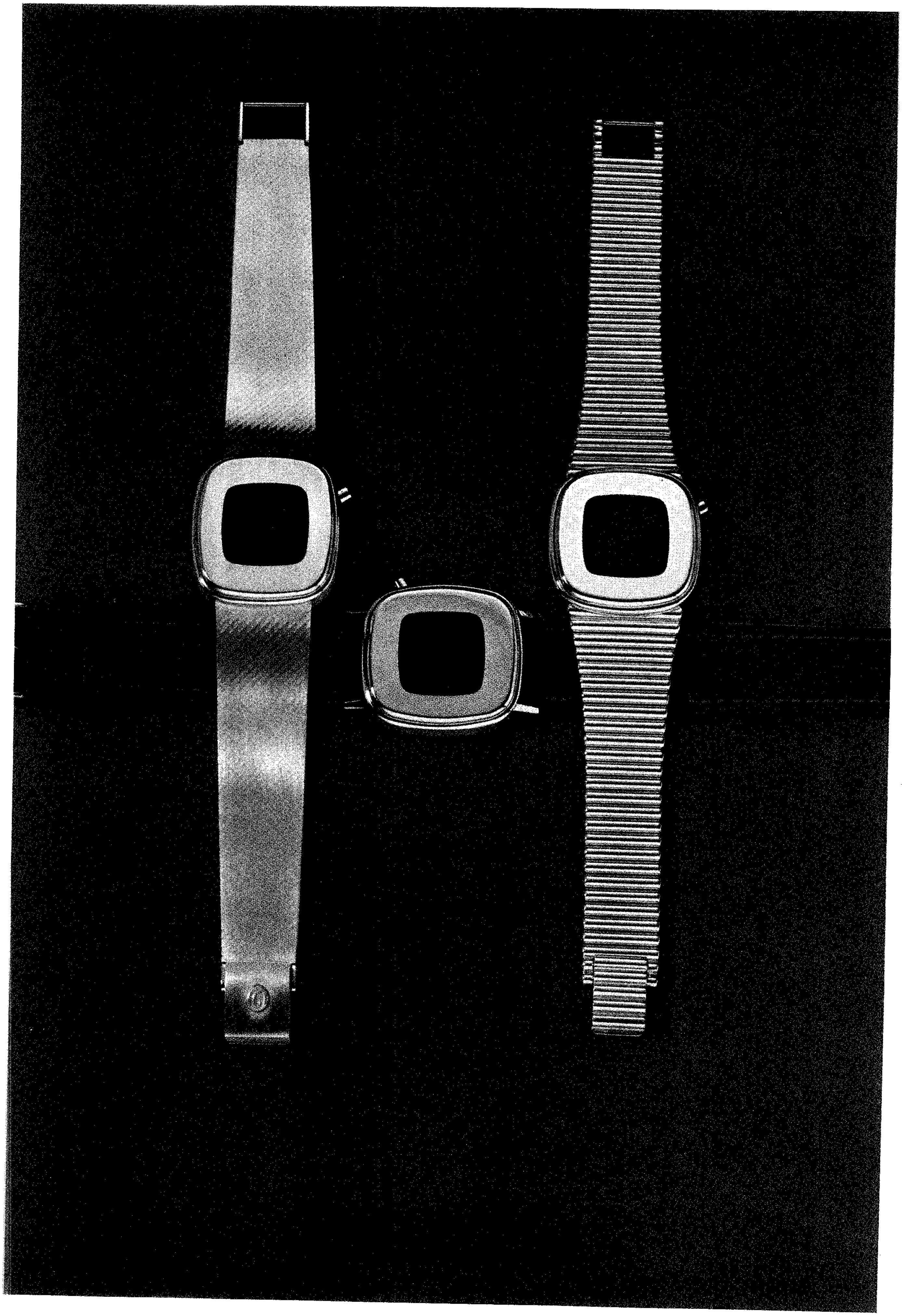
Ronnie Elliott—Collage paintings that incorporate bits of torn cloth, paper, and other materials. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Zarre, 20 E. 69th St.)

Bob Fowler—Abstract collages made up of strips of stainless steel bolted together. Very durable. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Hamilton Fraser—Semi-abstract landscapes, still-lifes, and seascapes. Through Dec. 31. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Anthony Green—Big, curiously shaped canvases full of cockeyed perspectives and sly jokes, by this seriocomic British artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Balcomb Greene—Figurative paintings that



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seem to swim into view, like photographs in the developing solution, and robust seascapes by this artist, who continues to move away from his purely abstract beginnings. Through Dec. 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Marsden Hartley (1877-1943)—A small group of paintings done in his last thirty years by this pioneer American modernist. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Hans Hartung—Paintings, including a number executed in the last two years, by an artist now seventy, in a show that coincides with one at the Metropolitan Museum. Through Dec. 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Rockwell Kent (1882-1971)—Drawings and paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Marino Marini—Small pieces by the grand old man of Italian sculpture, plus a few of his paintings and graphics. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Richard McDermott Miller—Bronze and wax sculptures, two of them heroic in size, of the female figure. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Daniel O'Sullivan—A spooky aura hangs over most of these capably done paintings—cityscapes, interiors, nudes, and one showing two figures in an Italian catacomb. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Joseph Piccillo—Figurative drawings, seven of them on six-foot canvases. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Ogden Pleissner / Electra Bostwick—Paintings (mainly watercolors) of boats, beaches, and other outdoor subjects done in Spain, France, Portugal, Ireland, and our own wild places. / Maidenly pastels and watercolors of flowers and landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Larry Poons—Recent additions to his scrims of color, which suggest rich, beaded curtains. Through Dec. 3. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

George Price—Drawings covering forty years of the slaphappy misfits created by this comic artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

David Rabinowitch—Two hefty floor sculptures—geometric forms cut from three-inch-thick hot-rolled steel and fitted together flat on the floor, like scatter rugs weighing several tons apiece. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)

Aaron Shikler—Pastels of a quality that put one in mind of Degas and Cassatt, mostly of figures in interior settings, plus oils and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Pierre Soulages—Abstract black-and-white compositions from the fifties and sixties. Through Dec. 11. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Albert Stadler—Abstract color drawings with a calligraphic quality. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—A double exhibit of this artist's characteristic strong stuff—dirt, blood, tar, stained rags, plastered onto canvas or board and gouged with totemic designs. Paintings, mostly, at the Jackson (32 E. 69th St.), and larger works at the gallery's branch (521 W. 57th St.). Through Dec. 13.

Christian Thee—Screens and panels by a former designer of stage sets who combines, say, a real window frame with a painted, sometimes surrealist vista seen through it—a glimpse of seashore, an ivied brick wall, a madwoman looking out. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

John Wesley—Three large paintings—cartoons, really—of bike racers, plus smaller works in acrylics on paper. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Original graphics by Homer, Whistler, and other early-twentieth-century artists. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Joan Miró, Anthony Caro, and Kenneth Noland are among the contemporary artists whose paintings and sculptures are exhibited. Through Dec. 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Brenda Corbin, Golda Lewis, Shirley Penman, and Jan McCartin are four artists represented in a show of works in a variety of mediums exclusively by women. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Sheeler, Demuth, and Dickinson were among the first painters to discern beauty in industrial forms—and see grist for their own mills in the shapes of turbines, ventilators, smokestacks, etc.—and pioneer work in that field by these and several other artists is the theme of this exhibit. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **INGBER**, 3 E. 78th St.: Representational paintings by Nell Blaine, Gretna Campbell, Louis Finkelstein, and others. Through Dec. 13. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Works on paper dating from 1945 to the present by, among others, Rothko, Albers, Cornell, and Motherwell. Through Dec. 5. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 16 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Léger, Feininger, Laurens, and others. Through Dec. 5. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5.) . . . **SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS**, 128 E. 63rd St.: Paintings and other works by top-drawer illustrators—Charles Dana Gibson, James Montgomery Flagg, Wallace Morgan, Austin Briggs, Robert Fawcett, and others. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SOLOMON**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and drawings by Kline, Baziotes, Johns, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Open Mondays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit loan show devoted to paintings by French landscapists, including Poussin, Boucher, Monet, and Bonnard. Through Dec. 6. (Open Mondays.)

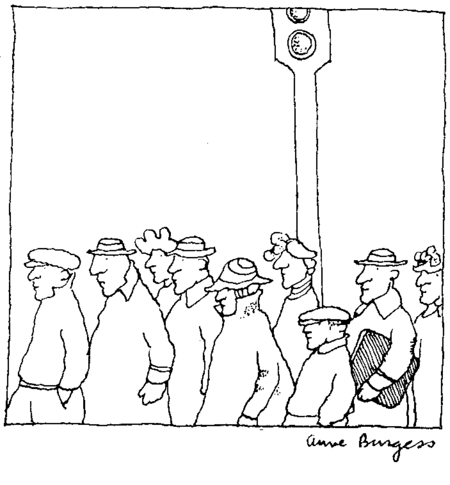
QUICK LIST—Other uptown artists currently being shown include: **ALEXANDRA EXTER** (1882-1949) at Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **ERNST LUDWIG KIRCHNER** (1880-1938) at Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6); **JAY MILDER** and **CHRISTA DICHGANS** at Lerner-Heller, 780 Madison Ave., at 67th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Thelma Appel—Large paintings of tall grasses and other vegetation which take on a color-field sort of organization. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Allen Blagden—Realist portraits and landscapes. Through Dec. 6. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Fernando Botero—His new crop of amiable, blimp-size figures includes the droll "A New Born Nun," who is seen in full habit cozily tucked into a foundling's basket. There are also still-lifes, in which melons, tomatoes, onions, and so on, undergo the same grotesque enlargement that distinguishes the figures in his paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)



Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—A selection of paintings that span the career of this pioneer American abstractionist. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Emlen Etting—Semi-abstract paintings that celebrate solar energy; the artist calls them sunscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

William Fares—Geometric abstractions made from built-up layers of paint that have been peeled off to achieve a calculated—not accidental—effect. Through Dec. 6. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Wall-size abstracts that engender the kind of emotions stirred up by anything done with such authority. Through Dec. 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Tadaaki Kuwayama—Monochromatic geometrically shaped canvases edged in chrome strips. Through Dec. 6. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Alfred Leslie—A double exhibit: Great big, larger-than-life figurative paintings, with unusual attention to highlights on the human body, at the Frumkin (50 W. 57th St.), and large, skillful drawings, some of them studies for the paintings, at the gallery's branch location (41 E. 57th St.). Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Opens Saturday at noon.)

Jack Levine—Thirty paintings and drawings, mostly recent and many on loan, that gleam with his characteristic prismatic sparkle; included are a set of fresh-looking works in mixed mediums—a new field for this veteran social commentator. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

John Moore—Large realist paintings, delicately handled, in which dressing-table appointments or the remains of a Spartan lunch arrange themselves into compositions with an abstract quality. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lucas Samaras—A hodgepodge of, for instance, drawings on black paper using metallic pencils, and life-size metal cutouts of silhouettes painted a bright green and mounted in a red room. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Albert Sharp—Intimate back-road vistas of the Hamptons by a realist artist. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Eric, 61 E. 57th St.)

Mark Tobey—A collection of small, choice works, ranging from several examples of his "white writing" to a funny sketch he scribbled out to elucidate his view on Cubism. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Humboldt, a new gallery, at 37 W. 57th St.)

Horacio Torres—Heroic nudes, posed and painted in the classical European tradition. Through Dec. 4. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Adja Yunkers—Recent abstract paintings, including collages made from string and pieces of painted canvas. Through Dec. 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century Europeans, including Mondrian, Kandinsky, Arp, and Brancusi. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Collages by Anne Ryan, Susan Eisler, Richard Francisco, and others. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Lynda Benglis—Amorphous aluminum sculptures, which appear to be on the verge of melting, and abstract wax paintings. Through Dec. 3. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Michael Berg—Figurative paintings, some involving intimate family scenes, and landscapes. Through Dec. 3. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Elena Borstein / Maureen Connor—Stark paintings and drawings of modern Greek building façades, which organize themselves into nice, abstract patterns. / Convoluted shadows cast on the white gallery walls by overhead arrangements of ribbon and screening. Through Dec. 3. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Bob Duran / Clark Murray—Abstract paintings. / Abstract steel sculptures. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Charles Ginnever—Two large-scale abstract

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

steel sculptures. Through Dec. 31. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

STEVAN JENNIS / CAROL J. STEEN—Paintings and sculptures that take their themes from outer-space subjects, including spacemen, spaceships, UFOs, and telescopes. / Metal reliefs. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

STEVE KELEMEN—Canvases covered with mazelike arrangements of concentric jagged lines, and sculpture that adds a third dimension to this notion. Through Dec. 3. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

EUGENE LEAKE—Landscapes of the Maryland countryside. Through Dec. 4. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—Recent paintings—outsize renditions of architectural friezes; several works in which classic Cubist subjects are translated into his own vocabulary; and a sort of art kindergarten series, in which a comic-strip woman's head, a cow, and a pitcher are subjected first to Cubist and then to purely abstract analysis. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

GEORGE MCNEIL—Abstract Expressionist oils that have figurative elements, plus some watercolors. Through Thursday, Nov. 27. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

KENNETH NOLAND—New large-scale paintings. Through Dec. 6. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

ROBERT RYMAN—One immense, multi-panelled work dominates this show of recent paintings, all of them awesome, uninterrupted expanses of white. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

JACK TWORKOV—New paintings by a veteran New York artist, this time with geometric figures superimposed on a color-field background. Through Dec. 4. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

PAUL VÁZQUEZ—Oils applied to paper and canvas. Through Friday, Nov. 28. (Ariadne, 410 West Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **55 MERCER STREET GALLERY:** Sculptures by Caspar Henselmann and Grace Bakst Wapner, and paintings by Roland Ginzel. Through Dec. 10. . . . **KNOWLTON,** 153 Prince St.: The box is the theme of a collection of works by such artists as Larry Rivers, Andy Warhol, Louise Nevelson, and, of course, Joseph Cornell. Through Dec. 24. . . . **MEISEL,** 141 Prince St.: Realist watercolors by Fran Bull, who divides her drawings into long, inch-and-a-half-wide strips, either vertical or horizontal, and paints them, quite skillfully, one at a time; street scenes, usually with a prostitute surveying her turf, by Arne Besser; pencil drawings of spring hooks and similar hardware, by Alan Dworkowitz; and electrical wall constructions that sizzle and flash at the pressing of a pedal, by Cork Marcheschi. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **O. K. HARRIS,** 383 West Broadway: Sculptures by R. M. Fischer and Robert Rohm, and paintings by William DeLottie and Martin Hoffman. Through Saturday, Nov. 29.

QUICK LIST—Other SoHo artists currently showing their work include: **SARI DIENES** at A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **GILBERT AND GEORGE** at Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **PETER HUTCHINSON** at Gibson, 392 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5:30); **MARKAND THAKAR** at Aames, 93 Prince St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30).

OTHER GALLERIES

THEO HIOS—A two-part exhibit of drawings, pastels, and acrylic paintings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE,** 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: A travelling exhibit of traditional African art, on loan from the government of Zaïre. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.). . . **FEIDEN,** 51 E. 10th St.: Boris Aronson, Ruth Gikow, Al Hirschfeld, Raphael Soyer, and others are exhibiting paintings, drawings, and graphics. A highlight of this exhibit is a series of works by various artists for which Susan, the celebrated Art Students League model from the twenties to the fifties, posed. She's the bronze nude in that fountain in front of the Plaza. Through Dec. 31. (Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.). . . **VISUAL ARTS,** 209 E. 23rd St.: Early works by New York artists Ellsworth Kelly, Claes Oldenburg, Agnes Martin, and others. Through Dec. 16. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

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FREDERICK H. EVANS (1853-1943)—An exhibition of platinum prints, bromide prints, and gravures by an English photographer known for his architectural interiors and for his stubborn championship of what he called "the straightest of straight photography" at a time when pictorial photography was in its heyday. In his early photographs of English cathedrals, Evans captured the feeling of calm and exaltation produced by these soaring poems in stone, and he did so strictly through the exercise of photographic choices (composition, lighting, printing paper, etc.), without recourse to any of the artful manipulations then considered necessary to save photography from its mechanical nature and forge it into an art form. In his later (and weaker) work, Evans dwelt on ornamental details rather than on the columns and vaults and shadowy naves and "seas of steps" that gave his early work its powerful serenity, and when platinum paper became commercially unavailable, he was also forced to print on bromide paper, which diminished the textural concision and gossamer tonal delicacy of his pictures. This show, including works from both periods, vividly points up the contrast. Among the examples of Evans' quiet greatness are two views of the attic of Kelmscott Manor; a woodland scene entitled "Enter These Enchanted Woods;" two portraits of Aubrey Beardsley—one the familiar profile of an arrogant, petulant, beautiful boy, with his face cupped in long, skeletal hands; the other a profile tinged with a quality of desperation, showing the facial mole that the hands covered—and a portrait of Evans' good friend George Bernard Shaw, who firmly endorsed his position on photography and even affected to share his strange enthusiasm for the Pianola. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Helios, 26 E. 78th St.)

CHARLES HENRI FORD—Thirty pictures taken on the island of Ischia and in the Alban hills between 1952 and 1954 by an American poet, painter, and sculptor. Originally shown at the Institute of Contemporary Art in London in 1954, they are strong, surprising pictures, without the air of cliché that adheres to most photographs taken in beautiful foreign places. Instead, they are informed with a distinct literary atmosphere. One thinks of books like "South Wind" and "Where Angels Fear to Tread" as one regards these works, which at once celebrate pagan beauty, mystery, and sensuality and wistfully acknowledge their maker's Anglo-Saxon uptightness. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

ROGER MERTIN—Trees that are scarred, diseased, assaulted by syrup tappers, supported by wires, filled with concrete, and painted white are among the pitiful (and all too familiar) sights in this exhibition of sixty-three photographs—which, however, is no Save-Our-Trees show. Mertin's pictures belong firmly within the Light Gallery tradition of avant-gardism, and they have the bleak, harsh, "difficult" appearance that pictures shown here so often have, and that is becoming a photographic style almost as definable as, say, the blurred, soft, misty mannerism of the Photo-Secession. Wires, fences, gates, chains, ropes, and shadows figure in Mertin's photographs and contribute to the atmosphere of alienation and silence that pervades the exhibition. An electronic flash is sometimes used to produce eerie, lightning-storm effects. Few pictures hold up as single pictures (one exception is a photograph of the trunk of an evergreen in front of a white brick house on which an electric wire is messily meandering—a work of mystery and great compositional beauty), but the collective impact is strong and lasting. What Mertin is saying about the relationship of man and nature is sometimes obscure, but even the most impenetrable of his images is touched with a poignancy that is almost an explanation. Through Dec. 6. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

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Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—More than a hundred photographs of Paris, its environs, and its people by this master documentarian. Many of these prints were made by Berenice Abbott, who acquired the negatives shortly after Atget's death. Through Dec. 6. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 8.)

Alfred-Lucky Checkley—Black-and-white pictures of bridge forms, beach scenes, shadows, and the like, that emphasize strong contrast; first one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 15. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Ernst Haas—Photographic impressions (all of them in color) of America. Through Jan. 11. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.)

Kipton Kumler—Black-and-white photographs of plants, landscapes, and building façades made with a view camera; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Peter Simon and Elliott Erwitt—Photographs of nudes. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Nikon, 437 Madison Ave., at 50th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

James Van DerZee—Pictures of people in Harlem in the early nineteen-hundreds, displayed aboard a houseboat. Through Sunday, Nov. 23. (W. 79th St. Boat Basin. Saturdays and Sundays, 12:30 to 5.)

Garry Winogrand—Photographs of women. Through Dec. 6. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At **marlborough**, 40 W. 57th St.: Photographs of New York, Paris, and London taken in the thirties by Berenice Abbott, Brassai, and Bill Brandt. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **midtown y gallery**, 344 E. 14th St.: Black-and-white prints by three photographers. Through Dec. 7. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.). . . **soho photo**, 30 W. 13th St.: Black-and-white portraits by George Alpert and other works by gallery members. Through Dec. 2. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Twenty-seven recent paintings by Hans Hartung. Through Jan. 4. A complementary exhibit is at the Lefebre Gallery, 47 E. 77th St. . . . ¶ Eighty-six newly acquired drawings by European artists, in a selection that has examples dating from the Italian Renaissance to the late nineteenth century. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A show of Japanese paintings (ranging from thirteenth-century scrolls to nineteenth-century folding screens) and other art objects from the Mary and Jackson Burke collection. Through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—About two hundred nineteenth-century architectural drawings, from the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Also on view: photographs of French and American buildings that incorporate Beaux-Arts ideas. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ "Printsequence" is an exhibition of prints by Rauschenberg, Nolde, Lichtenstein, and others demonstrating variations within a series. Each print in an Andy Warhol series, for example, reproduces the image of Mao Tse-tung in a different color. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ New prints by Robert Ryman and Richard Smith. Through Nov. 30. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of František Kupka, a pioneer Czech experimentalist, made up of about a hundred and eighty paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 7. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, including Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the abstract sculptures of Mark di Suvero. The smaller pieces are on exhibit in the museum, and fourteen monumental pieces have been installed in open spaces in all five boroughs. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ An Elie Nadelman retrospective of figurative sculptures in wood, stone, metal, and terra-cotta, plus drawings. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Still-life paintings and sculptures by Janet Fish, George Segal, Wayne Thiebaud, and others. Through Dec. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show recording American and European men's and boys' fashions from the seventeenth century to the present day. The clothing on view includes a lace collar, court-presentation suits, a tuxedo, and a Bill Blass suit. Through Jan. 18. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through April 4. . . . ¶ An eleven-minute slide show, with narration, of drawings and photographs that explain (in a mixture of story and fact) how hats are used all over the world, and a companion exhibit of hats worn by politicians and theatre people. Through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of paintings from which a selection will be made, under a Childe Hassam bequest, for distribution to museums in the United States and Canada, combined with a showing of paintings that were purchased by the fund between 1946 and 1973. Among the artists are Robert Bidner, Robert La Hotan, and Isabel Bishop. Through Jan. 4. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Nepal: Where the Gods Are Young" is an exhibit of the religious art (eighth century to the nineteenth) of Nepal, where Buddhist and Hindu deities are invariably depicted as youthful. Through Sunday, Nov. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibition of clay, stone, jade, and bronze figurines found in Chinese tombs dating from the third century through the sixth. Through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Jewish Experience in the Art of the Twentieth Century," an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Chagall, Shahn, Soutine, Weber, Nevelson, and others. Through Jan. 25. (Mondays through Thursdays, including Thanksgiving Day, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Additional hours for this exhibit: Wednesday evenings until 9.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Early illustrated children's books. . . . ¶ A tribute to Jane Austen on her bicentenary includes personal artifacts as well as first editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts. Both exhibitions through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Paintings of New York City by fifty leading artists associated with the Art Students League (this year marking its centenary). . . . ¶ William Auerbach-Levy's caricatures of John Barrymore, Lynn Fontanne, Ethel Waters, and other stars of the theatre. Both exhibitions through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 19: "La Gioconda," with Elinor Ross, Nell Rankin, Lili Chookasian, Barry Morell, Matteo Manuguerra, and Malcolm Smith; conducted by Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

evening, Nov. 20: A new production of Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Evelyn Lear, Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, Justino Díaz, Wolfgang Brendel, and Andrew Foldi; Steuart Bedford. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.)... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 21: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and José Van Dam; Henry Lewis. ... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 22: "Norma," with Rita Hunter, Frederica von Stade, Franco Corelli, and John Macurdy; Gianfranco Masini.... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 22: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Roberta Peters, Jean Kraft, Barry Morell, and Robert Merrill; Henry Lewis.... ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 24: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Evelyn Lear, Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, Justino Díaz, Wolfgang Brendel, and Andrew Foldi; Steuart Bedford. ... ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 25: "Elektra," with Danica Mastilovic, Teresa Kubiak, Astrid Varnay, Robert Nagy, and William Dooley; Heinrich Hollreiser.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 26: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Evelyn Lear, Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, Justino Díaz, Wolfgang Brendel, and Andrew Foldi; Steuart Bedford.... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 27: "La Gioconda," with Elinor Ross, Nell Rankin, Lili Chookasian, Barry Morell, Matteo Manuguerra, and Malcolm Smith; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 28: "Norma," with Rita Hunter, Frederica von Stade, Franco Corelli, and Raymond Michalski; Gianfranco Masini.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 29: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Roberta Peters, Maureen Forrester, Barry Morell, and Robert Merrill; Henry Lewis.... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 29: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and José Van Dam; Henry Lewis. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Dvořák's "Rusalka," in an English version by Ruth and Thomas Martin. Staged by Moni Yakim, with the Juilliard Repertory Orchestra conducted by Peter Herman Adler. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 19-21, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 21, at 2; and Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 8:30 (all with Yehudi Menuhin, violin); and Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 28, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 7:30 (all with André Watts, piano).

Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra—Lukas Foss conducting and acting as piano soloist. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Moscow State Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8: Dmitri Kitaenko conducting a program of Russian music, with Vladimir Viardo, piano.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8: Maris Jansons conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Valery Klimov, violin.

Scottish National Orchestra—Alexander Gibson conducting, with John Lill, piano, in the orchestra's first appearance here. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Los Angeles Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Monday, Nov. 24, at 8: With Pinchas Zukerman, violin.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8: An all-Wagner program, with Ursula Schroeder-Feinen, soprano, and Noël Tyl, bass-baritone.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8: A benefit concert, with Isaac Stern, violin, and Mr. Zukerman, viola.

José Iturbi and the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra—Mr. Iturbi conducting and acting as piano soloist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Our Bach Concerts—Twenty musicians, including Henry Schuman, oboe; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; and Eliot Chapo, violin, who perform without a conductor. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8, a Vivaldi-Bach program; and Saturday, Nov. 29, at midnight, an all-Mozart program.)

Mannes Orchestra—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

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23	24	25	26	27	28	29

Orpheus Chamber Ensemble—Twenty-four wind and string players who perform without a conductor, in an all-Mozart program, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Musica Sacra Orchestra and Chorus—Richard Westenburg directing the second in a series of three concerts of seventeenth-century music, this one a program of French works, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing a program of music by Aaron Copland and his contemporaries. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

RECITALS

Cleveland Quartet—The first in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Eugene Istomin—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Coffee Concerts—The Panoha String Quartet from Prague will play the second in a series of six hour-long concerts, following which the artists mingle with the audience over coffee. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 22, at noon.)

Fredell Lack—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Jaime Laredo—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Ilana Vered—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Meyer Kupferman—A program of his compositions, performed by David Starobin, guitar; Catherine Rowe, soprano; Max Pollikoff, violin; and Mr. Kupferman himself, clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

Baroque Music—Gerard Schwarz, trumpet; Ani Kavafian, violin; Loren Glickman, bassoon; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 2.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano, in a repeat performance of his Nov. 16 program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 4.)

Ingrid Dingfelder—Flute, with Sergiu Luca, violin; Toby Appel, viola; Michael Haran, cello; and Louis Bagger, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Karl Kraber—Flute, with Hamao Fujiwara, violin, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

New Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Vasso Devetzi—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Monday, Nov. 24, at 8:15.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A program of baroque music and dance, with Ingrid Dingfelder, flute, and Wendy Hilton, dancer. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

Louis Bagger—Harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Abbott Ruskin—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Concert Celebrating Aaron Copland's Seventy-Fifth Birthday—An all-Copland concert, at which the composer will be present, with Leo Smit, piano; the Szigeti Quartet; Heather Johnson, clarinet; and the Barnard-Columbia Chorus. Peter Schubert is the director. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8. Admission is free, but contributions will be more than welcome.)

Lhamo Folk Opera of Tibet—Two programs by this company, appearing here for the first time. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Folk opera on Wednesday, Nov. 19, and Friday, Nov. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 2; folk dance on Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 22, at 2.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.... ¶ Knicks vs. Seattle, Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 7:30.... ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8.... **nassau coliseum:** Nets vs. Denver, Friday, Nov. 21, at 8:05. ... ¶ Nets vs. Utah, Sunday, Nov. 23, at 2:35.... ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Friday, Nov. 28, at 8:05.

College Football—**saturday, nov. 22:** Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence, at 1:30.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. ... ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton, at 1:30.... ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick, at 1.... ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven, at 1:30.... **saturday, nov. 29:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 12:50. ... ¶ Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester, at 1:30.... ¶ Rutgers vs. Syracuse, at New Brunswick, at 1.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 23: Jets vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Shea Stadium, at 1.... ¶ Giants vs. Green Bay Packers, at Green Bay.

Hockey—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Kansas City Scouts, Wednesday, Nov. 19.... ¶ Rangers vs. California Golden Seals, Sunday, Nov. 23.... ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, Nov. 26.... **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Kansas City Scouts, Saturday, Nov. 22.... ¶ Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Thursday, Nov. 27.... ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Saturday, Nov. 29.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, Dec. 23. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Demoiselle, Saturday, Nov. 22; the Berlo Handicap, Monday, Nov. 24; the Queens County Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 27; and the Remsen, Saturday, Nov. 29.... **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 13.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

National Postage Stamp Show—The twenty-seventh annual exhibit will feature world renowned collections by such philatelists as John M. Taylor and H. L. Lindquist, together with displays by fourteen governments and postal administrations. On the first day of the show, the Republic of South Africa will issue a new set of four fifteen-rand stamps and the Republic of Korea will issue a set of two twenty-one-won stamps. (Madison Square Garden Center Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Friday, Nov. 21, from 10 to 9; Saturday, Nov. 22, from 10 to 7; and Sunday, Nov. 23, from noon to 6.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 10:15 and 2: Asian and Japanese works of art, belonging to Jay C. Leff and others.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 20, at 2: Jewelry, from many owners.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 2: Oriental rugs, from a number of sources.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 10:15, and Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 10:15 and 2: Books, including English and American literature, modern French illustrated books, and Americana; from the estate of Mrs. Charles E. Dunlap and from other sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 20.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 2: Americana manuscripts, letters, documents, and books; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 20.

Robert Lawrence Balzer, Holiday Magazine:

"Gallo Hearty Burgundy is the greatest value in red wine in America..."

Hugh Johnson, writing for Gourmet Magazine:

"Gallo Hearty Burgundy was the opening revelation of my California journey."

Bruce Galphin, Washington Post:

"Gallo Hearty Burgundy would grace anyone's table."

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Gallo Hearty Burgundy
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Hearty Burgundy of California. Gallo Vineyards, Modesto, California.

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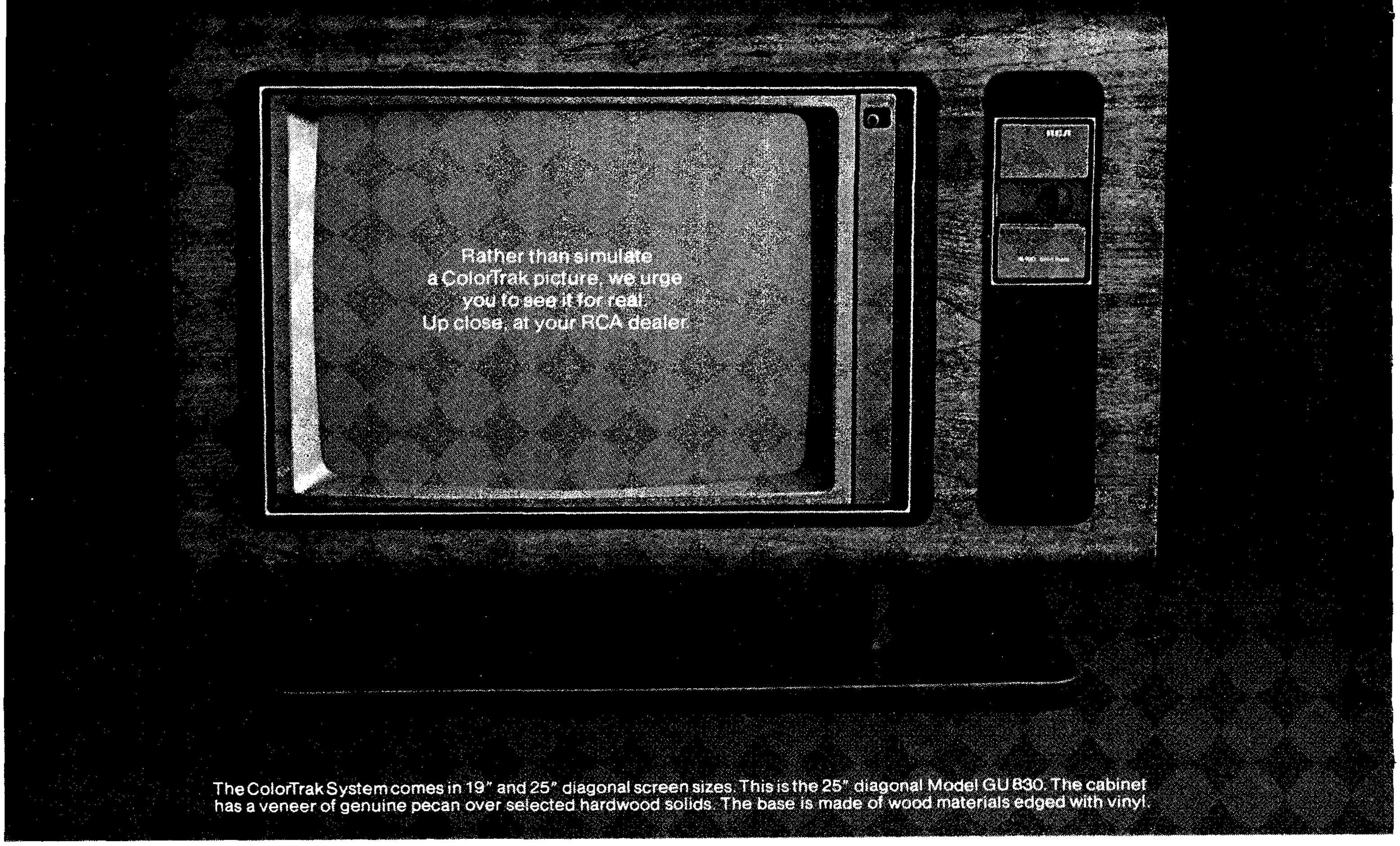

The ColorTrak System comes in 19" and 25" diagonal screen sizes. This is the 25" diagonal Model GU 830. The cabinet has a veneer of genuine pecan over selected hardwood solids. The base is made of wood materials edged with vinyl.

Its split-second "thinking" actually tracks and corrects the color signal before it becomes the picture on your screen.

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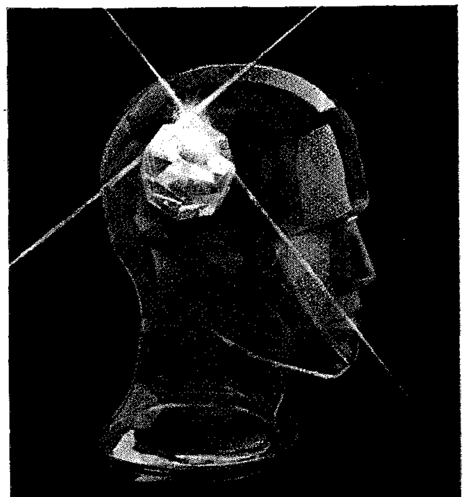

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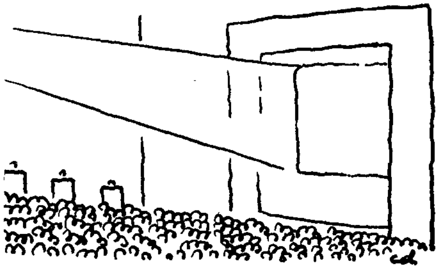
RCA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 25: "Conduct Unbecoming."
From Nov. 26: "The Hound of the Baskervilles."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Nov. 20: "She Done Him Wrong" and "My Little Chickadee."
Nov. 21-22: "Gilda" and "You Were Never Lovelier."
Nov. 23: "Bitter Sweet" and "Girl of the Golden West."
Nov. 24-25: "It Happened One Night" and "Platinum Blonde."
Nov. 26-27: "Kismet" and "If I Were King."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Nov. 25: "The Day of the Locust" and "The Conversation."
From Nov. 26: "Love and Death" and "Bananas."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 25: "Bringing Up Baby" and "Morning Glory."
From Nov. 26: "Alice's Restaurant" and "Zachariah."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 25: "A Pain in the A.."
From Nov. 26: "Hard Times."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Smile."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Mahogany."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 25: "No Way Out."
From Nov. 26: "The Romantic Englishwoman."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"One Fiew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Human Factor."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Exhibition" (X-rated).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Hester Street."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Story of O" (X-rated).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Magic Flute."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Naughty Victorians" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Nov. 25: "If You Don't Stop It . . ."
From Nov. 26: "The Story of Joanna" (X-rated).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Nov. 22: "Saps at Sea" and "Way Out West."
From Nov. 23: "Rancho Deluxe."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Swept Away."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Night Caller."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Other Side of the Mountain."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Distant Thunder."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
To be announced.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Three Days of the Condor."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 25: "Nashville."
From Nov. 26: "Hard Times."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 25: "A Woman Under the Influence."
From Nov. 26: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Human Factor."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Mahogany."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Death Wish" and "The Longest Yard."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Let's Do It Again."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Nov. 25: "The Way We Were."
From Nov. 26: "Shanghai Joe" and "Black Dragon."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Night Caller."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 19: "The 400 Blows" and two short films by Truffaut.
Nov. 20: "My Life to Live" and "Tout Va Bien."
Nov. 21: "Performance" and "Ned Kelly."
Nov. 22: "Black Orpheus" and "Orpheus."
Nov. 23: "Richard III" and "Falstaff."
Nov. 24: "My Uncle Antoine" and "How Green Was My Valley."
Nov. 25: "Animal Farm" and a selection of *other short films by John Halas and Joy* Batchelor.
Nov. 26: "Shoot the Piano Player" and "Jules and Jim."
Nov. 27: "Rebecca" and "Jane Eyre."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Let's Do It Again."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"The Earth Is a Sinful Song."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Hearts of the West."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Nov. 25 *at one or another of the* theatres: "Where's Poppa?," "Harold and Maude," and "Putney Swope"/"Love and Death" and "Bananas"/"Milestones."... ¶ Through Nov. 20: "Anyone but My Husband" and "Keep on Truckin'" (both X-rated).... ¶ From Nov. 21: "Jaws."
From Nov. 26: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Nov. 19: "Ulysses" and "Tropic of Cancer."
Nov. 20: "Take the Money and Run" and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?"
Nov. 21-22: "Bedazzled" and "Putney Swope."
Nov. 23-24: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" and "Zardoz."
Nov. 25: "L'Atalante" and "Zero for Conduct."
Nov. 26: "Walkabout" and "The White Dawn."
Nov. 27: "A Thousand Clowns" and "The Twelve Chairs."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Mr. Quilp."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Sunshine Boys."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Nov. 20: "Conduct Unbecoming."
From Nov. 21: "The Ten Commandments."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Let's Do It Again."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 25: "Walking Tall, Part 2" and "The Seven-Ups."
From Nov. 26: "Love and Death" and "Bananas."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Nov. 20: "Black Moon."
From Nov. 21: "A Man and a Woman."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 19: "The King Steps Out" and "The Shanghai Gesture."
Nov. 20: "Lancelot of the Lake" and "A Man Escaped."
Nov. 21: "Rashomon" and "Throne of Blood."
Nov. 22: "Midnight Cowboy" and "Scarecrow."
Nov. 23: "The Red Shoes" and "Tales of Hoffmann."
Nov. 24: "Beyond the Forest" and "Our Daily Bread."
Nov. 25: "Ivan the Terrible, Part II" and "Potemkin."
Nov. 26: "Macao" and "Aná-ta-han."
Nov. 27: "The 400 Blows" and "If . . ."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Nov. 25: "Les Enfants Terribles."
From Nov. 26: "She" and "The Old Dark House."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 22: "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "There's No Business Like Show Business."
From Nov. 23: "All About Eve" and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 25: "M*A*S*H" and "Bedazzled."
From Nov. 26: "The Romantic Englishwoman."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Night Caller."
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 25: "Torso" and "Cry Rape." From Nov. 26: "Benji."
Theatre 3: "The Human Factor."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 25: "Conduct Unbecoming" and "The Ruling Class."
From Nov. 26: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Other Side of the Mountain."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Hearts of the West."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 25: "The Passenger" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
From Nov. 26: "Earthquake" and "The Great Waldo Pepper."

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 20 at 2: "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (1949), directed by Preston Sturges, with Betty Grable and Rudy Vallée.... ¶ Nov. 20 at 5:30: "The Murderers Are Among Us" (1946), in German, directed by Wolfgang Staudte, with Hildegard Knef; English subtitles.... ¶ Nov. 20 at 8 and Nov. 21 at 2: "Jacob the Liar" (1973), in German, directed by Frank Beyer; English subtitles.... ¶ Nov. 21 at 5:30: "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend."... ¶ Nov. 22 at noon: "Broken Blossoms" (1919), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess.... ¶ Nov. 22 at 3: "The Murderers Are Among Us."... ¶ Nov. 22 at 5:30: "Marriage in the Shadows" (1947), in German, directed by Kurt Maetzig; English subtitles.... ¶ Nov. 23 at noon: "Broken Blossoms."... ¶ Nov. 23 at 3: "Wozzeck" (1947), in German, directed by Georg C. Klaren; English subtitles.... ¶ Nov. 23 at 5:30: "A Voyage to Italy" (1953), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders; English subtitles.... ¶ Nov. 24 at 2: "Wozzeck."... ¶ Nov. 24 at 5:30: Three *films by the Pacific Street Film Collective,* Brooklyn.... ¶ Nov. 25 at 2: "Marriage in the Shadows."... ¶ Nov. 27 at 2: "Carnival in Flanders" (1936), in French, directed by

Jacques Feyder, with Françoise Rosay and Louis Jouvet; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Nov. 20-25: "Mozart in Love," directed by Mark Rappaport. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 26: "Grain Fields," a program of four films by Jon Rubin and Paul Sharits. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Dreyer, Bresson, Cocteau, Dovzhenko, Milano, Flaherty, Eisenstein, Hanoun, and others. Showings Nov. 19-21 at 6, 8, and 10; Nov. 22 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Nov. 23 at 8; and Nov. 25-27 at 6, 8, and 10.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Nov. 20-23 at 8: Two films by Michael Rubbo.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Alexander's Ragtime Band (1938)—The twenty-six Irving Berlin songs are reason enough for seeing the film, but you have to be prepared for the persistent, mosquito-like irritation of the plot. Alice Faye, with her mellow voice and overripe, slow smile, is wonderful on the title song and one wants to cheer for her "When the Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam," but one may get to shuddering when she ponders the First World War (exhibited to us in three seconds of newsreel shots) and murmurs, "It was all so futile, wasn't it?" This big, lavish Fox musical, directed by Henry King, has Ethel Merman, Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Jack Haley, Dixie Dunbar, and Chick Chandler. (Regency; through Nov. 22.)

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Cinema Village; starting Nov. 26.)

All About Eve (1950)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's most celebrated picture, from his own sophisticated and technically splendid script. There is an old show-biz myth that films and plays about show biz don't interest anyone outside the trade, but this movie cracks the legend. Bette Davis plays Margo Channing, a high-temperament Broadway star. Anne Baxter, as her secretary, is after her guts and her dressing room, with the guileless blessings of a playwright (Hugh Marlowe) and of Celeste Holm, as his wife. The only person who is on to the craft afoot is Thelma Ritter—who else? (Regency; starting Nov. 23.)

Aná-ta-han (1952)—Josef von Sternberg's last film; he did not, regrettably, go out in glory. He wrote the screenplay, directed, photographed, and narrated this story, which was shot in a Japanese studio and is based on an actual incident involving a group of Japanese soldiers who were castaways for seven years on a tiny Pacific island during the Second World War. However, as he tells it, the men's battles over a sulky, lusting femme fatale called Keiko (Akemi Negishi, who is photographed as if she were Marlene Dietrich in a thirties Paramount swampy jungle) are so pointless and unbelievable that you barely react as they kill one another off. The island has so many dead trees, shining leaves, and writhing shadows that you just want to get out of there. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 26.)

Animal Farm (1954)—A British animated version of the Orwell political satire. The animation, unfortunately, is not especially imaginative. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 25.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is a tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman, and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 25.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; starting Nov. 26.)

Bedazzled (1967)—A comic demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Elgin; Nov. 21-22.)

Benji—Loyalty tale about a mongrel, supposedly for children but hardly for anybody. (Loews 83rd St.; starting Nov. 26.)

Beyond the Forest (1949)—The Bette Davis camp melodrama in which she tosses a hideous black wig and snarls the line "What a dump!"—which Edward Albee took for the opening of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" She's a sloven married to a Midwestern doctor (Joseph Cotten), whom she treats abominably; every time she has a chance, she surrenders herself with hysterical enthusiasm to the hot-eyed embraces of a Chicago magnate (David Brian). Her obsession is to blow town and join her lover; in fact, she nearly obsesses the sound track with variations of "Chicago, Chicago." The director, King Vidor, seems to be inventing his own brand of hog-wild Expressionism; Davis shakes her hips, kills an old man (Minor Watson), plunges down a mountainside to end an unwanted pregnancy,, and dies within sight of a choo-choo pulling out for Chicago, Chicago. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 24.)

Beyond the Valley of the Dolls (1970)—The controversial Russ Meyer film, from Roger Ebert's script. (Elgin; Nov. 23-24.)

Bitter Sweet (1940)—The songs are by Noël Coward, and they include "I'll See You Again," but not everyone has the stomach to see the overgrown kitten Jeanette MacDonald and the dim, stalwart Nelson Eddy again. By no means the worst of their love-duet films, but not one of the rare ones redeemed by high spirits, either. W. S. Van Dyke directed; the cast includes George Sanders. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 23.)

Black Moon—With Cathryn Harrison, directed by Louis Malle. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Little Carnegie; through Nov. 20.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. In Portuguese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 22.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Lunatic comedies of the thirties generally started with an heiress. This one starts with an heiress (Katharine Hepburn) who has a dog, George, and a leopard, Baby. Cary Grant is a paleontologist who has just acquired the bone he needs to complete his dinosaur skeleton. George steals the bone, Grant and Baby chase each other around, the dinosaur collapses—but Grant winds up with Hepburn, and no paleontologist ever got hold of a more beautiful set of bones. The director, Howard Hawks, keeps all this trifling nonsense in such artful balance that it never impinges on the real world; it may be the American movies' closest equivalent to Restoration comedy. With Charles Ruggles as an explorer, Barry Fitzgerald as a drunk, May Robson as a dowager, Walter Catlett as a sheriff, and Fritz Field as a frenzied psychoanalyst. George is played by Asta, of "The Thin Man" series. The screenplay is by Dudley Nichols and Hager Wilde, from Wilde's story. This picture was the taking-off point for Peter Bogdanovich's comedy "What's Up, Doc?" (Cinema Village; through Nov. 25.)

Conduct Unbecoming—Michael Anderson directed this film version of Barry England's contrived courtroom play, set in a cavalry outpost in India in 1878. James Faulkner plays the junior officer accused of sexual assault on a regimental widow (Susannah York), and Michael York is the officer who defends him. The material has no real point or logic, though every now and then a line of dialogue pushes a button marked "Military Hypocrisy," or "Corruption of Colonialism," or "Subterranean Sex Perversion." The big-name cast includes Trevor Howard, Christopher Plummer, and Stacy Keach. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/3/75.) (Ziegfeld; through Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Art, and New Yorker; through Nov. 25.)

The Conversation (1974)—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 25.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 25.)

Death Wish (1974)—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (Loews Ciné.)

Distant Thunder—Satyajit Ray sets this film in a torpid Bengali village in the early nineteen-forties. Soumitra Chatterji, Ray's one-man stock company, who played the passionately romantic Apu in "The World of Apu," is cast as a newly arrived Brahmin, the only educated man for miles around. "You are the jewel in our crown," the ignorant villagers tell him, and he agrees. But the faraway Second World War causes the price of rice to soar, the traditions that bind the community are eroded, and the condescending Brahmin is no longer treated as a jewel. This isn't one of Ray's greatest films; it's forced and riddled with flaws. Yet it's still a Satyajit Ray film, full of feeling and astonishingly beautiful; the women are conceived as in a dream of the past—moving in their thin, clinging saris, they create sensuous waves of color in the steamy air. In Bengali. (11/10/75) (Beekman.)

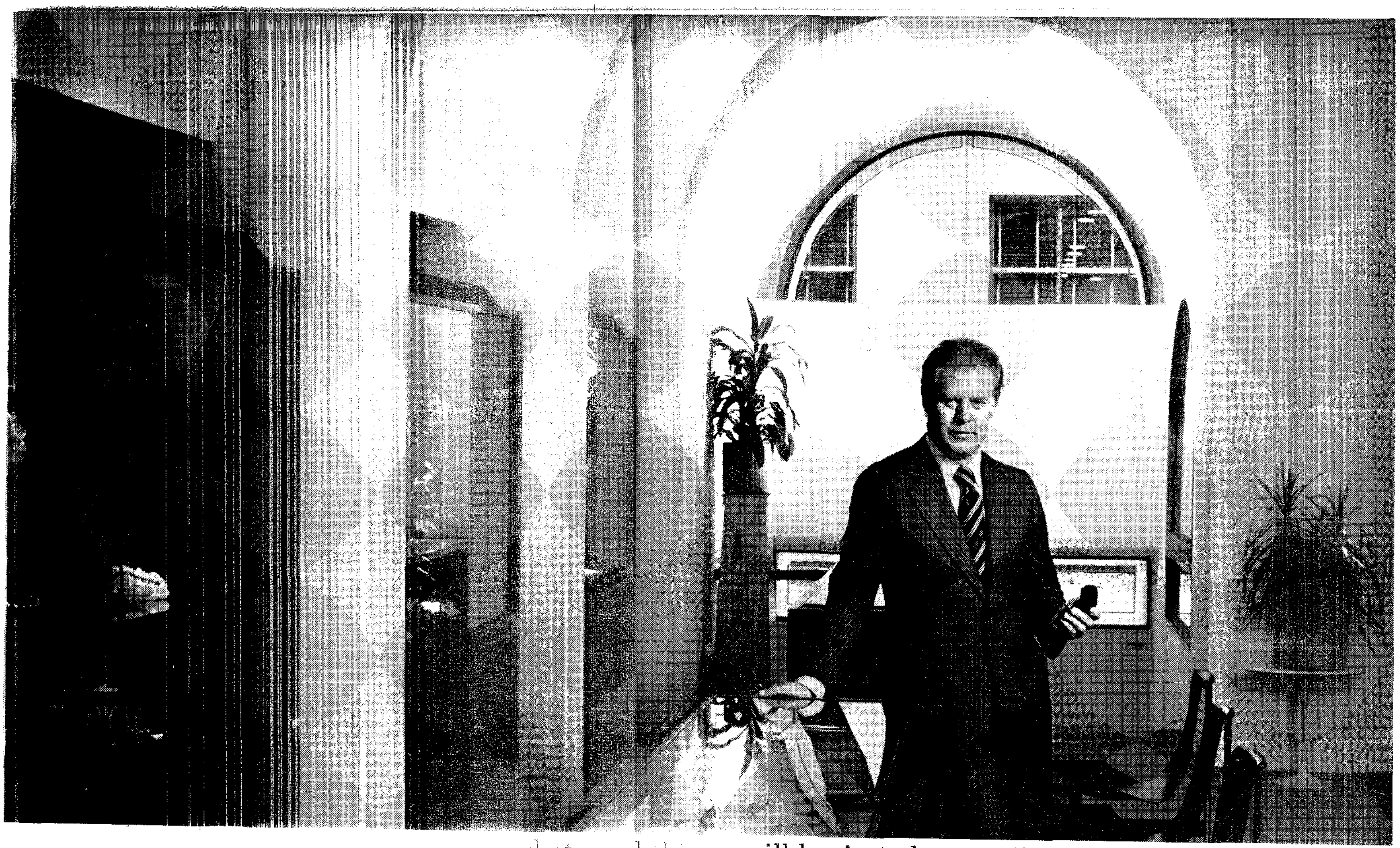
Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Cinema I.)

The Earth Is a Sinful Song—Directed by Rauni Mollberg. In Finnish. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Earthquake (1974)—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat; it's an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (Olympia; starting Nov. 26.)

Les Enfants Terribles (1950; called "The Strange Ones" when it was first released in this country)—The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy in which the characters move, as compulsively as in a dream, toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elizabeth; Edouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; Jacques Bernard as Gérard. This film, almost voluptuous in its evocation of temperament and atmosphere, was shot, on a shoestring, in "real" settings—the director's flat, the lobby of the *Petit Journal*, the stage of the Théâtre Pigalle. (When Melville was ill, Cocteau himself directed the summer beach scene, in Montmorency, under snow.) Cocteau provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the few effective film usages of great music. In French. (Cinema Studio; through Nov. 25.)

Exhibition—A documentary, by Jean-François



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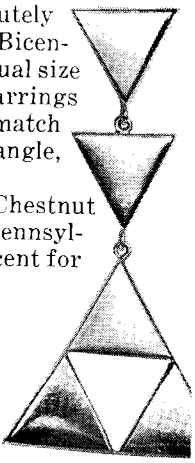

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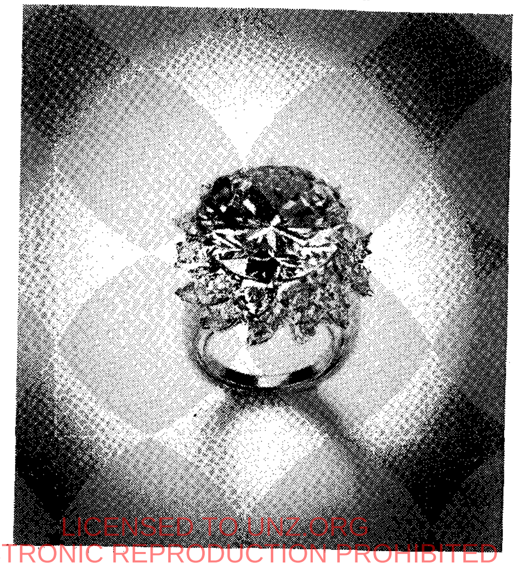

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Davy, about the public and private life of Claudine Beccarie, the French pornographic-film actress. X-rated. (Fine Arts.)

Falstaff (1967)—Orson Welles plays Sir John and stages a battle sequence that rivals the battles of Eisenstein and Kurosawa. One of Welles' best films, though damaged by technical problems resulting from lack of funds. With John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, Margaret Rutherford, and Jeanne Moreau. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 23.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's eloquent first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—in the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 27.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (1953)—Two little girls make good in Paris; one of them is Marilyn Monroe, and thank heaven for her. Howard Hawks manages to turn Anita Loos' famous tale into a bit of a drag. (Regency; starting Nov. 23.)

Gilda (1946)—The story is turgid, melodramatic nonsense, but Rita Hayworth is at her most sexy-masochistic, and does that marvellous fully dressed striptease as she sings "Put the Blame on Mame." With Glenn Ford and George Macready. Charles Vidor directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 21-22.)

Girl of the Golden West (1938)—Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and Walter Pidgeon—MacDonald being the good girl and Eddy the bandit in this hoary old tale, here produced as a fairly boring musical with a score by Gus Kahn and Sigmund Romberg. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 23.)

The Great Waldo Pepper—One-hundred-percent-pure-plastic adolescent male fantasy. It's set in the twenties, with Robert Redford as a First World War aviator who spends some time barnstorming in the Midwest and then goes to Hollywood, where he lives out his dream of fighting the No. 1 Imperial German ace. William Goldman's coldhearted, clever script and the fresh-painted storytelling of the director, George Roy Hill, almost amount to a style: total inauthenticity. (3/24/75) (Olympia; starting Nov. 26.)

Hard Times—This first feature directed by the young screenwriter Walter Hill is unusually effective pulp—perhaps even great pulp. Looking like an authentic Depression worker, Charles Bronson plays an aging itinerant who hooks up with a gambler (James Coburn) and fights—bare-fisted, no-holds-barred—for gambling stakes. Hill gets our hearts pounding in fear that this loner-hero will be hurt or vanquished, but you don't resent the film's grip on you, because Hill respects the loner-underdog myth. Shot on locations in and around New Orleans; with Strother Martin as a hophead medic, and Jill Ireland. (10/6/75) (Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; starting Nov. 26.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 25.)

Hearts of the West—Jeff Bridges is just the right actor to play Lewis Tater, an Iowa farm boy who writes Western stories and aspires to be like his idol, Zane Grey. Lewis leaves home in 1929, heads toward the land of his purple-prose dreams, and stumbles into a job as a stuntman in Western pictures directed by a penny-pinching hysteric played by Alan Arkin. This nostalgia comedy has an eccentric enchantment to it. The troupe of cowboy actors, headed by Andy Griffith, is the most engaging ensemble since the Dead End Kids, and the heroine, a script girl, is played by wide-eyed Blythe Danner, who is reminiscent of both Margaret Sullavan and Jean Arthur. Howard Zieff directed, from Bob Thompson's script. (10/13/75) (Greenwich, and Thalia.)

Hester Street—With Steven Keats and Carol Kane, directed by Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plaza.)

The Hound of the Baskervilles (1939)—"Murder, my dear Watson," Holmes announces, with undisguised satisfaction, in this handsome, gripping, semi-serious version of the Conan Doyle story—the first appearance of Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Immaculately right in the role, Rathbone played Holmes suavely (though with diminishing wit) for the next eight years, always with Nigel Bruce as his bumbling Dr. Watson. Here, among the moors, and mists, Holmes investigates the mystery involving "the footprints of a gigantic hound," and at the end he actually says, "Quick, Watson, the needle." The cast includes fatuously dimpled Richard Greene, and Lionel Atwill, Wendy Barrie, John Carradine, E. E. Clive, and Ralph Forbes. Sidney Lanfield directed. (Art; starting Nov. 26.)

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How Green Was My Valley (1941)—John Ford's much-honored movie about the decline of a Welsh mining family is moving and impressive in a big-Hollywood-picture way. Roddy McDowall and Walter Pidgeon are the leads, and the cast includes Maureen O'Hara, Sara Allgood, Barry Fitzgerald, and many other Irish actors (though the singers are really Welsh). (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 24.)

The Human Factor—With George Kennedy, directed by Edward Dmytryk. (Trans-Lux East, U. A. East, and Loews 83rd St.)

If . . . (1969)—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. With Malcolm McDowell. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 27.)

If I Were King (1938)—Lively costume romance. Ronald Colman smiles with mocking charm as the braggart poet François Villon, quick-witted with epigrams and swords. Fortunately, the script is by Preston Sturges. Frances Dee is the frosty great lady whom the poet melts (or thaws, anyway), and Ellen Drew is the warmer number, Huguette, an unkempt wench who hangs around the fellows in the wine cellars. With Basil Rathbone as a sly, wily Louis XI, and a first-rate cast, including Henry Wilcoxon, Bruce Lester, Alma Lloyd, Sidney Toler, Ralph Forbes, Montagu Love, and William Farnum. Frank Lloyd directed this version of Justin McCarthy's play, first filmed in 1920 starring William Farnum, then in 1926 starring John Barrymore, then in a musical version in 1930 starring Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald, and again (unsuccessfully this time) in 1955 starring Oreste Kirkop and Kathryn Grayson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 26-27.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Runaway heiress Claudette Colbert met reporter Clark Gable, and they transformed the romantic style of America, as well as the style of American comedy. Frank Capra directed this charming film, which is now a nostalgic incarnation of thirties humor and sentiment. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 24-25.)

Ivan the Terrible, Part II (1946)—The city of Kazan was built full scale in Central Asia with lumber imported from Siberia, and millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, and brocades went into Eisenstein's great, weird two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny. In Part I, Ivan (Nikolai Cherkassov) is crowned and then, because of the opposition of the nobles, forced to abdicate; in Part II (shown here), with the help of the people, he is restored to the throne. Overpowering and operatic, the movie resembles a gigantic Expressionist mural. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 25.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Perfectly respectable version, directed by Robert Stevenson, with Aldous Huxley adding his own pungency to Charlotte Brontë's novel. Orson Welles looms in a cast that includes Joan Fontaine and a very young Elizabeth Taylor. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 27.)

Jaws—Don't bite. (Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 21.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 26.)

The King Steps Out (1936)—Those with merciful memories blocked this one out long ago. Josef von Sternberg asked that the film not be included in retrospectives of his work, but he really did make the damned thing. It's a monstrously overstaged version of Fritz Kreisler's operetta "Cissy," with Grace Moore and Franchot Tone struggling through the scenery playing Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria and the young Emperor Franz Josef. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 19.)

Kismet (1944)—Ronald Colman and Marlene Dietrich look blithe and take it easy. She dances in the court of the Grand Vizier of Baghdad wearing half a pail of gilt paint, and as the rogue-hero he fusses with sleight-of-hand tricks involving handkerchiefs and knives. This version of Edward Knoblock's durable kitsch (it opened on Broadway in 1911) comes with a harem swimming pool, and it's less strenuous than most costume films of the period. Edward Arnold is the villainous vizier who smiles craftily throughout; when Colman stabs him in that harem pool, he drops his smile—that's as subtle a nuance of the actor's art as you'll find in "Kismet." Joy Ann Page plays Colman's daughter, with James Craig opposite her. William Dieterle directed; Harburg and Arlen provided a couple of songs. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 26-27.)

Lancelot of the Lake—Robert Bresson's dazzlingly severe and beautiful version of the legend of Lancelot, King Arthur, Guinevere, and Arthur's slimy enemy, Mordred. These are the knights after the early enthusiasm over the quest for the Grail has been dampened. The chevaliers quarrel, the Round Table is ringed with chairs that belong to the now dead, and the film ends in a pile of armor in which one remaining figure faintly stirs: we are seeing the fading of chivalry in a heap of scrap metal that amounts to the detritus of a shrivelled code. Yet Bresson's austere art entirely counteracts any feeling of bleakness. In French. (6/9/75) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 20.)

Let's Do It Again—This innocent, cheerful farce about an Atlanta milkman (Sidney Poitier) and a factory worker (Bill Cosby) who go to New Orleans and pull off a great scam is like a black child's version of "The Sting." The con involves hypnotizing a spindly prizefighter, played by Jimmie Walker, of TV's "Good Times," in his first screen role. Cosby looks spaced out on his own innocent amiability, and he floats away with the show; Poitier, who directed, plays straight man to him and gives an embarrassed, unfunny performance. It's crude slapstick, but the people on the screen are very likable. The cast includes Ossie Davis, Julius Harris, Mel Stewart, John Amos, Lee Chamberlin, Denise Nicholas, and Calvin Lockhart. (11/3/75) (86th St. East, Waverly, and Festival.)

Lies My Father Told Me—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Paris.)

The Longest Yard (1974)—Burt Reynolds, as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo, lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (Loews Ciné.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; starting Nov. 26.)

Macao (1952)—One of the less amusing of the steamy melodramas that Howard Hughes produced. Jane Russell is a sultry, philosophical chanteuse, who works at the Club Quick Reward. She's romantically involved with Robert Mitchum, and involved in other ways with Brad Dexter, Gloria Grahame, William Bendix, and Thomas Gomez. Joseph von Sternberg started this thing and Nicholas Ray finished it up. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 26.)

The Magic Flute—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has

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Mahogany—Diana Ross in a garish, garbled version of outmoded white kitsch. She plays a secretary from the South Side of Chicago, who becomes the first black model to crack the color bar, goes on to be a whirling international celebrity, and then gives it all up to help her black lover (Billy Dee Williams) fight to improve conditions at home. The decadent whites who paw her or bitch at her include Tony Perkins, Nina Foch, Marisa Mell, and Jean-Pierre Aumont. Berry Gordy directed. (10/27/75) (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Little Carnegie; starting Nov. 21.)

A Man Escaped (1956)—Robert Bresson tells the story of a wartime prisoner's single-minded dedication to escape. An austerely beautiful movie, made at the Montluc fortress with almost fanatic authenticity. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 20.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 25.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as Joe Buck, the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo—two lost, lonely men who find friendship. The John Schlesinger film is a brutal, superficial satire of America, but the actors take hold of one's emotions and one's imagination. From James Leo Herlihy's novel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 22.)

Milestones—An acted-out, cross-section view of what the young radicals of the sixties are doing in the seventies—how they're trying to find a revolutionary way of life. It's so long (195 minutes) and so miserably structured that the viewer can't tell who is living with whom, or where, or what the economic base of any of the groups is. The directors, Robert Kramer and John Douglas, also wrote and edited the film. Douglas himself plays a blind potter, Grace Paley plays a filmmaker, and David C. Stone plays Joe, of Joe's Bar. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 25.)

Mr. Quilp—A musical version of Charles Dickens' "The Old Curiosity Shop." With Anthony Newley, who also did the music and lyrics. Directed by Michael Tuchner. (Guild.)

Morning Glory (1933)—Katharine Hepburn got her first Academy Award for her performance as "Eva Lovelace"—the name taken by a girl who comes to New York obsessively determined to become a great actress. It's a strange, ambivalent study of that lying-cheating kind of determination, taken from a play by Zoë Akins and directed by Lowell Sherman. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou. The picture was remade in the late fifties as "Stage Struck," starring Susan Strasberg. (Cinema Village; through Nov. 25.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 20.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West muttering and wambling, respectively, in a most unusual Western. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 20.)

My Uncle Antoine (1971)—A good French-Canadian picture about rural Quebec, made by Claude Jutra. The sense of small-town society is accurately serious and funny—whispers, giggles, children spying, flurries of love affairs. Jutra himself plays a village-store clerk; it is a wonderful study in sheepishness tinged with truculence. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 24.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (72nd Street East; through Nov. 25.)

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Ned Kelly (1970)—Tony Richardson's film about the Australian bandit-hero who roamed the bush in an extraordinary costume of ironmongery. (Sidney Nolan once did a series of epic paintings that made Kelly look like a medieval man dressed in rather serious saucepans.) Kelly is played here by Mick Jagger; Jocelyn Herbert did the beautiful design. The movie is visually a series of wonderfully pure paintings but is a narrative mess. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 21.)

Night Caller—With Jean-Paul Belmondo, directed by Henri Verneuil. A French film, dubbed in English. (Columbia I, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd St.)

No Way Out—With Alain Delon and Richard Conte, directed by Duccio Tessari. (Eastside Cinema; through Nov. 25.)

The Old Dark House (1932)—Tremendous fun. This deadpan takeoff of horror plays was directed by the English eccentric James Whale in the witty, perverse, and creepy manner he also brought to "The Bride of Frankenstein." Five travellers (Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Gloria Stuart, and Lilian Bond) are caught in a storm in Wales. They seek shelter in a gloomy mansion, which is inhabited by a prize collection of monsters and decadent aristocrats: a mute, scarred brute of a butler (Boris Karloff) attends a prissy madman (Ernest Thesiger), his religious-fanatic hag of a sister (Eva Moore), his pyromaniac-dwarf younger brother (Brember Wells), and their father—a hundred-and-two-year-old baronet. (The performer is listed as "John Dudgeon" but is actually played by a woman.) Based on J. B. Priestley's novel "Benighted;" adapted by Benn W. Levy, with additional dialogue by R. C. Sherriff. (Cinema Studio; starting Nov. 26.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—With Jack Nicholson, directed by Miloš Forman. (Sutton, and Paramount.)

Orpheus (1949)—Jean Marais as the poet who needs to renew himself, in Jean Cocteau's masterpiece—the most magical of all modern films. With Maria Casarès, François Périer, Marie Déa, Edouard Dermithe, and Juliette Greco. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 22.)

The Other Side of the Mountain—With Marilyn Hassett and Beau Bridges, directed by Larry Peerce. (Columbia II, and Symphony.)

Our Daily Bread (1934)—About how a young couple (Karen Morley and Tom Keene) make a go of life on a bankrupt farm by turning it into a co-op. King Vidor borrowed up to his ears to make the movie, and it's innovatively well directed. He experiments with Russian ideas of montage, and manages to make a grand finale out of the coöperative farmers digging a ditch to irrigate a cornfield—cheating only a little by heightening the scene with an orchestral score. But it's his purity rather than this slight corruption that is the problem with the picture. The earnest title indicates where he goes wrong: the film suffers from simplicity of thought and from the excessive goodness of its common-man characters. With John Qualen and Barbara Pepper. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 24.)

A Pain in the A..—Fairly funny French farce about a would-be suicide (Jacques Brel) and a gun-assembler (Lino Ventura) who occupy adjoining hotel rooms as they try to carry out their respective purposes. In French. (9/1/75) (Gramercy; through Nov. 25.)

The Passenger—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter for whom everything has staled—work and personal life both. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight. With Maria Schneider. (4/14/75) (Olympia; through Nov. 25.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 21.)

Platinum Blonde (1931)—Frank Capra's early talkie about a glib newspaper reporter (Robert Williams) who marries an aristocratic heiress (Jean Harlow, ludicrously miscast but fun to watch anyway). Almost a catalogue of the movie conventions of the period, complete to an effete valet (Claude Allister) and a comic butler (Halliwell Hobbes). The film's considerable attractions include Robert Riskin's uninhibited dialogue and ravishing Loretta Young, who, as a tough-minded girl reporter (prototype of the later Jean Arthur roles), is a natural aristocrat. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 24-25.)

Potemkin (1925)—In 1950, an international panel of critics voted this Eisenstein film "the greatest film of the past fifty years." The subject is the 1905 mutiny of the sailors of the battleship Potemkin and the massacre of the people who sympathized with them. Eisenstein made the subject exciting by rhythmic editing—"montage." Silent, with added musical sound track. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 25.)

Putney Swope (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Elgin; Nov. 21-22.)

Rancho Deluxe—With Jeff Bridges and Sam Waterston, directed by Frank Perry. (D. W. Griffith; starting Nov. 23.)

Rashomon (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman lies dead. This double crime is acted out in the versions of the three participants and a witness. Akira Kurosawa's great enigmatic film created a new interest in Japanese cinema. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the husband, and Takashi Shimura as the witness. From stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 21.)

Rebecca (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances, but even when he's bad he's more fascinating than most actors. With Joan Fontaine, giving one of her rare good performances, and Judith Anderson (as Mrs. Danvers), George Sanders, Florence Bates—all three in superb form. From Daphne du Maurier's novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 27.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most imaginative and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also called "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a young girl who puts on an enchanted pair of slippers that will not let her stop dancing; the film's story is, of course, the same story. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people as romantically as Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet" does, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high kitsch. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 23.)

Richard III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate, yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, he was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimagina-

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tive, and the Book-of-Hours camera setups decompose into common calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear the inflections he gives lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." He must be the wittiest actor who ever lived. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 23.)

The Romantic Englishwoman—With Glenda Jackson, Michael Caine, and Helmut Berger; directed by Joseph Losey. (Eastside Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 26.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (New Yorker; through Nov. 25.)

Saps at Sea (1940)—Those two lovely men, Laurel and Hardy, in a late "gag" comedy which, unfortunately, draws on the same kind of material others were using. With James Finlayson and Ben Turpin. (D. W. Griffith; through Nov. 22.)

Scarecrow (1973)—A story of two loners lurching across the United States, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. With Gene Hackman and Al Pacino, two identifiably good actors who deserve better scripts than this. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 22.)

The Seven-Ups (1973)—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (Playboy; through Nov. 25.)

The Shanghai Gesture (1941)—Hilariously, awesomely terrible. Hollywood attempted to clean up John Colton's old melodrama about nightlife depravities in Shanghai; Mother Goddam became Mother Gin Sling (Ona Munson), and her establishment became nothing more disreputable than a gambling den. Josef von Sternberg proceeded to pack the orgiastic, smoky atmosphere with crowds of coolies, diplomats, roulette players, and "bird-cage" girls, and in the foreground is one of the most ridiculous casts ever assembled. Victor Mature, in a burnous, as the languid Dr. Omar—his eyes welling with mysterious passions—is worth the price of admission, and when you throw in Gene Tierney, as Poppy, a rich girl going to the dogs (Tierney acts as if she's having a tantrum in Schrafft's over the fudge sauce), you've got a gorgeous travesty. Some of this effect is probably intentional, but the total effect couldn't have been. Walter Huston stalks through as Mother Gin Sling's former lover, and the cast includes Maria Ouspenskaya, Phyllis Brooks, Ivan Lebedeff, Mike Mazurki, Albert Basserman, Eric Blore, Marcel Dalio, Mikhail Rasumni, and John Abbott. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 19.)

She (1935)—Over the land of Kor rules She (Helen Gahagan Douglas, before her political career), kept young throughout five centuries by her Flame of Eternal Youth. The stagey décor of Kor is in the Art Deco style of Radio City Music Hall, and you keep expecting the Rockettes to turn up. The dialogue, however, belongs to an earlier age: She addresses her uncanny subjects with such lines as "You haunters of darkness, how you try my patience!" A pair of tedious lovebirds (Helen Mack and Randolph Scott) intrude upon the realm, and She, who takes a fancy to Scott and plans to make a human sacrifice of her rival, tries one too many dips in the Flame. No one but H. Rider Haggard could have dreamed up the story; Irving Pichel and Lansing C. Holden directed. The picture is deadly slow, and those lovebirds could try anybody's patience, but camp like this is a rarity. With Nigel Bruce. (Cinema Studio; starting Nov. 26.)

She Done Him Wrong (1933)—Mae West, the great shady lady of the screen, wiggles and sings "Easy Rider" and seduces virtuous young Cary Grant. A classic comedy and a classic seduction. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 20.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. A modern classic. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 26.)

Smile—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. The film is an affectionate satirical salute to the square; though we laugh at the gaffes of the rawboned teen-age girls, the laughter isn't cruel. With Bruce Dern as the chief judge, Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (Murray Hill.)

The Story of O—From Pauline Reage's novel. Directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Baronet.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Olympia; through Nov. 25.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. The director, Herbert Ross, is an unintentional minimalist; he doesn't bring enough invention to the material, and it's just shouting, when it needs to be beautifully timed routines to be halfway tolerable. With Richard Benjamin. (11/17/75) (Music Hall.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. The film is raspingly funny and rancorous, but it is also sad, because the rich woman is not serious about her expeditionary love. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Cinema II.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Elgin; Nov. 20.)

Tales of Hoffmann (1951)—This choreographic spectacle, based on the Jacques Offenbach light opera, stars Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, and Ludmilla Tcherina in the dancing roles, with singers Robert Rounseville and Ann Ayars, and with Pamela Brown contributing her silent, disconcerting presence. Sir Thomas Beecham conducts (rather phlegmatically). After the success of "The Red Shoes," the producers, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, found themselves in a position to fulfill their most lavish appetites, and they laid on this infamous spread. Moira Shearer is lovely, but the whole thing seems to be the product of an aberrant, second-rate imagination that confuses décor with art. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 23.)

The Ten Commandments (1956)—Charlton Heston is the highly athletic Moses; Anne Baxter is the kittenish princess who loves him; Judith Anderson is the sinister slave who knows the secret of his Jewish birth; Cedric Hardwicke is the likable old Pharaoh; Yul Brynner is the prince who beats Moses to the Egyptian throne; Edward G. Robinson is the traitor to the Jews; Debra Paget is the young slave old Robinson's got his eyes on. Stir them all together, throw in stone tablets, a whopping big Golden Calf, part the Red Sea, and you've got Cecil B. De Mille's epic—almost four hours of it. As old-fashioned hokum, it's palatable and rather tasty. (Ziegfeld; starting Nov. 21.)

There's No Business Like Show Business (1954)—The competent hoofing by Donald O'Connor and Dan Dailey isn't enough to compensate for a seedy plot about a family of vaudevillians and for performers like Johnnie Ray, who sings like a rutting cat and then—as if *to win our indulgence*—announces he is going to be a priest. Marilyn Monroe, Ethel "Iron Lungs" Merman, and Mitzi Gaynor perform without much distinction; there's no lift to this thing. The score is by Irving Berlin; Walter Lang directed, for Fox. (Regency; through Nov. 22.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Jr., as the rebellious TV writer. In this kind of comedy, his rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV. With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Cole directed, lamely. (Elgin; Nov. 27.)

Three Days of the Condor—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Loews Tower East.)

Throne of Blood (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The sound track pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 21.)

Tout Va Bien (1972)—Not as deadly in its pedagogical tone as other Godard-Gorin films of the period. There's some relaxation and humor in this story of a workers' takeover of a sausage factory, but the way Jane Fonda, as an American journalist, and Yves Montand, as her French filmmaker-husband, are radicalized by the situation seems mechanical and naïve. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 20.)

Tropic of Cancer (1970)—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immoral Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Elgin; Nov. 19.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Elgin; Nov. 27.)

Ulysses (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (Elgin; Nov. 19.)

Walkabout (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," did the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—an English brother and sister, expensively school-trained, and a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Elgin; Nov. 26.)

Walking Tall, Part 2—Bo Svenson plays Buford Pusser in this sequel. Directed by Earl Bellamy. (Playboy; through Nov. 25.)

Way Out West (1937)—This satire of Westerns is probably Laurel and Hardy's most comically sustained feature, and it shows off their vaudeville skills in a couple of musical interludes. They do a classic soft-shoe shuffle outside a saloon; Hardy's lolling elephantine

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grace has never been more ingratiating. And they sing "In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia." As Mickey Finn, the villain in love with his own villainy, James Finlayson is practically a co-star, and Sharon Lynne is the voluptuous blond saloon girl. The film is leisurely in the best sense; you adjust to a different rhythm and come out feeling relaxed, as if you'd had a vacation. James Horne directed. (D. W. Griffith; through Nov. 22.)

The Way We Were (1973)—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents's novel. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Nov. 25.)

What's Up, Tiger Lily? *(1966)*—Woody Allen provides dubbed dialogue for a chopped-up Japanese sexy-spy thriller; the jokes get rather desperate, but there are enough wildly sophomoric ones to make this pop stunt fairly amusing. (Elgin; Nov. 20.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and the charming Trish Van Devere. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 25.)

The White Dawn (1974)—With Warren Oates, Timothy Bottoms, and Lou Gossett; directed by Philip Kaufman. (Elgin; Nov. 26.)

A Woman Under the Influence (1974)—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution; she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Nov. 25.)

You Were Never Lovelier (1942)—Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth—with Astaire pursuing her by the route of her matchmaking father, played by Adolphe Menjou. Quite endearing punk, with tunes including "You Were Never Lovelier" itself, "Dearly Beloved," and "I'm Old-Fashioned." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 21-22.)

Zachariah (1971)—A rock Western, and, as if that weren't mixture enough, it also tries to be both spoof and morality play. Nothing quite works, yet it's a relaxed and generally inoffensive movie; the hero (John Rubinstein) has an open, smiling manner, and the menace (Elvin Jones) does a smashing drum solo—the high point of the film. Directed by George Englund. (Cinema Village; starting Nov. 26.)

Zardoz (1974)—Sean Connery in a loincloth as the only virile man in an élitist commune of the future, dominated by hyper-intellectual immortal women. John Boorman, who wrote, produced, and directed this lushly photographed piece of twaddle, appears to be worried about mankind's losing its fighting strength. With Charlotte Rampling, whose gimlet eyes and sensual hauteur inspire Connery to found a new race. (2/18/74) (Elgin; Nov. 23-24.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Elgin; Nov. 25.)

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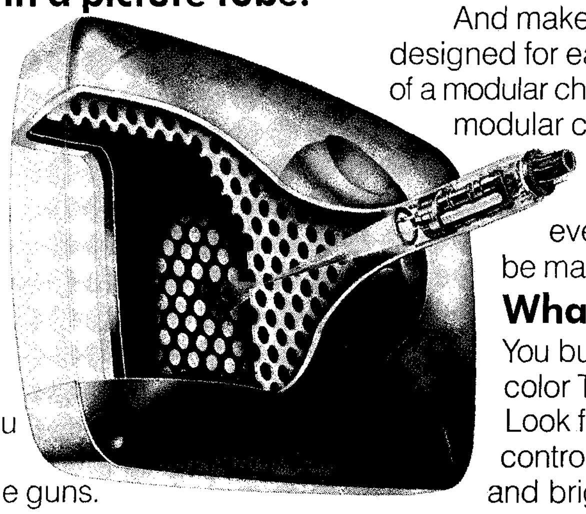

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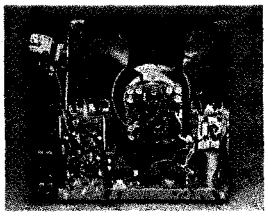

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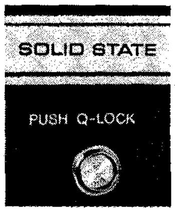

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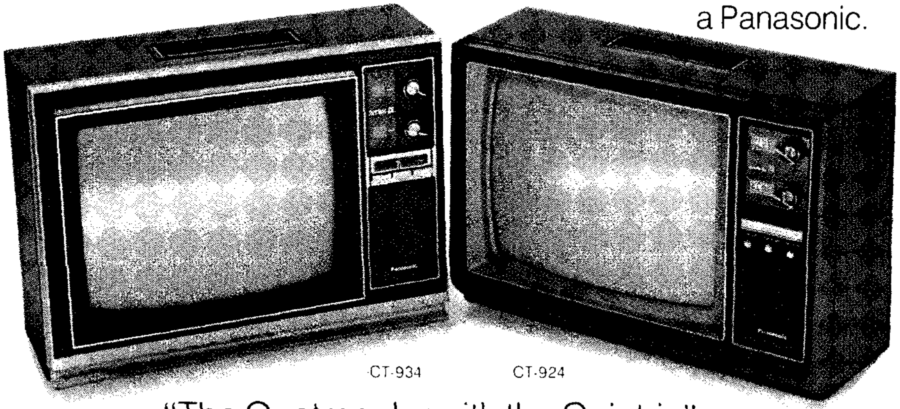

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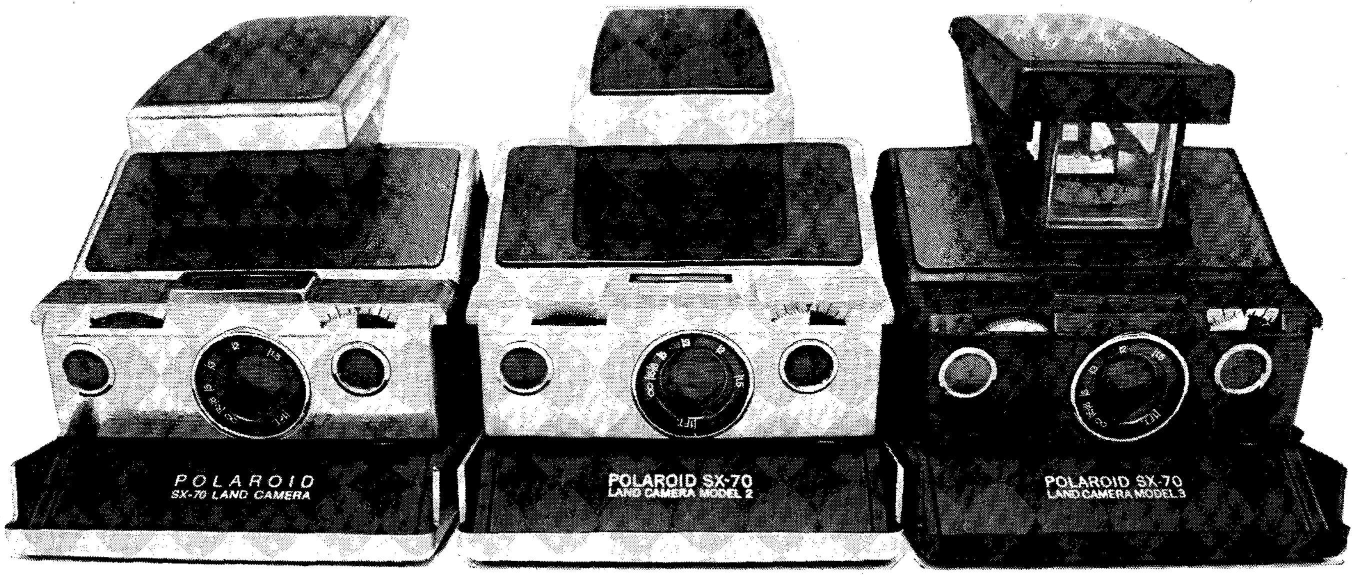
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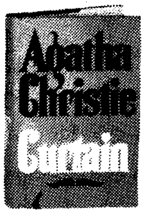

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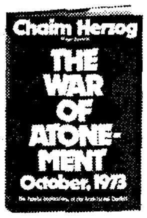

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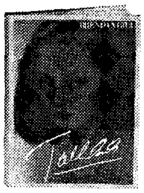

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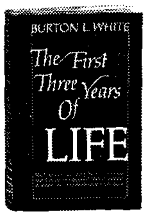

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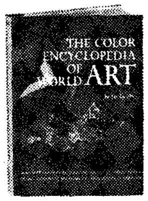

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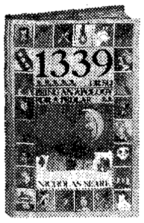

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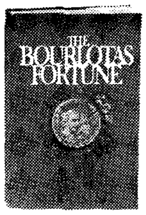

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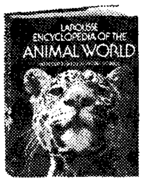

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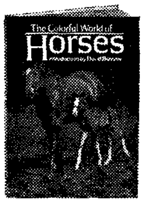

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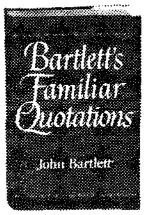

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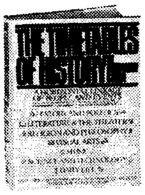

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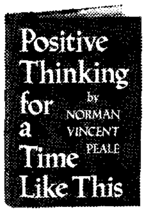

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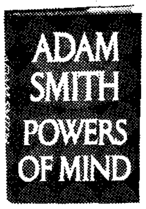

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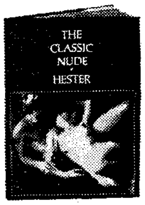

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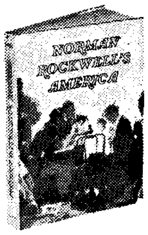

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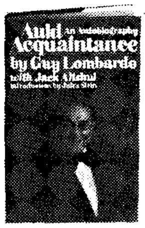

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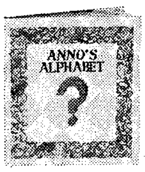

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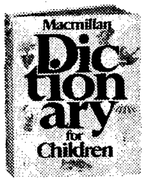

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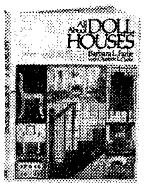

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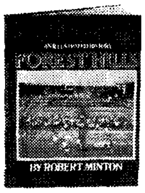

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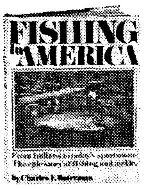

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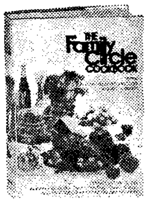

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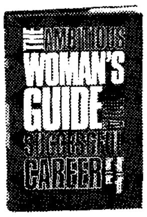

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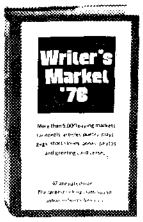
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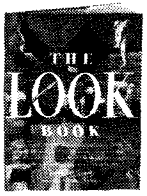
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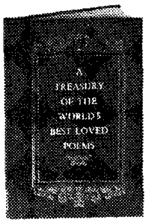
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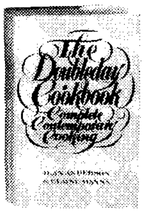
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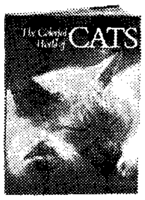
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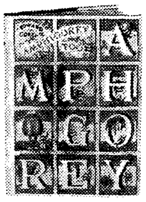
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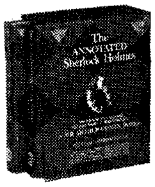
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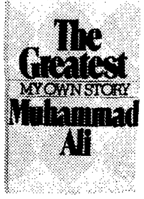
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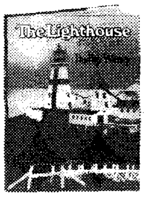
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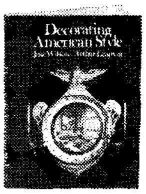
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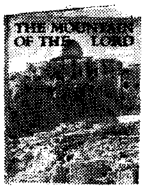
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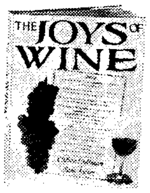
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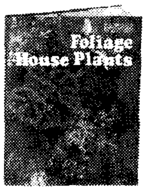
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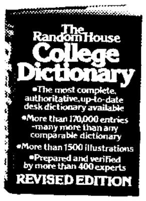
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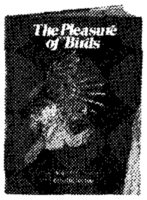
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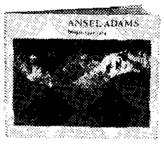
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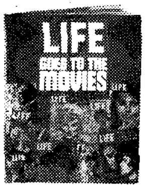
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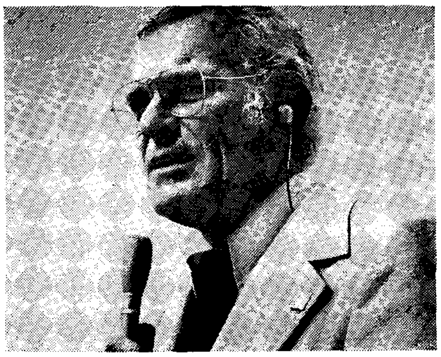

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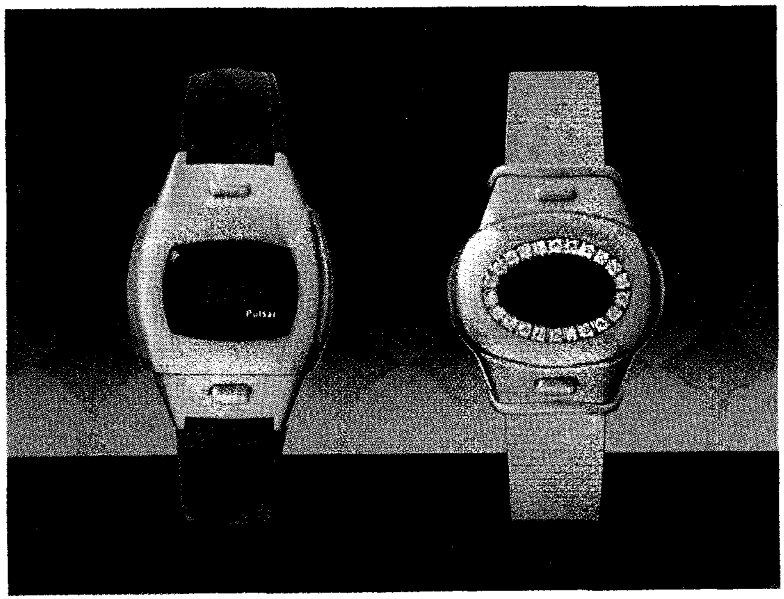

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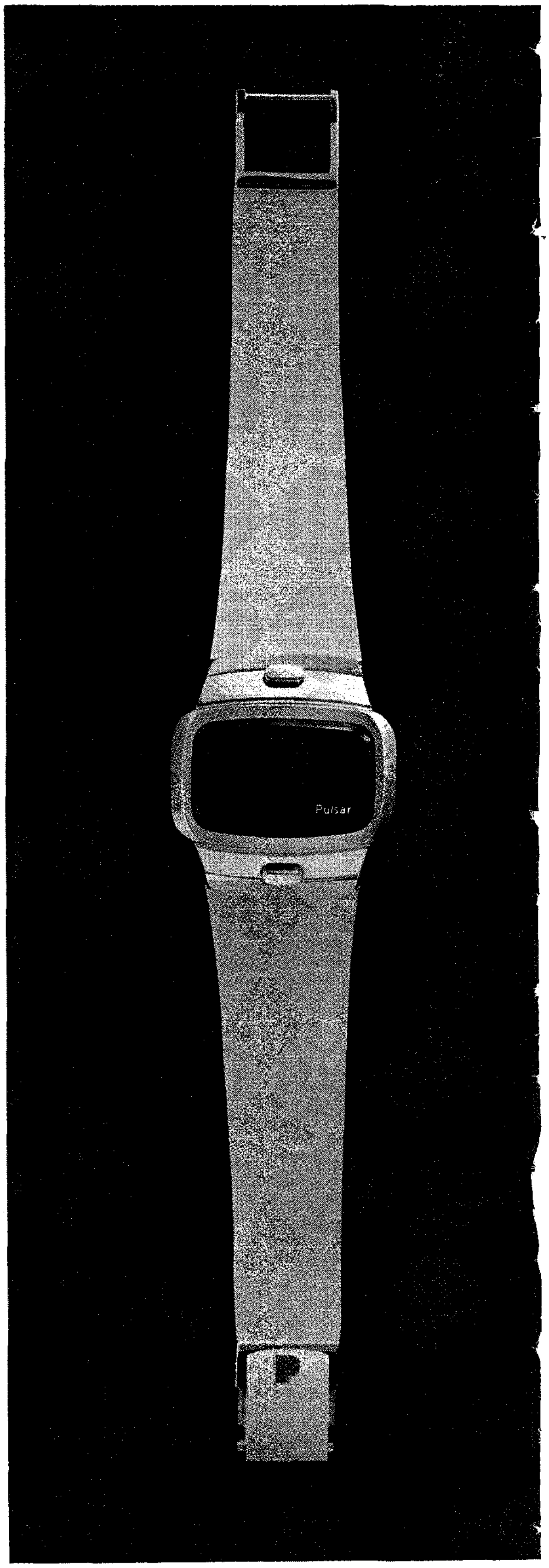

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Muse's	Atlanta
Nash's	Milledgeville
Jos. N. Neel Co.	Macon
The Sir Shop	Dublin, Statesboro
The Stagg Shop	Savannah
H. Stockton	Atlanta
R. S. Thorpe	Macon
Tillman's	Columbus
The Toggery	Warner Robins
Vassey's	Rossville
B. Young's	Columbus

ILLINOIS

Bigsby & Kruthers	Chicago
The Clothes Closet	Winnetka
Cobey's	Highland Park
Gentry Shop	All stores
Howard Heller	Peoria
Jim Herron's	Springfield
Hugh Mulligan's	Chicago
Olson's Menswear	Wheaton
The Outdoorsman	Lake Forest
Phillip's Menswear	Barrington
Robertson's	Lake Forest
Eric Salm	Chicago
Spauldings	Oak Park
Trooping the Colour	Winnetka
William Custom Tailors	Chicago

INDIANA

J. Cole	Columbus
Heider Ltd.	Ft. Wayne
Steck's	Crawfordsville, Lafayette, West Lafayette
Roderick St. John	Indianapolis

IOWA

Clancy's Menswear	Cedar Rapids
Reichardt's	Des Moines
Syndicate	Davenport

KANSAS

Cassems	Lawrence
Pegues	Hutchinson
West Ltd.	Salina

KENTUCKY

Tom Alexander, Inc.	Danville
The Coachman	Owensboro
The Fashion Post	Louisville
Mark-Mathews	Ashland
Meyer's	Lexington
Phipp's Clothing	Georgetown
The Point After	Lexington
Geoffrey Schilling	Louisville
The Traditional Shop	Henderson
Wolf-Wile	Lexington

LOUISIANA

Campus Clothiers	Baton Rouge
Gentry Corp.	New Orleans
Gilhe's	Baton Rouge
Perlis	New Orleans
Pope's	Bossier City
Stagg, Ltd.	New Orleans

MAINE

Benoit's	Portland
House of Logan	Booth Bay Harbor

MARYLAND

Arthur Adler	Chevy Chase
Eddie Jacob's	Baltimore

MASSACHUSETTS

The Andover Shop	Andover, Cambridge
Johnny Appleseed	North Beverly
Bartlett's	Greenfield
The Bay Co.	Scituate
Bolter's	Boston
Paul Carr, Ltd.	Boston
Clark & Friend	Salem
The Crimson Shop	Cambridge
The Country Store	Concord
House of Doherty	Worcester
John Douglas	Wellesley
Arthur L. Johnson	Boston
Judd, Inc.	Swampscott
Kap's	Lawrence
Marshall's	Woburn
Milton's	Quincy
Robin Hood's Barn	Westwood
Silverstein's, Inc.	New Bedford
Thorne's	Boston
VeJohn's	Longmeadow
House of Walsh	Williamstown
A. O. White	Springfield

MICHIGAN

Bagpiper	Grand Rapids
The Barn	Birmingham
Mr. Guy	Holland
Gwynn's	Birmingham
Harper's	Traverse City
E. J. Hickey	Grosse Pointe
John Horan	Petoskey
Mackenzie, Bostock, Monroe	Grand Rapids
Mesler's	Midland
Red Coat Squire	Rochester
Carl Sterr	Grosse Pointe
Van Boven's	Ann Arbor, Detroit
Wild & Co.	Ann Arbor

MINNESOTA

Foursome	Wayzata
Al Johnson	Minneapolis
Juster's	Minneapolis

MISSISSIPPI

Anthony's	Bay St. Louis
Carty's Department Store	Westpoint
The Clothes Vault	Philadelphia
The Gentleman's Quarter	Columbus
Goldberg's	Belzoni
Ed Helm	Jackson
Hinds Bros.	Tupelo
The Hub	Vicksburg
Jim King's	Yazoo City
The Locker Room	Oxford
Magnolia Hall	Columbia
McRae's, Inc.	Jackson
Progressive Men's Shop	Brookhaven
The Rogue	Jackson
Sherman's	Greenville
George Sherman's	Starkville
Trusty's	Grenada
Gene Warr's	Biloxi

MISSOURI

Harvey, Ltd.	Clayton
Jack Henry	Kansas City
Martin's Corner	Kansas City
Mister Guy	Kansas City
Pucketts	Columbia
Woolf Brothers	Kansas City

MONTANA

The Hall Tree	Missoula
Hart-Albin Co.	Billings

NEBRASKA

Landon's	Omaha

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Jim's Oxford Shop	Manchester
Carroll Reed, Inc.	North Conway

NEW JERSEY

Anson Newton Ltd.	Morristown
Jos. D'Apolito & Sons	Far Hills, Mendham
R. A. Donnelly	Trenton
Hahne & Co.	Newark
Tom McMahon	Redbank
Mulhern's	Westfield
Off the Cuff	Deal, Spring Lake
T. A. Urltan	Woodbridge

NEW MEXICO

Santa Fe Country Store	Santa Fe

NEW YORK

Barney's	New York
Bradford Law	Oyster Bay
Campus Corner	Buffalo
John Charles Ltd.	Tarrytown
The Country Squire	Lake Placid
Dall's	Niskayuna
David's	Manhasset
Gentree Ltd.	New York
Homick's, Inc.	Auburn
John Lewton Men's Shop	Ithaca
Mathews & Miller	Jamestown
McFarlin Clothing Co.	Rochester
O'Connell, Lucas & Chelf	Buffalo
Richard Oliver	Bedford Village
Phil's	Glen Cove
The Red Barn	Rochester
Ed Richelson	Manhasset
Schapiro's	Endicott
Sherman's	Albany
Sportscraft	Bronxville
Wells & Coverly	Syracuse, Troy
Willock Bros.	Rochester
Yallums	Kingston
John F. Zell & Son	Syracuse

NORTH CAROLINA

Bell's Traditionals	Asheville
Bryant-McLeod	New Bern
Cambridge Shop	Mt. Airy
Coleman's	Burlington
Edwards Bros.	Goldsboro, Kingston
Epstein's	Rocky Mount
Freid's	Roanoke
Gentlemen's Quarter	Lake City
Gordon's Ltd.	Greenville
Heritage	Tabor City
Hine-Bagby	Winston Salem
Howard & Whittaker	Fayetteville
Hunter & Coggins	Asheville
Jefferson House	West Jefferson
Jodhpurs	Charlotte
Lazarus	Morgantown
Lee Robins	Lenoria
Long's	Rockingham
Patterson's	Brevard
Plaza Men's Store	Charlotte
J. Pressley	Asheville
Steinbeck's, Men's Shop	Greenville
Frank Stich Co.	Winston Salem
Squire Shop	Dunn
Tharrington's	Durham
Varsity Menswear	Raleigh
Jack Wood	Charlotte
Woodall's	Benson
Wrenn-Pharr	Raleigh
Younts DeBoe	Greensboro

OHIO

Barnard's Mens Shop	Hamilton
Blackburn's	Delaware
Bunce Bros.	Cleveland
Burkhardt's	Cincinnati
Captain's Quarters	Rocky Hill
Christopher's	University Heights
Drunkenbrod, Inc.	Canton
Dunhill's	Dayton
Freedlander's	Wooster
Gentry	Niles
Hoffeller, Hiatt & Clark	Lima
Jack's Corner, Inc.	Oxford
H. Jacobson	Cleveland
Jax	Lorraine
Justin Tyme	Worthington
Mearan's	Ironton
Don Nash	Mansfield
Neil's of Attawa Hills	Toledo
Paul's	Chagrin Falls
Peer Gordon	Cleveland

OHIO Cont.

D. H. Peer	Dayton
Pound Sterling	Cincinnati
Robert's	Sylvania
Rogoff Bros.	Cleveland
Roderick St. John	Cincinnati
Schneider's	Middletown
Skall's	Cleveland
Sterr & Mann	Canton
Village Store	Columbus
Woodhouse Lynch	Worthington
1887 Shops	Findlay

OKLAHOMA

Brenner's	Tulsa
Renberg's	Tulsa

OREGON

Aden & Josi	Portland
Albert Ltd.	Portland
Bill Baker's Menswear	Eugene
Ray Bolger Co.	Portland
Richard, Ltd.	Portland
M & M Sichel	Portland

PENNSYLVANIA

Tom Bass	Bethlehem
Jos. Condello & Son	Philadelphia
Coventry Ltd.	Pittsburgh
C. J. Crego	Harrisburg
Ermilio's	Ardmore
Bill Flannagan's Squire Shop	Erie
Filling's	Lancaster
Gentry	Pittsburgh
Gongaware & Long	Greensburg
House of Sidney	Pittsburgh
Jos. Keefe	Haverford
London Dock	Pittsburgh
Albert Lussier	Wayne
Sox Miller	Philadelphia
Jake Oswold	Ellwood City
Post & Rail	Ligonier

RHODE ISLAND

Briggs, Ltd.	Providence
Hillhouse Ltd.	Providence
Narragansett	Newport

SOUTH CAROLINA

Bostrom, Blackburn & Rush	North Charleston
Cambridge House Ltd.	Spartanburg
Fuller's Men's Store	South Boston
Gentry House	Myrtle Beach
The Haberdashery	Hartsville
Hammond-Thompson	Bennettsville
The Hub Ltd.	Charleston
Lees-Wright	Greenville
Lion's Den	Columbia
Lydle Pressley	Columbia
Margolis Denstone	Jacksonville
Max's	Charleston
Price's Store for Men	Spartanburg
Schein's	Beauford
Patrick Treadway	Columbia
John Tryon Ltd.	Charleston
University Shop	Sumter

TENNESSEE

Levy's	Nashville
Loveman's	Chattanooga
M. S. McClellan	Memphis
The Men's Shop	Murfreesboro
The Oxford Shop	Nashville
The Rogue & Co.	Memphis
Stamm's	Memphis

TEXAS

Marvin Brown	Dallas
Cromwell	Houston
Malouf's	Lubbock
Walker-Jones	Houston

UTAH

Brownstone Gents	Salt Lake City
Charles Felt	Salt Lake City
Four Seasons	Salt Lake City

VERMONT

Mark Anthony's Country Clothes	Brattleboro
Southwick's Ltd.	Manchester

VIRGINIA

Alvin-Dennis	Lexington
Campbell's	Charlottesville
Chase & Collier	McLean
College Shop	Lexington
Eljo's	Charlottesville
Fashion Post	Richmond
G. S. Hobbs	Sulfolk
Jacobs & Levy	Richmond
Jordon Ltd.	Lynchburg
Nelson & Gwatkin	Richmond
The Stable	Roanoke
Thompson Haberdashers	Chatham

WASHINGTON

Albert Ltd.	Seattle
The Country Gentleman	Bellevue
Hamer's	Spokane
Nieman's Hub Clothiers	Tacoma
Pierone's	Spokane
Yankee Peddler	Seattle

WEST VIRGINIA

Amsbury & Johnson	Huntington
Daniel's	Morgantown
Frankenberger's	Charleston
Haney-Campbell	Bluefield
Kaites	Clarksburg
Man's Shop	Williamson
Schwabe-May	Charleston
J. B. Smith Co.	Parkersburg
Stag Clothing	Princeton
Yarid's	Lewisburg

WISCONSIN

Berman-Bach	Milwaukee
Art Imig	Sheboygan
MacNeil and Purnell	Madison
Menswear 1000	Stevens Point
Snyder's	Oconomowoc
Step 6	Greenbay
Witherspoon's	Lake Geneva

SERO

Nothing is obvious except the quality.

The Natural Classic® Oxford… The Ultimate Durable Press Shirt.

Traditionally our oxford cloth has been the backbone of the gentleman's wardrobe. With the introduction of the cotton/polyester blends, Durable Press became a reality, offering many advantages unknown to the oxford shirt before. Only now, though, with Sero's introduction of the 60% cotton/40% polyester fabric, has the ultimate combination been found.

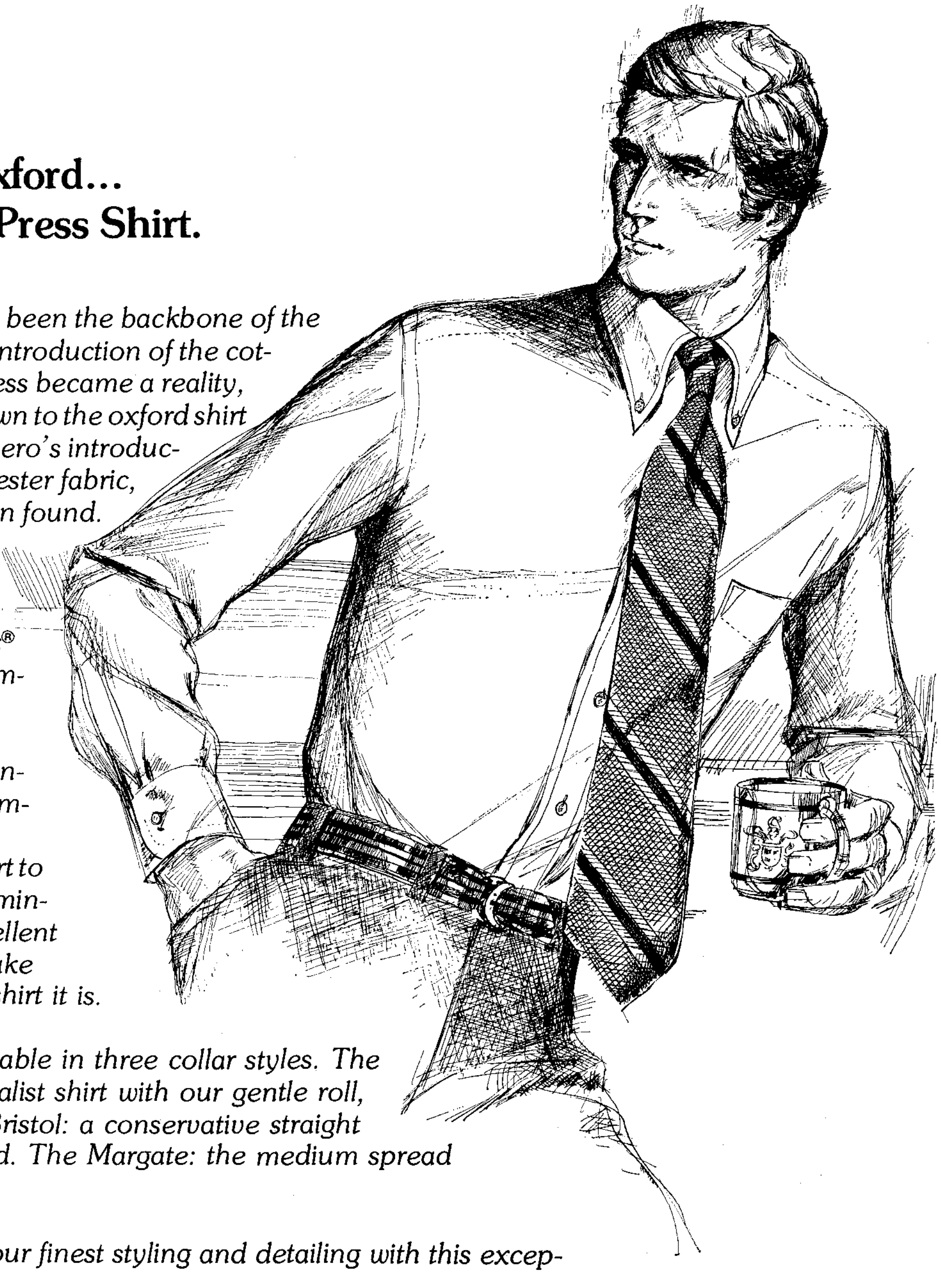
Sero, a gentleman's shirtmaker for many years, announces with great pride—The Natural Classic® Oxford. Rich, elegant texture, comfort, longer wearability—all the desirable qualities of the cotton oxford, have now—through extensive research—been precisely combined with today's durable press, yielding the finest gentleman's shirt to date. Pilling has been virtually eliminated. Lasting freshness plus excellent launderability are features that make The Natural Classic® Oxford the shirt it is.

This unique combination is available in three collar styles. The Purist: the ultimate in a traditionalist shirt with our gentle roll, classic buttondown collar. The Bristol: a conservative straight collar with a pin or no-pin spread. The Margate: the medium spread collar that is always correct.

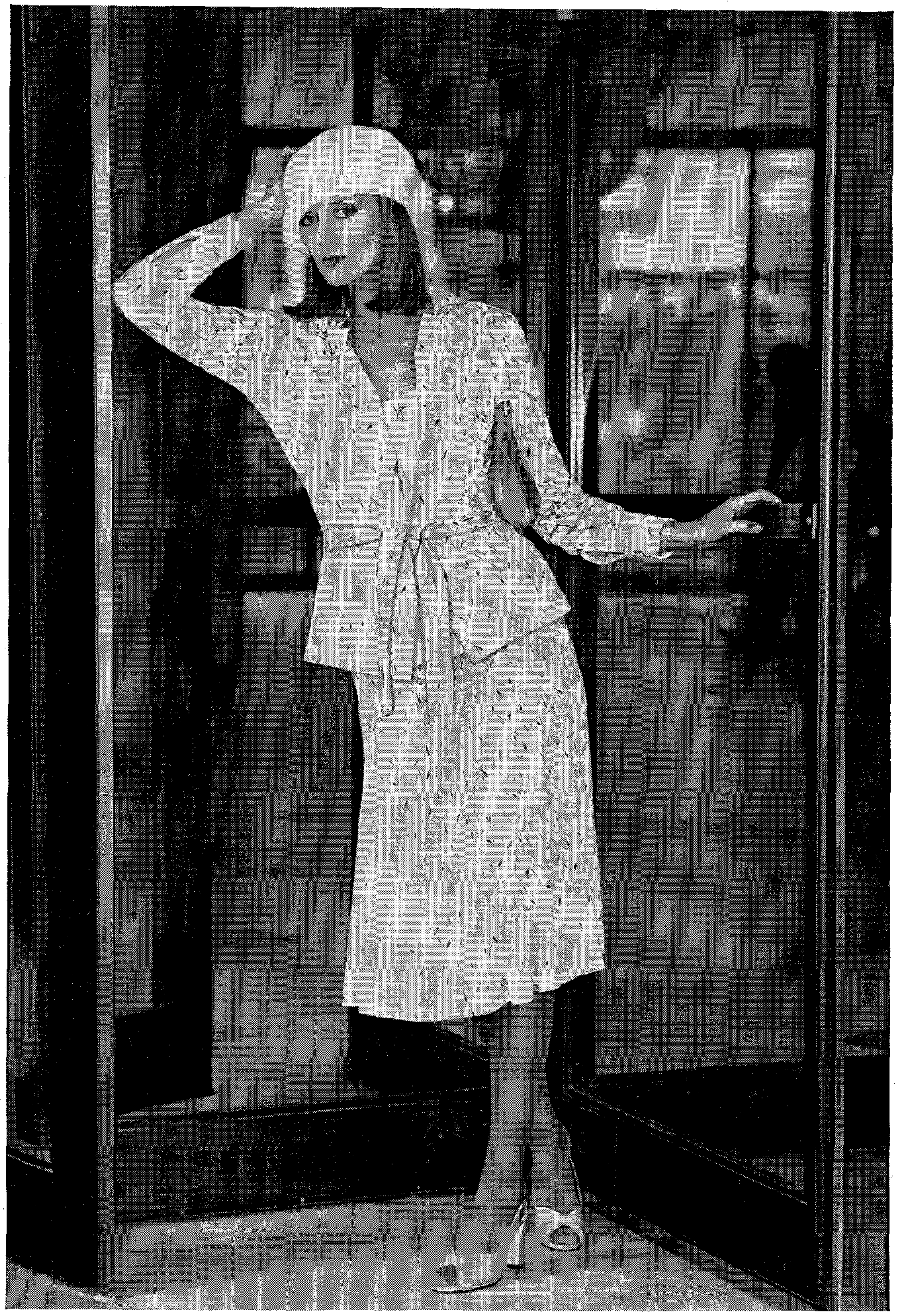
We have attempted to combine our finest styling and detailing with this exceptional blend to give you the ultimate in a man's shirt. We think you will agree.

For additional store listings, please contact our New York office.

Sero Shirtmakers, New Haven, Connecticut 06506
N.Y. Office: 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. 10019



Everything's coming up tulips. Sunny, yellow, resorty.



Happy traveler. Diane von Furstenberg's tulips go for sunny places. Brightly yellow on white cotton knit. How's that for cool? The lazy little shirtjacket ties lazily over a tank top and lightly flaring skirt. Perfect match for your mood and tempo. In 6 to 12 sizes, $130. The Fifth Avenue Shop.

Saks Fifth Avenue

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A LETTER from a friend:

There is something President Ford can do that will enable him to go down in history as the greatest American President since Abraham Lincoln. He can free the banks. As everyone knows, banks have historically been second-class citizens in America. They are everywhere hated, despised, reviled. The ordinary citizen would no more say a kind word for a bank than he would bash his begonia plant over the head with a chair. As early as 1908, Woodrow Wilson noted, "The banks in this country are remote from the people and the people regard them as not belonging to them but to some power hostile to them." See? Hostility. Not-belongingness. It is time for a change.

Freeing the banks—"nationalizing" them, as it were—will have several important consequences. The interest rates will go down. I suggest four per cent, coming and going. That is, I pay a bank four per cent when I borrow from it, and it pays me four per cent when it borrows from me. That seems fair. The huge excess of money now generated by the banks and placed by them in private hands (technically called "profit") will disappear. The important point here is that for the first time a bank will be on a footing of equality with any other citizen. That the equality involves an adjustment downward rather than upward on the financial scale is logically no bar to the taking of this crucial step. Equality is equality.

Now, I am not against "profit" (sometimes called "profits," meaning, I suppose, more than one). My old mother down in Georgia told me two things; the first is unprintable and had to do with relations between the sexes, and the second was "Screw every dollar out of the bastards that you can." I believe in profit. Keeps the wheels whirling and all that. This is called "incentive." A good thing. My one quibble is that from what I hear around town the banks incentivize very few of their fellow-citizens. *Very* few relative to the size of the population. Only a handful, in fact. A bad thing. It is divisive, counterproductive, and not at all sacred. Doesn't have to be that way.

A bank is fundamentally a device for moving money around. Sort of a switchboard situation. Now, if you talk to a banker about this he'll say, No, no, you don't understand. And he's right, I don't understand. I don't understand nine hundred of the things banks do to earn their profits. If I mention this to the banker, he'll mumble something about "risk." And he's got a point. It is well known that banks are daredevil risk-takers, as brave as the famous diving horses of Atlantic City. It is true that they like some kinds of risk better than other kinds of risk. The banks have a peculiar tendency to jump for what is called a "good risk." This may seem like a contradiction in terms to a layman, but to a bank it does not. Poor people, slum clearance, low-cost housing, and the City of New York are examples of "bad risks." But consider what would happen if the banks were freed (nationalized). *They could take any kind of risk they wanted to take!* "Bad" as well as "good"! They could be just like the rest of us, and make mistakes. Instant self-respect!

Now, it may appear to some that my proposal has what might be called a "Communist" or "Socialist" tinge. Not right. In point of fact, I met a Communist once and didn't like him at all. He was wearing clothes I didn't like, he was rude, and he ate his peas by picking up each individual pea with two fingers of his right hand. Anyhow, there is nothing Communist or Socialist about this proposal. I think of it as "nationalist."

A more serious question is: If the banks are nationalized, can the government handle this additional burden? I mean, can the government do anything efficiently? The recently reported incident wherein a U.S. spy submarine attempted to surface under the hull of a U.S.S.R. naval vessel during Soviet fleet maneuvers does not inspire super-confidence. But in fairness it must be said that the government does *some things* well. The Library of Congress. The Coast Guard. Whatever the difficulties, the moral issue is clear. We can and must rescue these poor banks from the intolerable weight of shame, discrimination, and (let us be plain) prejudice under which they have labored for centuries. We must enable them, and other free Americans, to say "Bank is beautiful." I call upon the President to act, immediately.

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Systems

A BUSY-OFFICE-LIKE cacophony of whirrs and clacks and hums, over human mutterings, greeted us at the Americana, where we went to look in on the Business Systems/Product Show, sponsored—in association with Convention Management Associates—by National Business Conferences, Inc. We looked at a lot of stuff that had nothing in common with office life as we know it in our place, and we picked up a long new vocabulary about "systems"—"word-processing" systems, "tape-printing" systems, "mini-computer" systems, "Datamation" systems, "Systemsite Vertical Visible" systems, "open-plan office-furniture" systems, "full-featured-key" systems, "mobile filing" systems, "electronic PABX telephone-switching" systems. After getting translations, we learned that the "systems" have to do with typing, filing, billing, accounting, telephoning, and being comfortable and happy in an office. The subject of "word-processing" systems was under consideration at one of the Business Show's seminars, which was occupied with some sub-systems: "text-preparation" systems, "reproduction" systems, and "storage-and-retrieval" systems. Next to "systems," the word we heard used most frequently at the show was "obsolete."

"This is the world's first electronic stapler, which makes every other electric stapler obsolete," said one of the men in charge of the Case Duplicating Supply booth. He looked like a football player, with a full, flushed face, and he was wearing a gray Glen-plaid suit. He patted his stapler. "Staples ten thousand times without reloading! Drives up to sixty staples a minute! It's our Swingline 6800 D completely jamproof stapler with solid-state circuitry."

At another booth, featuring a copying machine called the Mita Copystar 700D, the word "obsolete" suddenly became a verb. "Our machine obsoletes all the liquid-toner machines on the market," said a handsome young man named Bruce Sheriff, who was also wearing a gray Glen-plaid suit, and who was in charge of the Mita Copystar 700D.

"How does it work?" we asked.

"Somebody sabotaged it for the moment, but we're getting it repaired," Mr. Sheriff said.

"How's it different from Xerox?" we asked.

"Cheaper," Mr. Sheriff said. "Everything at this show is competing with Xerox and I.B.M., but you won't find *them* here, because they don't have to come." He patted his machine with as much affection as the Swingline man had displayed toward the stapler. "Under two thousand dollars," he said.

"How come?" we asked.

"Made in Japan," he said.

"Our modular-design concept of the CPT Cassetype System has made 'obsolescence' obsolete!" said a man named Dean Scheff, representing the CPT Corporation, of Hopkins, Minnesota.

"What does your machine do?" we asked, looking at it—a typewriter about twice the size of our old Underwood Typemaster. The CPT machine was clattering nervously on its own.

"We capture the word," Mr. Scheff said. "Fully electronic keyboard. Dual-tape stations. Automatic typeout at a hundred and seventy-five words per minute. Tape-to-tape duplication. Express return to left margin for high-speed underscoring. High-speed forward and reverse search at six thousand characters per second."

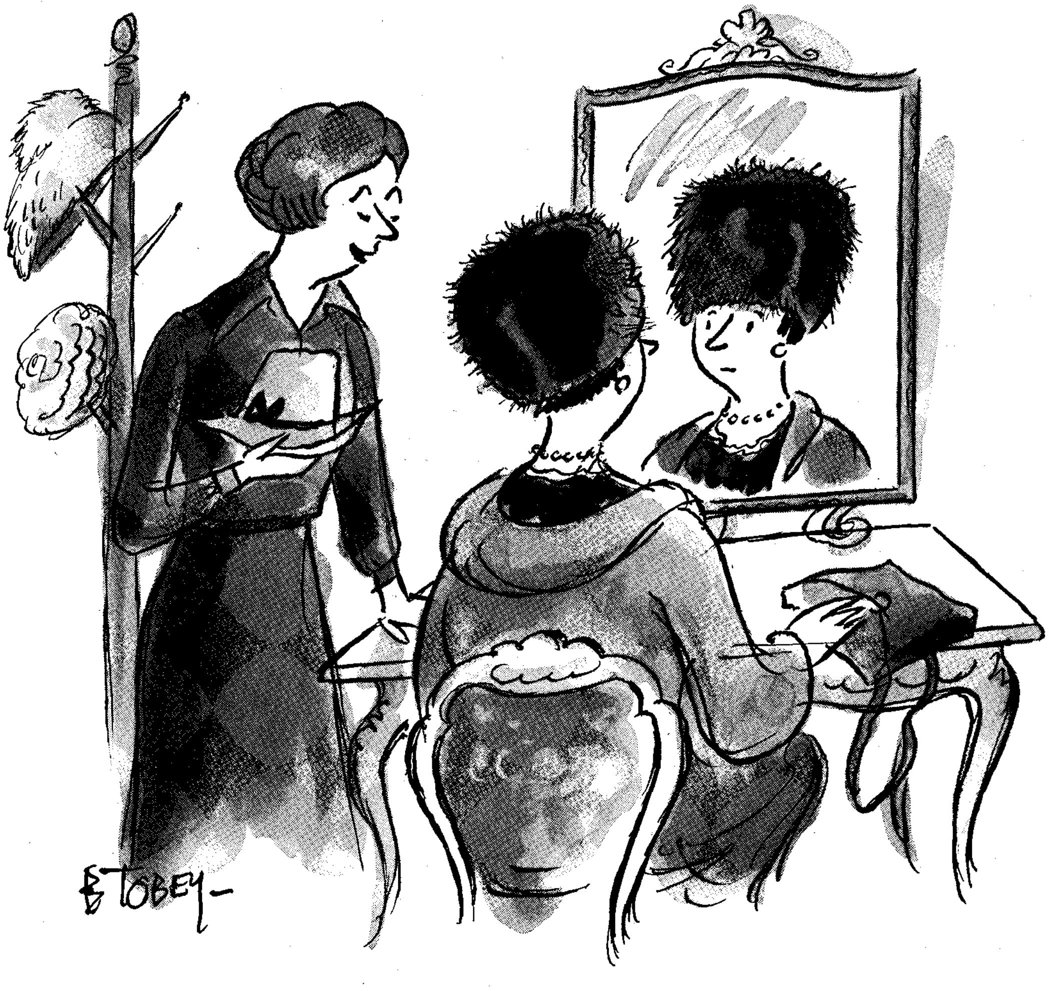
"How much?" we asked.

"Only five thousand five hundred and ninety-five," said Mr. Scheff. "Thank I.B.M. for that. I.B.M.'s comparable machine is twelve thousand four hundred. So I.B.M. enables CPT to be in business."

A few other items: Plastic bindings for notebooks, called "the spiral duet" and "duo-tang binders," from Tiffany Associates. A lot of outfits with names like Managistics, which give services with names like Payroll "Plus" and Accounts Receivable "Plus" and Thrifty-Pay. The Chase Manhattan Bank had a booth, in which *its* electronic payroll services were called just that.

"At Chase, we prefer to say a spade is a spade," said a young man named Thomas Kowalak, who seemed to be in charge of a large fishbowl filled with pennies. "Guess how many pennies, and the winner takes them. Also, Chase will take the winner to lunch. At Chase, we believe in giving you something. Here." He handed us a show favor—a matchbook-type folder, holding four golf tees and a marker. "Let Chase do your payrolls and you go out and play golf is our message."

We moved along past "mini-vision electronic-watchdog" systems, past "photolabel-tape-printing" systems, past "small-capacity crossbar PBX" systems, past "one-write packaged-pegboard" systems, past "plastic-no-scratch paper-clip" systems, and past "mini-computer-for-the-law-office" systems.

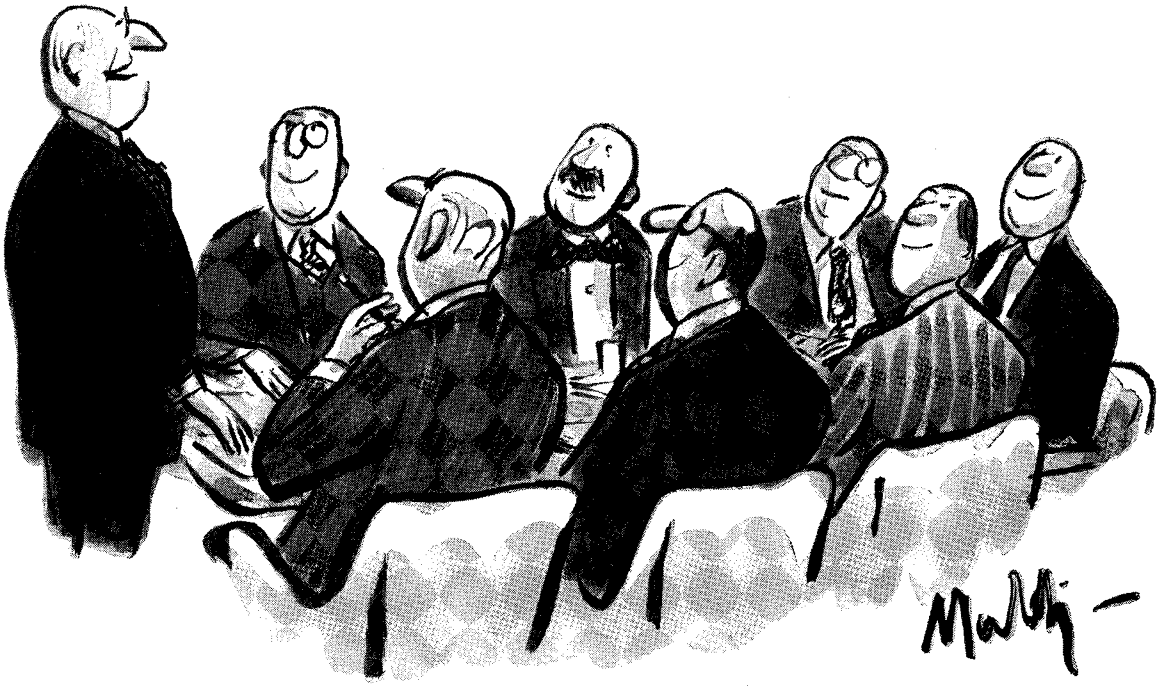


"Détentish, n'est-ce pas?"

"This is a great show for software, not hardware," the man at the Case Duplicating Supply booth said, coming up behind us. "These machines eat up ribbons and tapes, and we move in."

Before leaving the show, we sat in on a seminar on the subject of "The Office Environment." The seminar, according to the program, would cover "the inputs necessary to create an attractive functional environment in which your organization may operate." We heard a speaker named Robert Propst, director of research for the Herman Miller furniture company, of Zeeland, Michigan. Half the people at the seminar, including Mr. Propst, wore three-inch red buttons carrying the words "I'm an action person/herman miller action office." Mr. Propst showed slides and had large display cards with such headings as "Option 1. The Distance Choice" and "Option 3. Lateral Adjustment" and "The Work Aesthetic. Is it Beautiful?" Mr. Propst made the following points: The work aesthetic should be beautiful. People should be proud of—and should want to show other people—their offices. Office workers should have space to work in, to walk around in, and to relax in. "You can't ignore people and what they like," Mr. Propst said.

Brochures available at the seminar showed photographs of Herman Miller Action Offices that knocked our eye out. Then we made for our little hole-in-the-wall office at our place, where the work aesthetic is rather unusual.



"Gentlemen, I just want you to know you are all my guys."

Two Gatherings

ABOUT four hundred people who would be prime candidates for reëducation in the event of a Maoist takeover turned out for a party at the Blum-Helman Gallery, on East Seventy-fifth Street, last Monday. There were movie people, like Robert Altman, David Maysles, and Ryan and Tatum O'Neal. There were art people, like James Wyeth, Larry Rivers, and Leo Castelli. There were photography people who take pictures, like Cornell Capa and Francesco Scavullo, and who develop them, like Phil Pessoni, of Lexington Labs. There were Warhol people. And there were fashion people with two-point-five names, like Diane von Furstenberg; with two names, like Diana Vreeland; and with one name, like Halston, Iman, and Veruschka.

The party was the tip of a publicity iceberg that has been floated by Bobby Zarem, the show-business press agent, on behalf of Peter Beard, the photographer and adventurer, and Mr. Beard's most recent book, "Longing for Darkness." The book was actually published last spring, but Mr. Beard refused to come home from Africa to promote it until the publishers hired Mr. Zarem. One of Mr. Zarem's ideas was to have an exhibition of pictures from the book, so that there could be a party to open the exhibition. Mr. Zarem told us he was worried. Because of a mixup, only one bar had been installed at the gallery—on the second floor—and as a result it was getting alarmingly crowded up there. We went up to see for ourself. Everyone was talking happily about how jam-packed it was, and it was. Nevertheless, Mr. Beard, who has hacked his way through many a rain forest, moved easily among the multitudes, explaining his photographs to Lauren Hutton, the model. Miss Hutton was wearing a brown fedora. Naturally, she looked beautiful.

There was more room on the balcony overlooking the street. One of those who had taken up a position there was Judson Hand, the books editor of the *News*. Mr. Hand, a tall man who faintly resembles Jack Palance but has a more languid air, surveyed the sidewalk below, where shoals of people were trying to leave or enter the party. He took note of two young women identically dressed in double-breasted black suits, black shirts, silver ties, red boutonnières, and black snap-brim hats. "In the eighteenth century, hermits were retained to sit in gardens," Mr. Hand, who is from south Georgia, drawled. "In the twentieth century, it seems, women in gangster costumes are hired to stand outside parties."

Andy Warhol stepped from a cab to the sidewalk, and there was a popping of flashbulbs. "Warhol's beginning to look like an elderly Latin teacher," Mr. Hand said. "I gave his autobiography a very bad review, but I respect him greatly. He is a hard worker and an exemplary businessman. Anyone who claims to have contempt for Warhol merely displays his ignorance."

Instead of going into the building, Mr. Warhol stayed on the sidewalk, signing autographs and chatting with friends and strangers. Soon Mr. Beard joined him there, and then Miss Hutton did, too. The party's center of gravity seemed to be shifting toward the street. Mr. Hand said he supposed that all of this was good copy, and then he gave a sigh. "The great misfortune in being born a gentleman," he said, "is that one doesn't phone one's newspaper when this sort of thing is happening."

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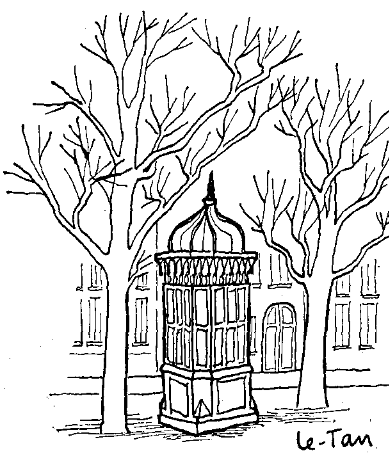
THE guests at a party we went to the following evening would be even likelier to get reëducated under Maoism, because if there's any group that Maoists like even less than they like socialites it's Socialists. The party was thrown by the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee, a successor organization to the old Socialist Party of Eugene Debs and Norman Thomas, and it was held at the East Thirty-third Street headquarters of the Workmen's Circle, a fraternal organization with labor and Socialist roots. There were a hundred or so guests, mainly veterans of the labor, civil-rights, peace, and Socialist movements. The main speaker (all Socialist gatherings, even social Socialist gatherings, have main speakers) was Olof Palme, the Prime Minister of Sweden. The Socialists drank more hard liquor than the socialites, and they talked louder, but they, too, looked over each other's shoulders at the famous people, who included Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., the historian; Robert Abrams, the Borough President of the Bronx; and Victor Gotbaum, the head of the New York City municipal employees' union.

About an hour into the party, Michael Harrington, the chairman of the D.S.O.C., went to a microphone at one side of the room and introduced Prime Minister Palme. While he was at it, Mr. Harrington made a speech of his own, in which he said that President Ford's attitude toward New York City reminded him of the British statesmen of the eighteen-forties who said that the Irish should be allowed to starve so as to restore the proper equilibrium of supply and demand in Irish agriculture. Mr. Harrington then noted that Mr. Palme is an old America hand (he was educated at Kenyon College) but that on his last visit to the United States, in 1970, he had been snubbed by the Nixon Administration. "Olof Palme was said to be anti-American," Mr. Harrington explained. "But in his firm opposition to the tragic, unconscionable participation of the United States in the war in Vietnam he was not being in any sense anti-American but was speaking to the best tradition of the American people. And we are proud that this truly *pro*-American opposition to the war came from the Prime Minister of Sweden."

Even though two Secret Service agents flanked Mr. Palme as he spoke, it was difficult to remember that he is the Prime Minister of what is in terms of per-capita income one of the richest countries in the world. He is a slightly built man of less than average height, and he has a youthful head of sandy hair, light-blue eyes, and a deeply lined, hawklike face. He said he was glad to see so many familiar faces from the United Auto Workers union. "I feel at home in this country," he said. "I came over here not long after the Second World War, on a Victory ship, and travelled around by the use of my thumb. You know, I wrote my thesis on the U.A.W., and I hitchhiked to Detroit. Although I was only a student, Walter Reuther sat and talked with me. He wore a big bandage, because he had recently been shot in the arm. He said that what was needed was a realignment of political forces in the U.S. based on the trade-union movement. I gather you're still at it."

Mr. Palme talked about the new program of the Swedish Social Democratic Party, which he heads, and which has been in power since 1932. The program was circulated throughout the country for a year before the most recent Party congress, with a view to encouraging amendments. "Seven hundred and fifty-four amendments were submitted, some of them full new programs, and by the constitution of our party we have to print them all," he said. "So if you write a bad novel nobody wants to print, submit it as an amendment to our party program."

Mr. Palme said that the Swedish Socialists were returning to many of the ideas of the nineteenth-century German Social Democrats—particularly to the idea that "work is the basis of the welfare of the nation and the greatest asset a nation has." He explained, "We believe that work is a more valuable asset than money, and therefore that those who put in work should have the right to decide and influence the workplace." He said that in Sweden workers can halt production at any factory at any time they believe their health and safety are in danger, and that no factory can be enlarged until plans are submitted to a local workers' committee on the environment. "Democracy amounts to power—not good words that company directors used to say for Christmas—and this is a power that is used," he said, and he added that in almost all cases on appeal workers' complaints have been upheld.



"I'm optimistic about the future of Democratic Socialism, in part because of the failure of the two dominating economic systems," Mr. Palme said. " 'More capitalism and you'll be free' or 'More Communism and you'll be free'—no one believes that any longer."

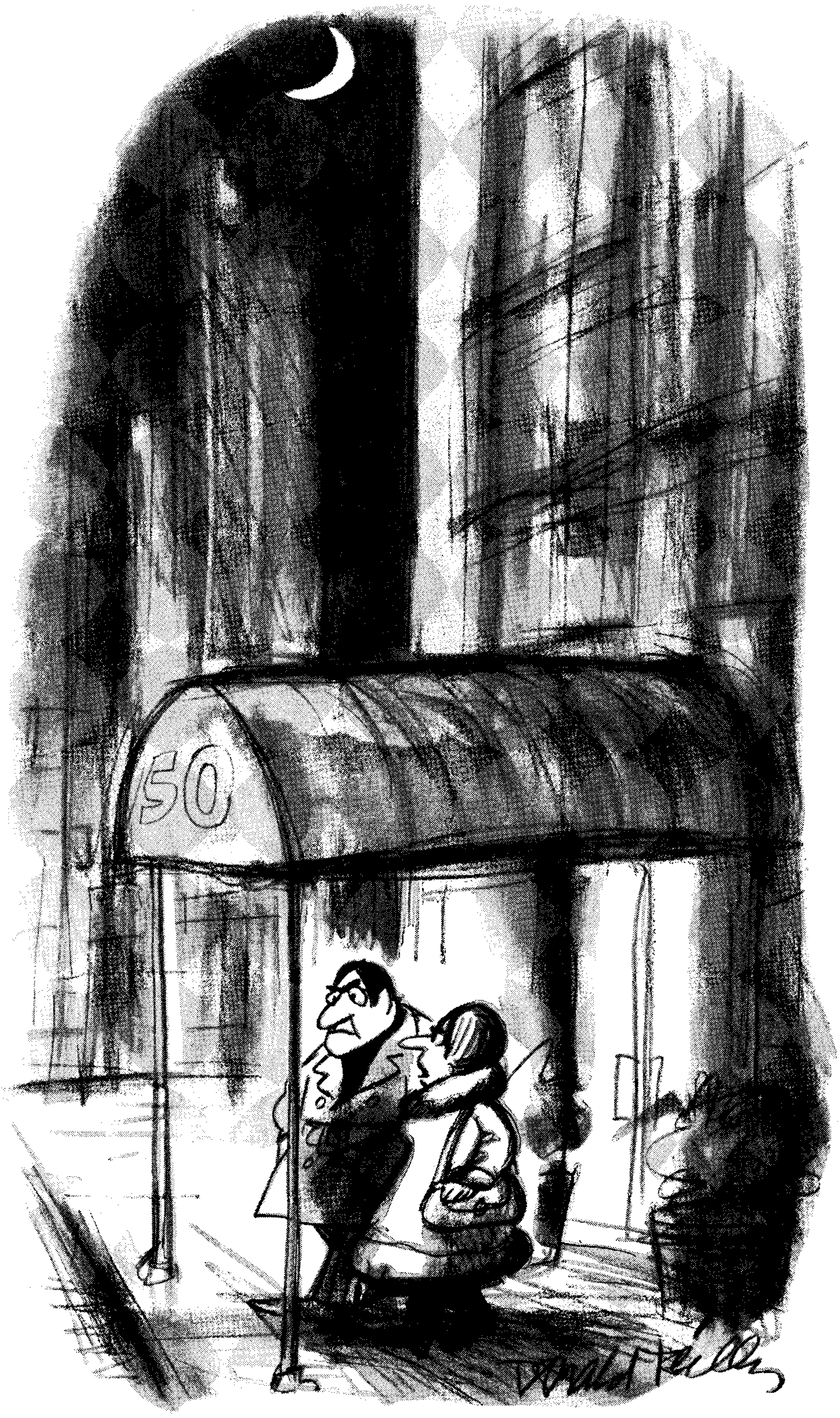
Hay on Thirty-third Street

WE were not just an ordinary spectator at last week's National Horse Show, in Madison Square Garden. We went with Mary Ann Scott-Ketner, of Wakefield, Rhode Island, who owns a beautiful three-year-old filly named Sweet Pickles. Pickles was not in the Show. She was in her paddock, in Mary Ann's back yard, but she was also in the forefront of Mary Ann's thoughts as we walked along Thirty-third Street in the early morning on our way to see horses and riders backstage and watch them working out in the ring before the performance. For two years, Mary Ann has been working earnestly with Pickles, schooling her to be a hunter. This coming summer, Mary Ann will enter a few shows. The National Horse Show represents the pinnacle of success, and Mary Ann is irresistibly drawn to it.

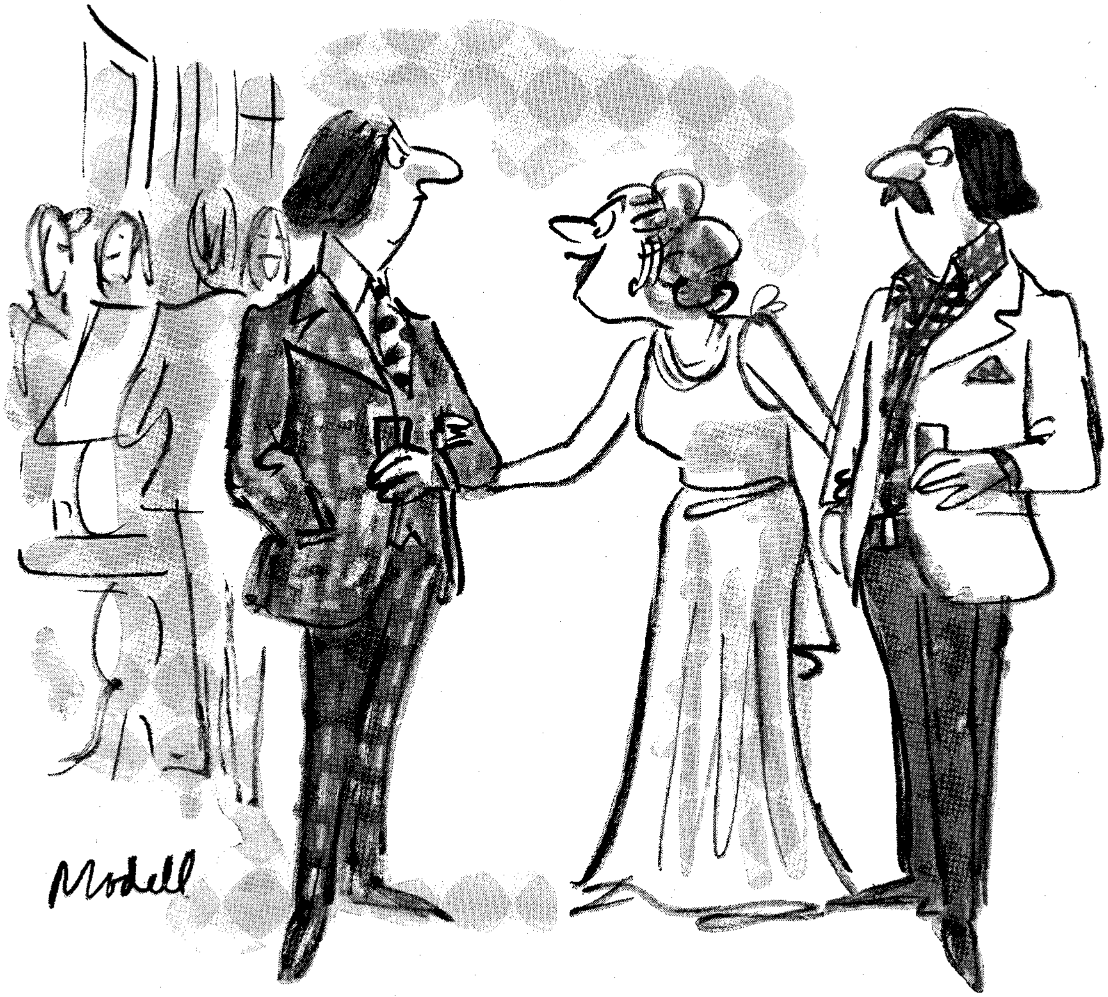
As we walk along the early-morning street, we find horse vans parked at the curb and a stack of baled hay. "Hay on Thirty-third Street!" Mary Ann exclaims. "Doesn't it look lovely! Smells good, too." She approaches a side entrance to the Garden. "Horse owner," she truthfully tells the guard, and strides through. Like Pickles, Mary Ann is very good-looking. She is wearing a calf-length dress and boots. When we reach the arena, we find it gently lit, like a real dawn. Quiet, too. Fifteen or twenty horses and riders are circling the ring, walking or cantering. We stand at ringside, close enough to touch them as they go by. As a horse approaches at a canter, the rhythm of its hooves can be softly heard. It breathes out sharply on the last beat of each stride. Some horses give soft snorts. Leather creaks. The riders are young men and women casually dressed in T-shirts and jeans. They look relaxed, and so do the horses. In the center of the ring, four or five people are standing, turning as they watch a particular horse. From time to time, one of them calls out words of instruction to one of the riders.

We pause by the rail. Mary Ann is clearly fascinated. "Aren't they beautiful!" she exclaims. "These are the best. The most beautiful horses and the best riders in the country." She explains that the people in the center of the ring are professionals, at whose stables riders keep their horses and train for competition. The teachers coach their pupils right up to the first fence. "I wish I could hear what they're saying," she says. But the distance is too great, and, though the voices are clear, we can't catch the words. She moves on along the ringside aisle and selects a seat in a front-row box. We are almost alone; a very few spectators sit scattered amid the rows of empty seats. "Isn't this exciting!" Mary Ann exclaims as she settles herself. Then she gets down to business, watching the ring intently. "Look at that black horse! I wish I could get Pickles pulled together like that. Neck perfectly flexed. I'm thinking of getting some draw reins. See how many of them are using draw reins." There are two jumps set up toward the center of the ring, and now and then a rider takes his horse over them. "These horses all meet the jumps perfectly," Mary Ann says. "A horse has to take just the right number of strides to be in the right place when it takes off. Some horses depend on you to give them signals. Others do their own thinking. Captain Littauer's book says when you start a green horse, let him think. Don't interfere. For a while, Littauer was considered very old-fashioned, but now they're coming back to him. Watch that gray horse. He's looking at the jump, pacing himself. Bold approach. Calm. Not acting flaky, the way Pickles does."

Mary Ann is schooling Pickles as a hunter. She explains the difference between a hunter and an open jumper. In open jumping, only the height and difficulty of the jump are considered. Looks and style don't matter. The horses take the jumps any way they can. These are the horses that take such extraordinary jumps in international competition, and most of the riders are men. Hunters, on the other hand, take low jumps—four feet or less—and are judged on the smoothness and grace of their performance. In conformation-hunter classes, they are judged on looks as well. It is hunter competition that enthralls so many young people just now, and by far the majority of them are girls. Schooling a horse for the show ring is an exacting task. It takes tremendous amounts of time, perseverance, and technique. A well-schooled horse is called a "made" horse, and the fact that the value of a winning hunter is now upward of a hundred thousand dollars testifies to the difficulties involved. "There are horses who know their job so well that any rider can win a ribbon with them," Mary Ann



"Albert Shanker, Henry Kissinger, William Simon, Arthur Burns, Gerald Ford, Earl Butz, George Meany . . . Has it ever occurred to you that you may have too many bêtes noires?"



"I've been dying to get you two together. You're the two most amusing men I've ever met."

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says. "If you can afford it, you can buy a horse in the morning and win a championship in the afternoon." She adds that she feels it somehow isn't quite fair to the people who do their own schooling, "but then if they win they have a lot more to be proud of."

Mary Ann returns to watching the ring, absorbed by the circling horses. "Hunters are supposed to move with long, *flat* strides," she says. "These horses are all big movers. A horse has to be a really big mover to get to the top. That's what is so exciting about Pickles. I paid very little for her, because she was a baby, but she moves beautifully. Really big! But let's face it—she's a mare. You'll notice that most of these horses are geldings. Geldings win because they stick to business. Mares are emotional and flaky. You know Pickles. She'd be looking at everything and whinnying hello to everybody and showing off to the other horses."

After a while, Mary Ann decides to go to the stables. We walk through the portal at the end of the arena and find ourselves backstage. Narrow aisles separate rows of box stalls. Stableboys and girls are moving about, leading horses, carrying straw, or grooming horses in their stalls. Some of the stalls are curtained like berths in a Pullman car. We walk down an aisle between stalls, pausing now and then when something catches Mary Ann's eye. "Look at how these horses shine," she says, studying a big chestnut horse with a coat like satin. "They polish them with oil you squirt on. They used to use baby oil." A little farther on, we stop to look at a dapple gray standing placidly and eating hay. "These hunters are so *fat!*" she exclaims. "It's the *thing* right now to have them 'apple fat.' "

Here and there, box stalls have been converted into tack rooms. Swathed in fabric of stable colors, the draped stalls look like the jousting tents of medieval knights. Most of them display prize ribbons in assorted colors. We pause at the blue-and-yellow tent of Erdenheim Farm, of Lafayette Hill, Pennsylvania. Almost everything possible is monogrammed in blue and yellow. The tent flaps are held back with snaffle bits. Perfectly folded blankets are draped like bathroom towels on a rack. "Here's a Hermès saddle," Mary Ann says. "They don't even put the price in the catalogue anymore. I think the saddles start at a thousand dollars." She looks over the bridles. "Nothing but braided reins. There's a copper bit. That's the newest thing this year. The copper tastes sweet, and the horses don't try to spit out the bit."

In a nearby stall, Mary Ann discovers a young man with a blond mustache braiding a horse's tail. She stops and watches. They begin to talk, and he shows her the fine points of his technique. She finds that he uses a piece of a wire coat hanger as though it were a crochet hook, and he tells her that yarn is better than thread to tie the knots. The horse, a big chestnut, stands quietly, emanating patience. "Of course," Mary Ann confides, "my filly wouldn't be standing like that. She'd be leaping around like a nut."

Later, we're back at the arena for the afternoon performance. There will be a class for green conformation hunters, which Mary Ann particularly wants to see, so we return to our box. Everything looks different. The lights are brilliant. There are people moving everywhere. Bright, brassy music fills the arena with sound. Mary Ann sits in silent expectation. Finally, the ringmaster, in a coachman's livery—a red coat fastened with green-and-yellow frogs; a gray top hat—steps to the center of the ring. He faces the portal from which the horses will enter, raises a coach horn, and blows a single, thrilling call to summon the first contestant. A horse trots into the ring. It is a shining bay horse, ridden by a young girl in fawn breeches, black fitted jacket, and black hunt cap. The horse breaks into a canter, approaches the first jump, and takes it smoothly. "Look at that lovely stride," Mary Ann whispers. She watches as horse and rider complete the course without a fault. Then she lets out a long breath. "You know," she says, "I really think Pickles is as beautiful as that."

THE METAPHYSICAL ALI

ALTHOUGH Norman Mailer, Wilfrid Sheed, Hunter Thompson, Garry Wills, and other boxing writers have been probing very deeply into what does or doesn't make Muhammad Ali tick, their heavyweight scholarship has nevertheless had its middleweight spots and even a lightweight touch here and there. Like so many Ali scholars before them, all these men have missed certain facets, sources, and side effects of the great champion that I happen to have captured in my doctoral thesis, "God and Man at Felt Forum," written for the Department of Physical Education of Syracuse University (Utica College). A few of my conclusions are the property of *Women's Wear Daily*, but some of the others I can summarize here for Ali majors throughout the land.

I. Who or What Made Ali?

There has been widespread speculation lately in libraries and locker rooms about the extent of Marilyn Monroe's influence on Ali's boxing style. The problem in exploring this theory, of course, is that no one seems to remember what Marilyn Monroe's boxing style was. Professor C. B. Granger, of Bates, feels that the primary influence on Ali wasn't Marilyn Monroe but Earl Monroe, especially against Baltimore. Professor C. R. Krone, of Kirkland, however, seems to be nodding slightly toward Mailer in feeling that Ali is a metaphor for all the Monroes except Lucy and Vaughn. My own conclusions, which touch on the Monroe Doctrine and how its policy of "hands off" can be misunderstood by contenders, owe a debt to C. E. Schultz' little-known but remarkable monograph on women and heavyweights, "Joe Louis's Radio Hellos to His Mother."

II. Ali's Lunar Left

Are Ali's punches affected by the moon? Is the moon affected by him? Professor C. S. Schreiber, of Texas A. & M., now seems to be leaning at more than twenty degrees toward the belief that Ali fights better at high tide than at low. Schreiber may very well have broken new ground—or at least new sand—in the development of Ali scholarship. After examining almanacs for the last eleven years, I have discovered that Ali has fought nineteen times at high tide, seven times at low, and twice when the pollen count was unacceptable. Unfortunately, this theory has been clouded by the readings from Manila, where Ali won with a high tide on his left and a brackish swamp on his right.

III. Ali and Emily Dickinson

The link between Ali and Emily Dickinson is entirely my own and can no longer be ignored. Both of them are poets with uncertain ears, both favor short lines of rhyming couplets, and both were born in the last three hundred years. Moreover, it was clearly Emily Dickinson who gave to Ali his entomological leitmotiv when she wrote, "To comprehend a nectar requires sorest need." Ali's winged restatement of this idea—"sting like a bee"—would have been obvious to Cleanth Brooks if he had put in more time at the Garden and less in the groves of academe.

IV. How Many Angels Can Stand on Ali's Head?

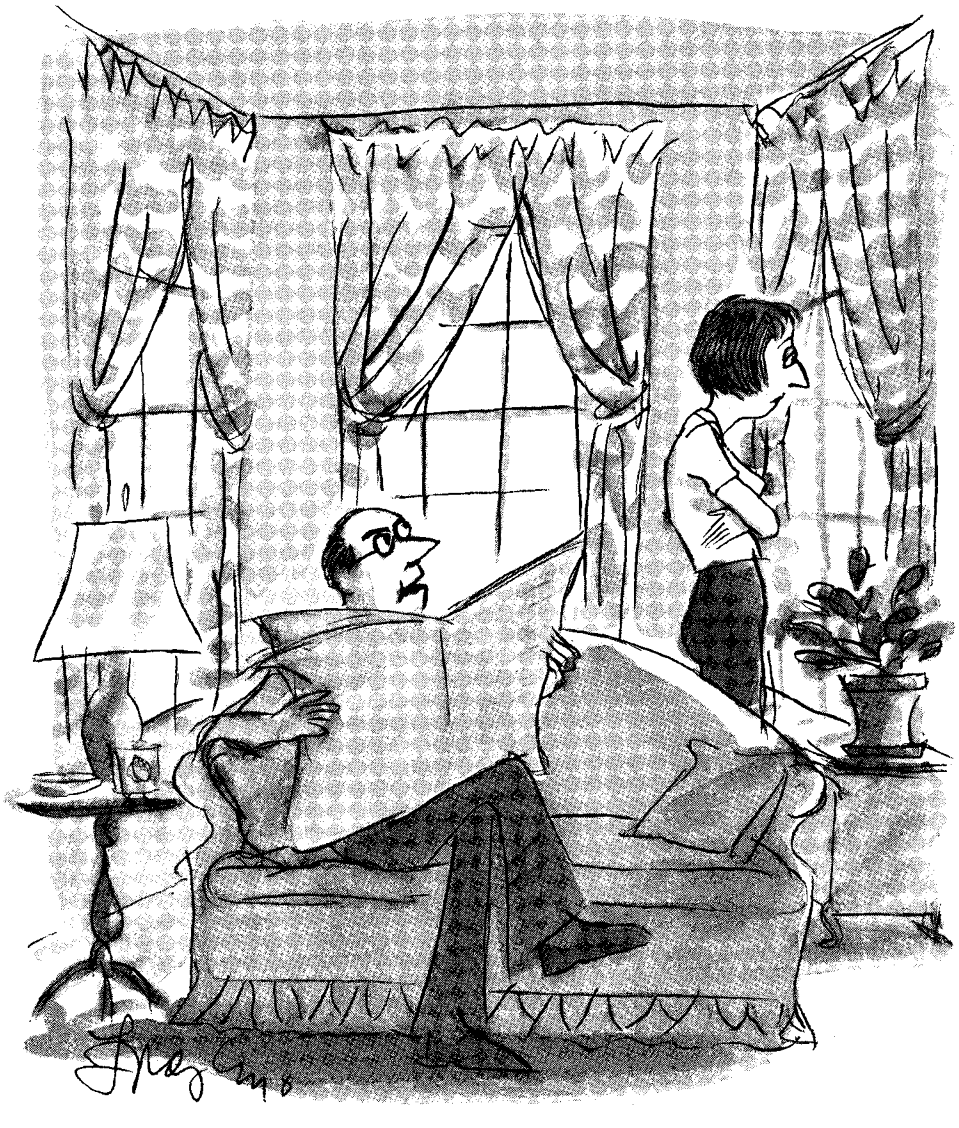
This particular question, a richer blending of sport and theology than a Washington Redskins devotional, is still up for grabs. Empirical evidence tells us only that Ali's hat size is 7⅜. Work on the size of the angels has just begun at Utah State.

V. Ali's Ancient Heritage

Is Ali a member of the lost tribes of Israel? Mailer feels that ultimately Ali is a Jew; Wills and Sheed place him in Islam; and the wildlife editor of the Trenton *Times* feels he is still a Baptist but also "a thinking grebe." Unable to wait for George Plimpton's book to answer this question, which is haunting weigh-ins, I went to Mrs. Elvira Kramm, of Akron, Ohio, who prepares genealogical charts for three dollars each, with a surcharge of two-fifty for a lost tribe of Israel.

"It's either Ali or Tony Canzoneri who is a member of the tribes," Mrs. Kramm said to me. "Funny, a sportswriter named Max Lerner asked me the same question just last week."

—Ralph Schoenstein



"You are happy. But, like everything else, you keep it bottled up inside."

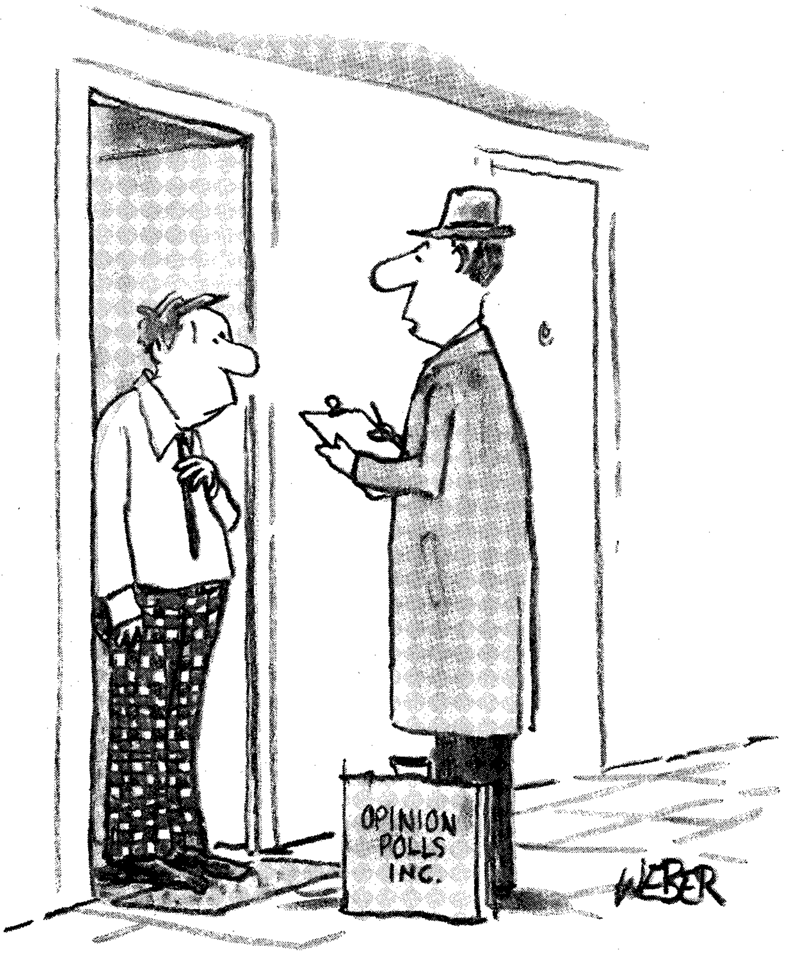
IN YOUTH IS PLEASURE

MY father died, then my grandmother; my mother was left, but we did not get on. I was probably disagreeable with anyone who felt entitled to give me instructions and advice. We seldom lived under the same roof, which was just as well. She had found me civil and amusing until I was ten, at which time I was said to have become pert and obstinate. She was impulsive, generous, in some ways better than most other people, but without any feeling for cause and effect; this made her at the least unpredictable and at the most a serious element of danger. I was fascinated by her, though she worried me; then all at once I lost interest. I was fifteen when this happened. I would forget to answer her letters and even to open them. It was not rejection or anything so violent as dislike but a simple indifference I cannot account for. It was much the way I would be later with men I fell out of love with, but I was too young to know that then. As for my mother, whatever I thought, felt, said, wrote, and wore had always been a positive source of exasperation. From time to time she attempted to alter the form, the outward shape at least, of the creature she thought she was modelling, but at last she came to the conclusion there must be something wrong with the clay. Her final unexpected upsurge of attention coincided with my abrupt unconcern: one may well have been the reason for the other.

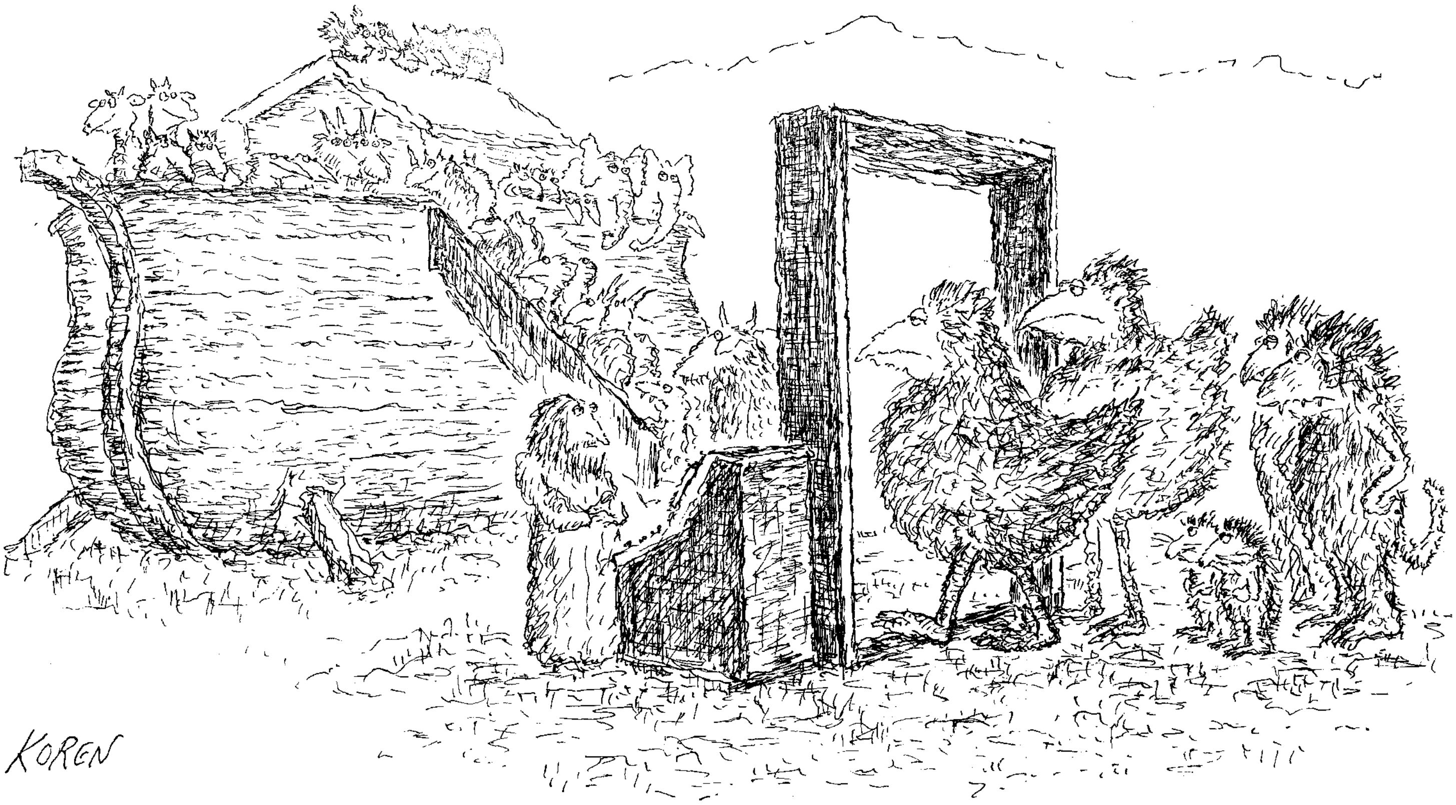
It took the form of digging into my diaries and notebooks and it yielded, among other documents, a two-year-old poem, Kiplingesque in its rhythms, entitled “Why I Am a Socialist.” The first words of the first line were “You ask . . . ,” then came a long answer. But it was not an answer to anything she’d wondered. Like all mothers—at least, all I have known—she was obsessed with the entirely private and possibly trivial matter of a daughter’s virginity. Why I was a Socialist she rightly conceded to be none of her business. Still, she must have felt she had to say something, and the something was “You had better be clever, because you will never be pretty.” My response was to take—take, not grab—the poem from her and tear it up. No voices were raised. I never mentioned the incident to anyone. That is how it was. We became, presently, mutually unconcerned. My detachment was put down to the coldness of my nature, hers to the exhaustion of trying to bring me up. It must have been a relief to her when, in the first half of Hitler’s war, I slipped quietly and finally out of her life. I was now eighteen, and completely on my own. By “on my own” I don’t mean a show of independence with Papa-Mama footing the bills: I mean that I was solely responsible for my economic survival and that no living person felt any duty toward me.

On a bright morning in June I arrived in Montreal, where I’d been born, from New York, where I had been living and going to school. My luggage was a small suitcase and an Edwardian picnic hamper—a preposterous piece of baggage my father had brought from England some twenty years before; it had been with me since childhood, when his death turned my life into a helpless migration. In my purse was a birth certificate and five American dollars, my total fortune, the parting gift of a Canadian actress in New York, who had taken me to see “Mayerling” before I got on the train. She was kind and good and terribly hard up, and she had no idea that apart from some loose change I had nothing more. The birth certificate, which testified I was Linnet Muir, daughter of Angus and of Charlotte, was my right of passage. I did not own a passport and possibly never had seen one. In those days there was almost no such thing as a “Canadian.” You were Canadian-born, and a British subject, too, and you had a third label with no consular reality, like the racial tag that on Soviet passports will make a German of someone who has never been to Germany. In Canada you were also whatever your father happened to be, which in my case was English. He was half Scot, but English by birth, by mother, by instinct. I did not feel a scrap British or English, but I was not an American either. In American schools I had refused to salute the flag. My denial of that curiously Fascist-looking celebration, with the right arm stuck straight out, and my silence when the others intoned the trusting “. . . and justice for all” had never been thought offensive, only stubborn. Americans then were accustomed to gratitude from foreigners but did not demand it; they quite innocently could not imagine any country fit to live in except their own. If I could not recognize it, too bad for me. Besides, I was not a refugee—just someone from the backwoods. “You got schools in Canada?” I had been asked. “You got radios?” And once, from a teacher, “What do they major in up there? Basket-weaving?”

My travel costume was a white piqué jacket and skirt that must have been crumpled and soot-flecked, for I had sat up all night. I



“That’s the worst set of opinions I’ve heard in my entire life.”



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was reading, I think, a novel by Sylvia Townsend Warner. My hair was thick and long. I wore my grandmother's wedding ring, which was too large, and which I would lose before long. I desperately wanted to look more than my age, which I had already started to give out as twenty-one. I was travelling light; my picnic hamper contained the poems and journals I had judged fit to accompany me into my new, unfettered existence, and some books I feared I might not find again in clerical Quebec—Zinoviev and Lenin's "Against the Stream," and a few beige pamphlets from the Little Lenin Library, purchased second hand in New York. I had a picture of Mayakovsky torn out of "Cloud in Trousers" and one of Paddy Finucane, the Irish R.A.F. fighter pilot, who was killed the following summer. I had not met either of these men, but I approved of them both very much. I had abandoned my beloved but cumbersome anthologies of American and English verse, confident that I had whatever I needed by heart. I knew every word of Stephen Vincent Benét's "Litany for Dictatorships" and "Notes to be Left in a Cornerstone," and the other one that begins:

> They shot the Socialists at half-
>   past five
> In the name of victorious Aus-
>   tria. . . .

I could begin anywhere and rush on in my mind to the end. "Notes . . ." was the New York I knew I would never have again, for there could be no journeying backward; the words "but I walked it young" were already a gate shut on a part of my life. The suitcase held only the fewest possible summer clothes. Everything else had been deposited at the various war-relief agencies of New York. In those days I made symbols out of everything, and I must have thought that by leaving a tartan skirt somewhere I was shedding past time. I remember one of those wartime agencies well because it was full of Canadian matrons. They wore pearl earrings like the Duchess of Kent's and seemed to be practicing her tiny smile. Brooches pinned to their cashmere cardigans carried some daft message about the Empire. I heard one of them exclaiming, "You don't expect me, a Britisher, to drink tea made with tea bags!" Good plain girls from the little German towns of Ontario, christened probably Wilma, Jean, and Irma, they had flowing eighteenth-century names like Georgiana and Arabella now. And the Americans, who came in with their arms full of every stitch they could spare, would urge them, the Canadian matrons, to stand fast on the cliffs, to fight the fight, to slug the enemy on the landing fields, to belt him one on the beaches, to keep going with whatever iron rations they could scrape up in Bronxville and Scarsdale; and the Canadians half-shut their eyes and tipped their heads back like Gertrude Lawrence and said in thrilling Benita Hume accents that they would do that—indeed they would. I recorded "They're all trained nurses, actually. The Canadian ones have a good reputation. They managed to marry these American doctors."

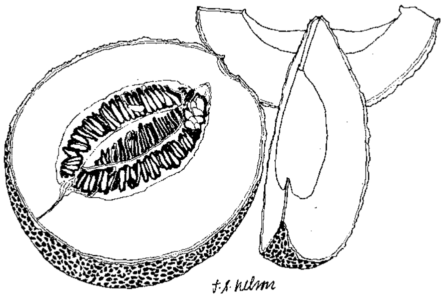
Canada had been in Hitler's war from the very beginning, but America was still uneasily at peace. Recruiting had already begun; I had seen a departure from New York for Camp Stewart in Georgia, and some of the recruits' mothers crying and even screaming and trying to run alongside the train. The recruits were going off to drill with broomsticks because there weren't enough guns; they still wore old-fashioned headgear and were paid twenty-one dollars a month. There was a song about it: "For twenty-one dollars a day, once a month." As my own train crossed the border to Canada I expected to sense at once an air of calm and grit and dedication, but the only changes were from prosperous to shabby, from painted to unpainted, from smiling to dour. I was entering a poorer and a curiously empty country, where the faces of the people gave nothing away. The crossing was my sea change. I silently recited the vow I had been preparing for weeks: that I would never be helpless again and that I would not let anyone make a decision on my behalf.

When I got down from the train at Windsor Station, a man sidled over to me. He had a cap on his head and a bitter Celtic face, with deep indentations along his cheeks, as if his back teeth were pulled. I thought he was asking a direction. He repeated his question, which was obscene. My arms were pinned by the weight of my hamper and suitcase. He brushed the back of his hand over my breasts, called me a name, and edged away. The murderous rage I felt and the revulsion that followed were old friends. They had for years been my reaction to what my diaries called "their hypocrisy." "They" was a world of sly and mumbling people, all of them older than myself. I must have substituted "hypocrisy" for every sort of aggression, because fright was a luxury I could not afford. What distressed me was my helplessness—I who had sworn only a few hours earlier that I'd not be vulnerable again. The man's gaunt face, his drunken breath, the flat voice which I assigned to the graduate of some Christian Brothers teaching establishment haunted me for a long time after that. "The man at Windsor Station" would lurk in the windowless corridors of my nightmares; he would be the passenger, the only passenger, on a dark tram. The first sight of a city must be the measure for all second looks.

But it was not my first sight. I'd had ten years of it here—the first ten. After that, and before New York (in one sense, my deliverance), there had been a long spell of grief and shadow in an Ontario city, a place full of mean judgments and grudging minds, of paranoid Protestants and slovenly Catholics. To this day I cannot bear the sight of brick houses, or of a certain kind of empty treeless street on a Sunday afternoon. My memory of Montreal took shape while I was there. It was not a random jumble of rooms and summers and my mother singing "We've Come to See Miss Jenny Jones," but the faithful record of the true survivor. I retained, I rebuilt a superior civilization. In that drowned world, Sherbrooke Street seemed to be glittering and white; the vision of a house upon that street was so painful that I was obliged to banish it from the memorial. The small hot rooms of a summer cottage became enormous and cool. If I say that Cleopatra floated down the Chateauguay River, that the Winter Palace was stormed on Sherbrooke Street, that Trafalgar was fought on Lake St. Louis, I mean it naturally; they were the natural backgrounds of my exile and fidelity. I saw now at the far end of Windsor Station—more foreign, echoing, and mysterious than any American station could be—a statue of Lord Mount Stephen, the founder of the Canadian Pacific, which everyone took to be a memorial to Edward VII. Angus, Charlotte, and the smaller Linnet had truly been: this was my proof; once upon a time my instructions had been to make my way to Windsor Station should I ever be lost and to stand at the foot of Edward VII and wait for someone to find me.

I have forgotten to say that no one in Canada knew I was there. I looked up the number of the woman who had once been my nurse, but she had no telephone. I found her in a city directory, and with complete faith that "O. Carette" was indeed Olivia and that she would recall and welcome me I took a taxi to the east end of the city—the French end, the poor end. I was so sure of her that I did not ask the driver to wait (to take me where?) but dismissed him and climbed two flights of dark-brown stairs inside a house that must have been built soon after Waterloo. That it was Olivia who came to the door, that the small grey-haired creature I recalled as dark and towering had to look up at me, that she unhesitatingly offered me shelter all seem as simple now as when I broke my fiver to settle the taxi. Believing that I was dead, having paid for years of Masses for the repose of my heretic soul, almost the first thing she said to me was "*Tu vis?*" I understood "*Tu es ici?*" We straightened it out later. She held both my hands and cried and called me *belle et grande*. *Grande* was good, for among American girls I'd seemed a shrimp. I did not see what there was to cry for; I was here. I was as naturally selfish with Olivia as if her sole reason for being was me. I stayed with her for a while and left when her affection for me made her possessive, and I think I neglected her. On her deathbed she told one of her daughters, the reliable one, to keep an eye on me forever. Olivia was the only person in the world who did not believe I could look after myself. Where she and I were concerned I remained under six.

Now, at no moment of this remarkable day did I feel anxious or worried or forlorn. The man at Windsor Station could not really affect my view of the future. I had seen some of the worst of life, but I had no way of judging it or of knowing what the worst could be. I had a sensation of loud, ruthless power, like an enormous waterfall. The past, the part I would rather not have lived, became small and remote, a dark pinpoint. My only weapons until now had been secrecy and insolence. I had stopped running away from schools and situations when I finally understood that by becoming a name in a file, by attracting attention, I would merely prolong my stay in prison—I mean, the prison of childhood itself. My rebellions then consisted only in causing people who were physically larger and legally sovereign to lose their self-control, to become bleached with anger, to shake with such temper that they broke cups and



FROM A DISTANCE

Miles off
you have your separate day.
Perhaps you lightly carry
my yesterday's body, memory's mannequin,
within yourself as I
drift in yours—cohabitants
of one another's quickened space.

It's here, though, everything unravels
in broad daylight, no place to go.
Gossamer tightropes dwindling to pollen.
Heart pounding as day and night converge.

Mule-kick of heart and brain, getting too excited.
I've got to get myself under control.
Something like a clear chime just to hold steady,
clean winter lines, a bright day just like this,
nothing disastrous, just remote, cool as your warm, absent kiss.

—M. L. Rosenthal

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"Now, about this twenty-four million, Henderson. Is that hush money, slush money, or just something salted away for a rainy day?"

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glasses and bumped into chairs. From the malleable, sunny child Olivia said she remembered, I had become, according to later chroniclers, cold, snobbish, and presumptuous. "You need an iron hand, Linnet." I can still hear that melancholy voice, which belonged to a friend of my mother's. "If anybody ever marries you he'd better have an iron hand." After today I would never need to hear this, or anything approaching it, for the rest of my life.

AND so that June morning and the drive through empty, sunlit, wartime streets are even now like a roll of drums in the mind. My life was my own revolution—the tyrants deposed, the constitution wrenched from unwilling hands; I was, all by myself, the liberated crowd setting the palace on fire; I was the flags, the trees, the bannered windows, the flower-decked trains. The singing and the skyrockets of the 1848 I so trustingly believed would emerge out of the war were me, no one but me; and, as in the lyrical first days of any revolution, as in the first days of any love affair, there wasn't the whisper of a voice to tell me, "You might compromise."

If making virtue of necessity has ever had a meaning it must be here: for I was independent *inevitably*. There were good-hearted Americans who knew a bit of my story—as much as I wanted anyone to know—and who hoped I would swim and not drown, but from the moment I embarked on my journey I went on the dark side of the moon. "You seemed so sure of yourself," they would tell me, still troubled, long after this. In the cool journals I kept I noted that my survival meant nothing in the capitalist system; I was one of those not considered to be worth helping, saving, or even investigating. Thinking with care, I see this was true. What could I have turned into in another place? Why, a librarian at Omsk or a file clerk at Tomsk. Well, it hadn't happened that way; I had my private revolution and I settled in with Olivia in Montreal. Sink or swim? Of course I swam. Jobs were for the having; you could pick them up off the ground. Working for a living meant just what it says—a brisk necessity. It would be the least important fragment of my life until I had what I wanted. The cheek of it, I think now: penniless, sleeping in a shed room behind the kitchen of Olivia's cold-water flat, still I pointed across the wooden balustrade in a long open office where I was being considered for employment and said, "But I won't sit there." Girls were *there*, penned in like sheep. I did not think men better than women—only that they did more interesting work and got more money for it. In my journals I called other girls "coolies." I did not know if life made them bearers or if they had been born with a natural gift for giving in. "Coolie" must have been the secret expression of one of my deepest fears. I see now that I had an immense conceit: I thought I occupied a world other people could scarcely envision, let alone attain. It involved giddy risks and changes, stepping off the edge blindfolded, one's hand on nothing more than a birth certificate and a five-dollar bill. At this time of sitting in judgment I was earning nine dollars a week (until I was told by someone that the local minimum wage was twelve, on which I left for greener fields) and washing my white piqué skirt at night and ironing at dawn, and coming home at all hours so I could pretend to Olivia I had dined. Part of this impermeable sureness that I needn't waver or doubt came out of my having lived in New York. The first time I ever heard people laughing in a cinema was there. I can still remember the wonder and excitement and amazement I felt. I

"Well, Bud, I just try to prepare myself in the two types of preparation—physical and mental."

was just under fourteen and I had never heard people expressing their feelings in a public place in my life. The easy reactions, the way a poignant moment caught them, held them still—all that was new. I had come there straight from Ontario, where the reaction to a love scene was a kind of unhappy giggling, while the image of a kitten or a baby induced a long flat "Aaaah," followed by shamed silence. You could imagine them blushing in the dark for having said that—just that "Aaaah." When I heard that open American laughter I thought I could be like these people too, but had been told not to be by everyone, beginning with Olivia: "*Pas si fort*" was something she repeated to me so often when I was small that my father had made a tease out of it, called "passy four." From a tease it became oppressive too: "For the love of God, Linnet, passy four." What were these new people? Were they soft, too easily got at? I wondered that even then. Would a dictator have a field day here? Were they, as Canadian opinion had it, vulgar? Perhaps the notion of vulgarity came out of some incapacity on the part of the refined. Whatever they were, they couldn't all be daft; if they weren't I probably wasn't either. I supposed I stood as good a chance of being miserable here as anywhere, but at least I would not have to pretend to be someone else.

Now, of course there is much to be said on the other side: people who do not display what they feel have practical advantages. They can go away to be killed as if they didn't mind; they can see their sons off to war without a blink. Their upbringing is intended for a crisis. When it comes, they behave themselves. But it is murder in everyday life—truly murder. The dead of heart and spirit litter the landscape. Still, keeping a straight face makes life tolerable under stress. It makes *public* life tolerable—that is all I am saying; because in private people still got drunk, went after each other with bottles and knives, rang the police to complain that neighbors were sending poison gas over the transom, abandoned infant children and aged parents, wrote letters to newspapers in favor of corporal punishment, with inventive suggestions. When I came back to Canada that June, at least one thing had been settled: I knew that it was all right for people to laugh and cry and even to make asses of themselves. I had actually known people like that, had lived with them, and they were fine, mostly—not crazy at all. That was where a lot of my confidence came from when I began my journey into a new life and a dream past.

MY father's death had been kept from me. I did not know its exact circumstances or even the date. He died when I was ten. At thirteen I was still expected to believe a fable about his being in England. I kept waiting for him to send for me, for my life was deeply wretched and I took it for granted he knew. Finally I began to suspect that death and silence can be one. How to be sure? Head-on questions got me nowhere. I had to create a situation in which some adult (not my mother, who was far too sharp) would lose all restraint and hurl the truth at me. It was easy: I was an artist at this. What I had not foreseen was the verbal violence of the scene or the effect it might have. The storm that seemed to break in my head, my need to maintain the pose of indifference ("What are you telling me that for? What makes you think I care?") were such a strain that I had physical reactions, like stigmata, which doctors would hopelessly treat on and off for years and which vanished when I became independent. The other change was that if anyone asked about my father I said, "Oh, he died." Now, in Montreal, I could confront the free adult world of falsehood and evasion on an equal footing; they would be forced to talk to me as they did to each other. Making appointments to meet my father's friends—Mr. Archie Mc-

Ewen, Mr. Stephen Ross-Colby, Mr. Quentin Keller—I left my adult name, “Miss Muir.” These were the men who eight, nine, ten years ago had asked, “Do you like your school?”—not knowing what else to say to children. I had curtsied to them and said, “Good night.” I think what I wanted was special information about despair, but I should have known that would be taboo in a place where “like” and “don’t like” were heavy emotional statements.

Archie McEwen, my father’s best friend, or the man I mistook for that, kept me standing in his office on St. James Street West, he standing too, with his hands behind his back, and he said the following—not reconstructed or approximate but recalled, like “The religions of ancient Greece and Rome are extinct” or “O come, let us sing unto the Lord”:

“Of course, Angus was a very sick man. I saw him walking along Sherbrooke Street. He must have just come out of hospital. He couldn’t walk upright. He was using a stick. Inching along. His hair had turned grey. Nobody knew where Charlotte had got to, and we’d heard you were dead. He obviously wasn’t long for this world either. He had too many troubles for any one man. I crossed the street because I didn’t have the heart to shake hands with him. I felt terrible.”

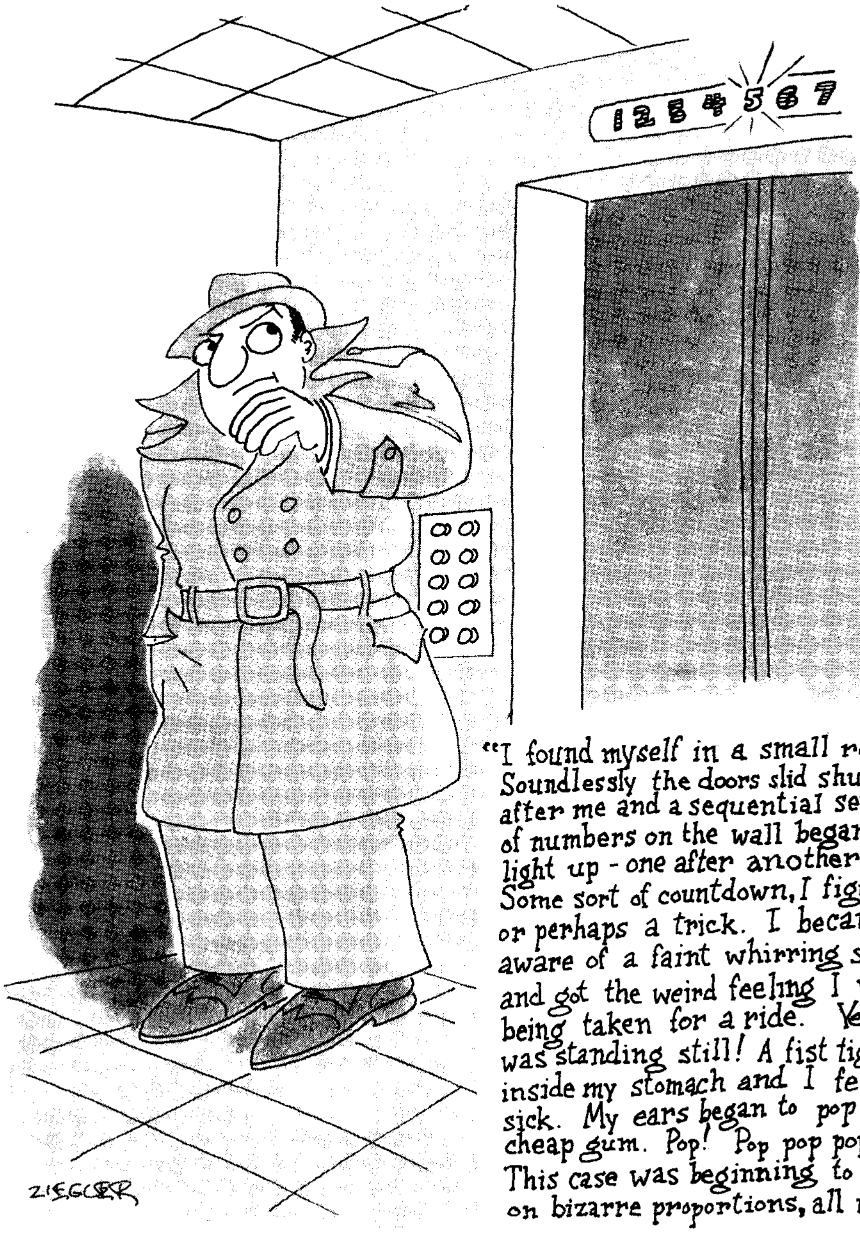
Savage? Reasonable? You can’t tell, with those minds. Some recent threat had scared them. The Depression was too close, just at their heels. Archie McEwen did not ask where I was staying or where I had been for the last eight years; in fact, he asked only two questions. In response to the first I said, “She is married.”

There came a gleam of interest—distant, amused: “So she decided to marry him, did she?”

My mother was highly visible; she had no secrets except unexpected ones. My father had nothing but. When he asked, “Would you like to spend a year in England with your Aunt Dorothy?” I had no idea what he meant and I still don’t. His only brother, Thomas, who was killed in 1918, had not been married; he’d had no sisters, that anyone knew. Those English mysteries used to be common. People came out to Canada because they did not want to think about the Thomases and Dorothys anymore. Angus was a solemn man, not much of a smiler. My mother, on the other hand—I won’t begin to describe her, it would never end—smiled, talked, charmed anyone she didn’t happen to be related to, swam in scandal like a partisan among the people. She made herself the central figure in loud, spectacular dramas which she played with the houselights on; you could see the audience too. That was her mistake; they kept their reactions, like their lovemaking, in the dark. You can imagine what she must have been in this world where everything was hushed, muffled, disguised: she must have seemed all they had by way of excitement, give or take a few elections and wars. It sounds like a story about the old and stale, but she and my father had been quite young eight and ten years before. The dying man creeping along Sherbrooke Street was thirty-two. First it was light chatter, then darker gossip, and then it went too far (*he* was ill and he couldn’t hide it; *she* had a lover and didn’t try); then suddenly it became tragic, and open tragedy was disallowed. And so Mr. Archie McEwen could stand in his office and without a trace of feeling on his narrow Lowland face—not unlike my father’s in shape—he could say, “I crossed the street.”

Stephen Ross-Colby, a bachelor, my father’s painter chum: the smell of his studio on St. Mark Street was the smell of a personal myth. I said timidly, “Do you happen to have anything of his—a drawing or anything?” I was humble because I was on a private, personal terrain of vocation that made me shy even of the dead.

He said, “No, nothing. You could ask around. She junked a lot of his stuff and he junked the rest when he thought he wouldn’t survive. You might try . . .” He gave me a name or two. “It was all small stuff,” said Ross-Colby. “He didn’t do anything big.” He hurried me out of the studio for a cup of coffee in a crowded place—the Honey Dew on St. Catherine Street, it must have been. Perhaps in the privacy of his studio I might have



“I found myself in a small room. Soundlessly the doors slid shut after me and a sequential series of numbers on the wall began to light up - one after another. Some sort of countdown, I figured, or perhaps a trick. I became aware of a faint whirring sound and got the weird feeling I was being taken for a ride. Yet I was standing still! A fist tightened inside my stomach and I felt sick. My ears began to pop like cheap gum. Pop! Pop pop pop! This case was beginning to take on bizarre proportions, all right.”

heard him thinking. Years after that he would try to call me "Lynn," which I never was, and himself "Steve." He'd come into his own as an artist by then, selling wash drawings of Canadian war graves, sun-splashed, wisteria-mauve, lime-green, with drifts of blossom across the name of the regiment; gained a reputation among the heartbroken women who bought these impersonations, had them framed—the only picture in the house. He painted the war memorial at Caen. ("Their name liveth forever.") His stones weren't stones but mauve bubbles—that is all I have against them. They floated off the page. My objection wasn't to "He didn't do anything big" but to Ross-Colby's way of turning the dead into thistledown. He said, much later, of that meeting, "I felt like a bastard, but I was broke, and I was afraid you'd put the bite on me."

END OF A YEAR

Casual, the earth's
unburnished sieves,
until, like spume, leaves
strident past waterfalls of oaks
tarnished every vein with rust;
and dry October's crust
revoked what summer
for its moment blessed—
nothing corroded filtered past.

A field day for the wasps which swarmed
outside the blinds
as crosswinds shook
that season's skeletal redbrick . . .
One afternoon
two dozen of their army stormed
the cleft-wood awning,
and that grim platoon
held rank until
the House & Garden spray
struck their nerves . . . They lay
disordered on a windowsill.
As autumn droned, no army,
only courtesan survivors
fluttered among their host
of slaughtered lovers. . . .

But now deep winter grinds
the wasps, old lovers,
past vexations of
a morning-after's
battlefield of love—
stained bedsheets, pubic strands askew
from the tangled web
of their geometry,
love's victims stricken
in love's after-dew—
all vanish to neutrality,
this season's attitude.

No insects in the rafters
as the crosswinds ebb . . .
Now grim pilots
drive their ranks through twilights
distant on this latitude;
and the virgin lover frets,
no labor lost,
on her coarse bed of straw—
the insects swarm her infant's head. . . .
A year recycles the Old Law,
nothing to ease us from despair
until the stained, unburnished earth,
which governs us, lay bare.

—David Havird

• •

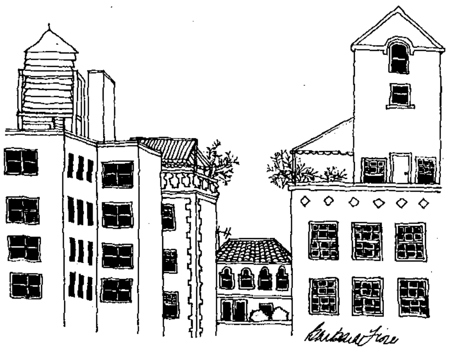
Let me distribute demerits equally and tell about my father's literary Jewish friend, Mr. Quentin Keller. He was older than the others, perhaps by some twelve years. He had a whispery voice and a long pale face and a daughter older than I. "Bossy Wendy" I used to call her when, forced by her parents as I was by mine, Bossy Wendy had to take a whole afternoon of me. She had a room full of extraordinary toys, a miniature kitchen in which everything worked, of which all I recall her saying is "Don't touch." Wendy Keller had left Smith after her freshman year to marry the elder son of a Danish baron. Her father said to me, "There is only one thing you need to know and that is that your father was a gentleman."

Jackass was what I thought. Yes, Mr. Quentin Keller was a jackass. But he was a literary one, for he had once written a play called "Forbearance," in which I'd had a role. I had bounded across the stage like a tennis ball, into the arms of a young woman dressed up like an old one, and cried my one line: "Here I am, Granny!" Of course, he did not make his living fiddling about with amateur theatricals; thanks to our meeting I had a good look at the inside of a conservative architect's private office—that was about all it brought me.

What were they so afraid of, I wondered. I had not yet seen that I was in a false position where they were concerned; being "Miss Muir" had not made equals of us but lent distance. I thought they had read my true passport, the invisible one we all carry, but I had neither the wealth nor the influence a provincial society requires to make a passport valid. My credentials were lopsided: the important half of the scales was still in the air. I needed enormous collateral security—fame, an alliance with a powerful family, the power of money itself. I remember how Archie McEwen, trying to place me in some sensible context, to give me a voucher so he could take me home and show me to his wife, perhaps, asked his second question: "Who inherited the ——?"

"The what, Mr. McEwen?"

He had not, of course, read "Why I Am a Socialist." I did not believe in inherited property. "Who inherited the ——?" would not cross my mind again for another ten years, and then it would be a drawer quickly opened and shut before demons could escape. To all three men the last eight years were like minutes; to me they had been several lives. Some of my confidence left me then. It came down to "Next time I'll know better," but would that be enough? I had been buffeted until now by other people's moods, principles, whims, tantrums; I had survived, but perhaps I had failed to grow some outer skin it was now too late to acquire. Olivia thought that; she was the only one. Olivia knew more about the limits of nerve than I did. Her knowledge came out of the clean, swept, orderly poverty that used to be tucked away in the corners of cities. It didn't spill out then, or give anyone a bad conscience. Nobody took its picture. Anyway, Olivia would not have sat for such a portrait. The fringed green rug she put over her treadle sewing machine was part of a personal fortune. On her mantelpiece stood a copper statuette of Voltaire in an armchair. It must have come down to her from some robustly anticlerical ancestor. "Who is he?" she said to me. "You've been to school in a foreign country." "A governor of New France," I replied. She knew Voltaire was the name of a bad man and she'd have thrown the figurine out, and



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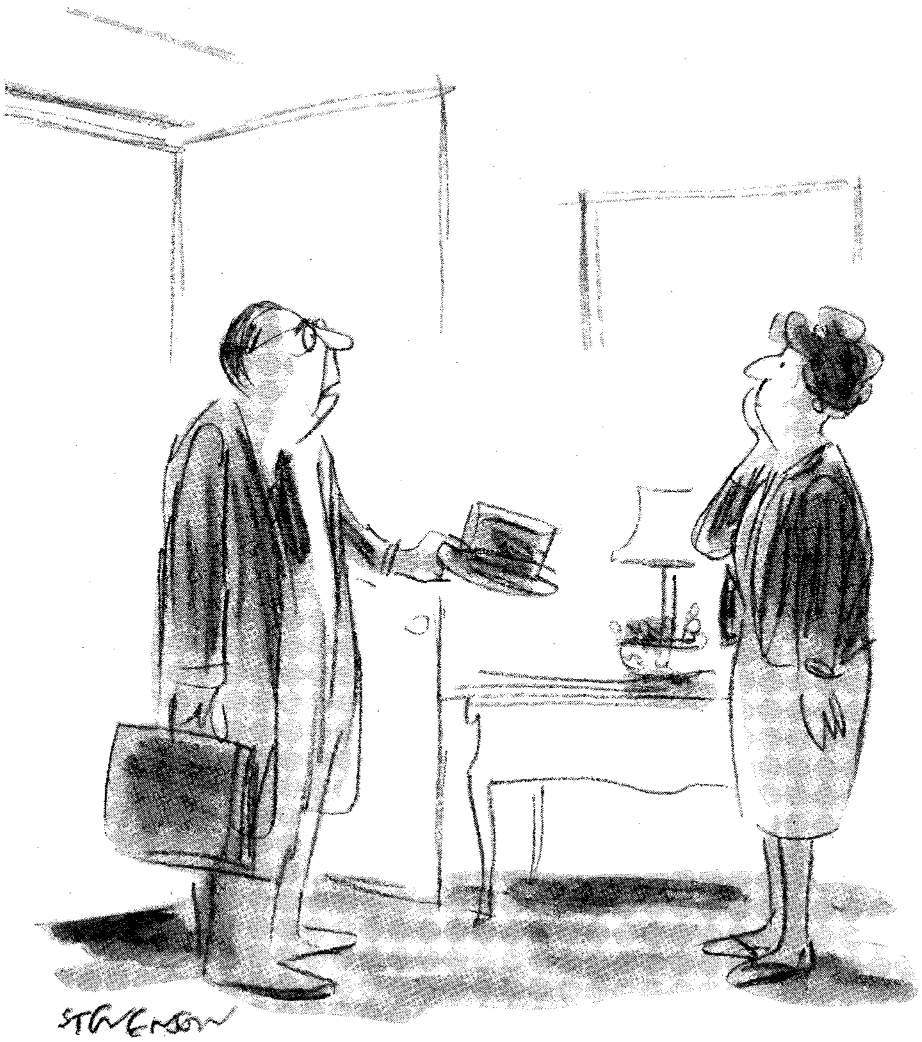
it would have made one treasure less in the house. Olivia's maiden name was Ouvrardville, which was good in Quebec, but only really good if you were one of the rich ones. Because of her maiden name she did not want anyone ever to know she had worked for a family; she impressed this on me delicately—it was like trying to understand what a dragonfly wanted to tell. In the old days she had gone home every weekend, taking me with her if my parents felt my company was going to make Sunday a very long day. Now I understood what the weekends were about: her daughters, Berthe and Marguerite, for whose sake she worked, were home from their convent schools Saturday and Sunday and had to be chaperoned. Her relatives pretended not to notice that Olivia was poor or even that she was widowed, for which she seemed grateful. The result of all this elegant sham was that Olivia did not say, "I was afraid you'd put the bite on me," or keep me standing. She dried her tears and asked if there was a trunk to follow. No? She made a pot of tea and spread a starched cloth on the kitchen table and we sat down to a breakfast of toast and honey. The honey tin was a ten-pounder decorated with bees the size of hornets. Lifting it for her, I remarked, "*C'est collant*," a word out of a frozen language that started to thaw when Olivia said, "*Tu vis?*"

On the advice of her confessor, who was to be my rival from now on, Olivia refused to tell me whatever she guessed or knew, and she was far too dignified to hint. Putting together the three men's woolly stories, I arrived at something about tuberculosis of the spine and a butchery of an operation. He started back to England to die there but either changed his mind or was too ill to begin the journey; at Quebec City, where he was to have taken ship, he shot himself in a public park at five o'clock in the morning. That was one version; another was that he died at sea and the gun was found in his luggage. The revolver figured in all three accounts. It was an officer's weapon from the Kaiser's war, that had belonged to his brother. Angus kept it at the back of a small drawer in the tall chest used for men's clothes and known in Canada as a highboy. In front of the revolver was a pigskin stud box and a pile of ironed handkerchiefs. Just describing that drawer dates it. How I happen to know the revolver was loaded and how I learned never to point a gun even in play is another story. I can tell you that I never again in my life looked inside a drawer that did not belong to me.

I KNOW a woman whose father died, she thinks, in a concentration camp. Or was he shot in a schoolyard? Or hanged and thrown in a ditch? Were the ashes that arrived from some eastern plain his or another prisoner's? She invents different deaths. Her inventions have become her conversation at dinner parties. She takes on a child's voice and says, "My father died at Buchenwald." She chooses and rejects elements of the last act; one avoids mentioning death, shooting, capital punishment, cremation, deportation, even fathers. Her inventions are not thought neurotic or exhibitionist but something sanctioned by history. Peacetime casualties are not like that. They are lightning bolts out of a sunny sky that strike only one house. All around the ashy ruin lilacs blossom, leaves gleam. Speculation in public about the disaster would be indecent. Nothing remains but a silent, recurring puzzlement to the survivors: Why here and not there? Why this and not that? Before July was out I had settled his fate in my mind and I never varied: I thought he had died of homesickness; sickness for England was the consumption, the gun, the ev-



"Why am I not minding the store? Because, as of today, there is no store."

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erything. "Everything" had to take it all in, for people in Canada then did not speak of irrational endings to life, and newspapers did not print that kind of news: this was because of the spiritual tragedy for Catholic families, and because the act had long been considered a criminal one in British law. If Catholic feelings were spared it gave the impression no one but Protestants ever went over the edge, which was unfair; and so the possibility was eliminated, and people came to a natural end in a running car in a closed garage, hanging from a rafter in the barn, in an icy lake with a canoe left to drift empty. Once I had made up my mind, the whole story somehow became none of my business: I had looked in a drawer that did not belong to me. More, if I was to live my own life I had to let go. I wrote in my journal that "they" had got him but would not get me, and after that there was scarcely ever a mention.

My dream past evaporated. Montreal, in memory, was a leafy citadel where I knew every tree. In reality I recognized nearly nothing and had to start from scratch. Sherbrooke Street had been the dream street, pure white. It was the avenue poor Angus descended leaning on a walking stick. It was a moat I was not allowed to cross alone; it was lined with gigantic spreading trees through which light fell like a rain of coins. One day, standing at a corner, waiting for the light to change, I understood that the Sherbrooke Street of my exile—my Mecca, my Jerusalem—was this. It had to be: there could not be two. It was *only* this. The limitless green where in a perpetual spring I had been taken to play was the campus of McGill University. A house, whose beauty had brought tears to my sleep, to which in sleep I'd returned to find it inhabited by ugly strangers, gypsies, was a narrow stone thing with a shop on the ground floor and offices above—if that was it, for there were several like it. Through the bare panes of what might have been the sitting room, with its deep private window seats, I saw neon striplighting along a ceiling. Reality, as always, was narrow and dull. And yet what dramatic things had taken place on this very corner: Once Satan had approached me—furry dark skin, claws, red eyes, the lot. He urged me to cross the street and I did, in front of a car that braked in time. I explained, "The Devil told me to." I had no idea until then that my parents did not believe what I was taught in my convent school. (Satan is not bilingual, by the way; he speaks Quebec French.) My parents had no God and therefore no Fallen Angel. I was scolded for lying, which was a thing my father detested, and which my mother regularly did but never forgave in others.

Why these two nonbelievers wanted a strong religious education for me is one of the mysteries. (Even in loss of faith they were unalike, for he was ex-Anglican and she was ex-Lutheran and that is not your same atheist—no, not at all.) "To make you tolerant" was a lame excuse, as was "French," for I spoke fluent French with Olivia, and I could read in two languages before I was four. Discipline might have been one reason—God knows, the nuns provided plenty of that—but according to Olivia I did not need any. It cannot have been for the quality of the teaching, which was lamentable. I suspect that it was something like sending a dog to a trainer (they were passionate in their concern for animals, especially dogs), but I am not certain it ever brought me to heel. The first of my schools, the worst, the darkest, was on Sherbrooke Street too. When I heard, years later, it had been demolished, it was like the burial of a witch. I had remembered it penitentiary size, but what I found myself looking at one day was simply a very large stone house. A crocodile of little girls emerged from the front gate and proceeded along the street—white-faced, black-clad, eyes cast down. I knew they were bored, fidgety, anxious, and probably hungry. I should have felt pity, but at eighteen all that came to me was thankfulness that I had been correct about one thing throughout my youth, which I now considered ended: time had been on my side, faithfully, and unless you died you were always bound to escape.

—MAVIS GALLANT

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This recipe serves 12. We have used this recipe for a buffet supper for 100 people with difficulty.—***Brighton-Pittsford** (N.Y.) **Post.***

One of those occasions that live in memory.

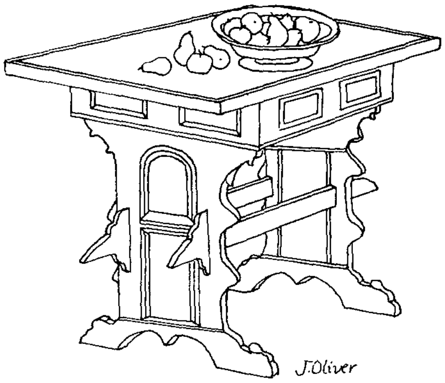
A REPORTER AT LARGE

ALL-VOLUNTEER—I

FOR the rest of this decade, to maintain the active-duty forces of our Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marine Corps at approximately their present strength of 2,130,000, about 1,000 volunteers a day—365,000 men and women a year—will be required. No nation in history has attempted to maintain a force of this size without conscription. Yet so far young people have been volunteering for the armed forces at a slightly higher rate than necessary; by June 30, 1975, the end of the second formal year of the experiment with all-volunteer armed forces, which was begun by the Nixon Administration in 1973, the four services' recruiters had signed up 869,000 men and women, an average of 1,190 recruits a day. (The daily average includes Sundays, when most recruiting stations are closed.) A few of these volunteers were returning to military life after an interval as civilians, but the majority had not served before. As the months went by, recruiting became easier, not harder, partly because the recruiters grew more proficient and there were more of them.

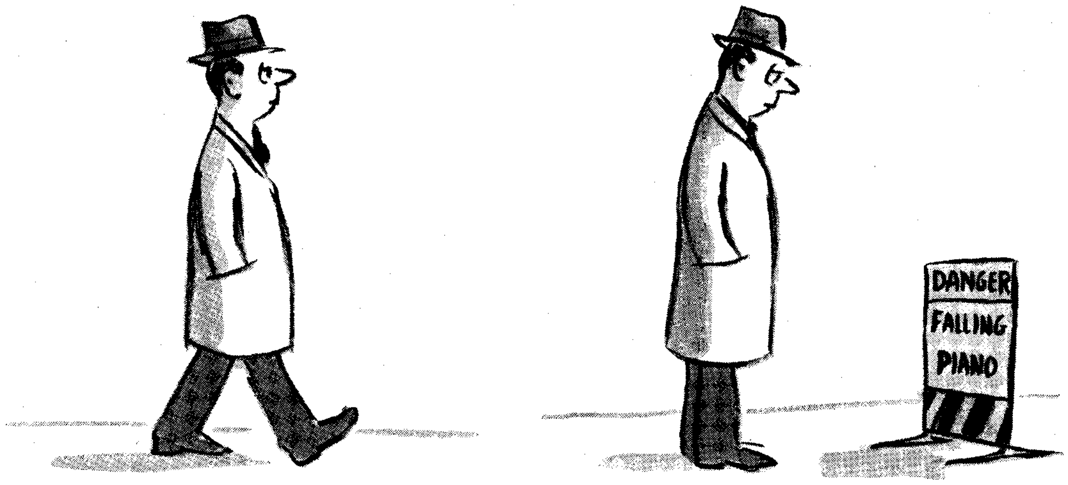
At all events, 1,000 recruits a day now appears to be an attainable goal for the foreseeable future. Some considerable number of those who are volunteering now are turning to military service because they cannot find the civilian jobs they want, owing to the recession, but it is wrong to imagine that the services are reduced to taking young people whom everyone else has rejected. Quite to the contrary; the military's qualification standards, which were fairly high when the recession began, have been getting higher while it has lasted. The Department of Defense had hoped for a few thousand more volunteers than it got in 1975, but the "end strength," a number that Congress authorizes, was reduced during the period. End strength is the total on the last day of the fiscal year (ordinarily June 30) of all regulars on active duty, reserves on full-time duty, officer candidates at school, cadets at West Point and the Air Force Academy, and midshipmen at Annapolis. On June 30, 1975, the Army's strength was 784,333. The Army needs nearly half of all the volunteers —209,000 of the 456,000 in 1975—partly because it is the biggest service, but mostly because soldiers remain in service for a shorter average length of time than sailors, airmen, or marines. The Navy had 535,085; the Air Force ended with 612,751; the Marine Corps had 195,951. In the aggregate, the all-volunteer forces were within one-tenth of one per cent of the planned end strength.

The Department of Defense takes these end-strength figures very seriously, as it obviously must. Congress takes them seriously, too. Planned end-strength is a crucial consideration in the legislators' minds when Congress annually votes on the money that the Department of Defense has requested. The end-strength numbers have had added significance these past two years: if the recruiters had missed their quotas by a wide margin—say, 100,000—that certainly would have been taken by many people as an indication that the all-volunteer system was not going to succeed. Unfortunately, the recruiting success does not prove that the all-volunteer system *is* going to succeed. Statistically, the recruiting process has been greatly enhanced by the fact that our active-duty strength has been shrinking rapidly since 1968, the Vietnam peak. The total reduction, half of it in the Army, has been 1,420,000 from a high of 3,547,902—or close to forty per cent—including a reduction of 125,000 from June, 1973. Some further reduction is planned for fiscal 1976, subject to congressional approval, but it is not likely to be more than a few thousand. There is formidable budget pressure on the Department of Defense to make do with an even smaller total, but that does not seem likely to fall below, say, 2,120,000 or 2,100,000 in the next few years. It is already 525,000 below our pre-Vietnam total strength, and the pre-Vietnam level has a kind of sanctity as a reference point, based on the idea that we *knew* how many men we needed in the military in those good old days. Also, the total strength of the Soviet Union's active-duty forces is supposed to be about 3,600,000, and a good many Americans are concerned about the fact that Soviet military manpower has risen twenty per cent in the past decade, while ours has diminished. Since our post-Vietnam reduction is in all likelihood approaching an end, it will be some time before our recruiters can relax; they will have to do at least as well during the rest of fiscal 1976 as they did in fiscal 1974 and 1975, and they will have to do well for years to come. Even if they can continue to produce the number of volunteers that the Department of Defense calls for, this may not prove conclusively to all, or to most, Americans that an all-volunteer force is desirable.



THE all-volunteer experiment has gone along rather quietly. Most of us, I believe, have put it out of our minds, as if the end of the draft had been such a relief that we hoped we could be spared having to think about military manpower, or as if deterrence strategy and détente combined had made conventional forces obsolete. It is a lot not to think about—in fact, it is too much. The all-volunteer force is very different from the mixed force we fought with in Indo-China. Another, less attractive term for it is "all-professional force." Along with giving up the idea of drafting unwilling young men, we have given up the cadre concept—the idea of maintaining a skeleton force of versatile career servicemen in peacetime, who can train a mobilized citizenry quickly in a national emergency. The active-duty forces we now have, combined with our reserves, are what the military thinks we would need in any emergency that could arise before 1980.

Dozens of questions about the all-volunteer system must still be answered, and many of them are difficult. There are questions about the volunteers' quality: Will they be smart enough and well enough motivated to do their jobs? Volunteers are not accepted until they have taken the Armed Forces Qualification Test. (During the years of the draft, men were inducted first and tested later.) The test is for mental agility and special-skill aptitudes, and scores are ranked from Group I, the highest, down through Group V. Group III is about average for the population as a whole, and anybody who scores in Group III is considered smart enough to learn almost any of the hundreds of jobs that the services require. As a



matter of policy, no one who scores in Group V is accepted as a volunteer. The big question, therefore, centers on Group IV volunteers: How many below-average-intelligence recruits should be accepted? Not a great many, obviously. But it is difficult to know where the line should be drawn. There are countless places in the infantry, to take one example, that can be filled perfectly well by men with less than average intelligence who are otherwise well qualified. In any case, the volunteers' test scores so far are higher than the scores of the mixed force—that combination of draftees and volunteers who entered the services in the last year of Selective Service. That is to say, the volunteers' *average* scores are higher, but this reassuring fact has a qualifier: the percentage of new men with below-average scores has decreased considerably, but so has the percentage of new men with above-average scores, in Group I and Group II; the percentage of Group III men, with average and slightly-above-average scores, is very much higher than before, and this accounts for the improvement. So, in the long run, there may be shortages of volunteers for military specialties that require superior intelligence.

When the armed forces talk about "motivation," they mean something different from what private employers mean. In the military, motivation has nothing to do with starting pay, bonuses, or fringe benefits; it has little to do with a desire to get ahead; and it is completely divorced from ideas like patriotism or willingness to fight for one's country. Any one of these might be an incentive to volunteer, but, according to rigid Pentagon definition, "military motivation" is the ability to accept or tolerate military discipline. By this standard, a well-motivated volunteer will learn what he is supposed to learn and do his job adequately without getting into disciplinary trouble—no company punishment, no courts-martial, no AWOLs, no willful disobedience. Experience proves that almost any young man or woman who is well enough motivated in civilian life to have finished high school is well enough motivated—self-disciplined, adaptable, or what you will—in the military sense to finish an enlistment successfully; and, quite logically, the services would like the percentage of volunteers with high-school diplomas to be sizable—preferably from sixty-five to seventy per cent. In 1964, when the recruits were both volunteers and draftees, the percentage of high-school graduates was sixty-eight. In 1975, the over-all percentage was seventy-two. However, ninety-one per cent of the Air Force volunteers in 1975 were high-school graduates, and they pulled up the average substantially. Only sixty-six per cent of the Army's new enlistees had high-school diplomas, and that percentage included 19,000 female recruits, who were required to have diplomas. Only fifty-nine per cent of the Marine Corps volunteers were high-school graduates. Both those percentages were low—in fiscal 1974, Congress passed a law requiring the percentage of new enlistees with high-school diplomas to be no lower than fifty-five—but both the Army and the Marines could point to the fact that their recruiters were steadily doing much better in this regard as the months went by.

Another question, among many who consider the subject, concerns what the Department of Defense terms "representation." It is an article of faith, doubtless with roots deep in the American past, that the armed forces should at least approximate a cross-section of the male population of the United States aged eighteen to forty-two. (That a proper cross-section also includes a meaningful sample of young females is a new idea.) The practical problems just now all concern overrepresentation. The effectiveness of the volunteer system will be subject to doubt if in the long run it attracts a disproportionate number of young people from poor families, a disproportionate number of young blacks, or a disproportionate number of people from, say, the South. (Of the countless other deviations from the cross-section that are possible, none cause nearly as much concern as these three.) Again, to some extent, the first two years' results are more reassuring than not. The very poor—to whom a five-thousand-dollar-a-year starting salary, with fringe benefits worth at least half as much again, might be irresistible—are mostly unable to qualify. They fail the physical examination, or they score below the upper half of Group IV on the qualification test and so are almost sure to be excluded, or they have disqualifyingly bad local police records. So far, the volunteers have been neither very poor nor very rich. The youngest people eligible, without parental consent, are the eighteen-year-olds, and those who have had jobs have earned a little less than their starting military pay; the twenty-year-olds have earned a little more. The 1975 volunteers came from upper-lower- to upper-middle-class families—those whose incomes more or less followed the national pattern of income distribution. Eighteen per cent of them were black, and that figure, though down from the previous year's figure of twenty-one per cent, was still unrepresentatively high; the appropriate figure for the age group would have been thirteen per cent. The actual figure raised the percentage of blacks to fourteen per cent of total en-

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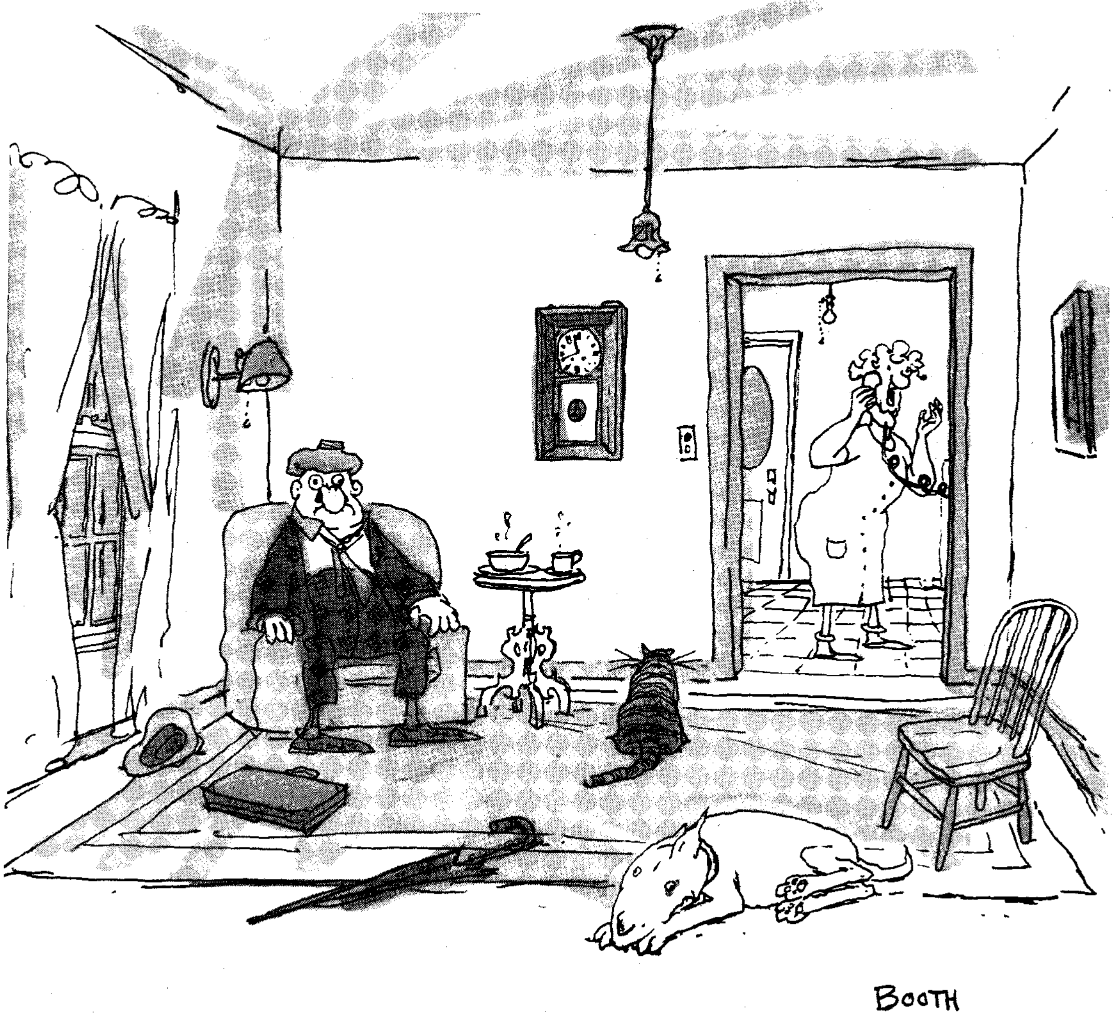
listed strength, but for just the Army new volunteers were twenty-two-per-cent black, down from the previous year's twenty-seven per cent. For the past two fiscal years, the Army's total black strength has been twenty per cent. Not even the most ardent champion of representation would say that twenty per cent instead of thirteen per cent is a grievous imbalance. But it is axiomatic that eventually the services become the people they enlist, so the Army's twenty-two-per-cent figure worries some military-manpower experts. Perhaps it was equally, or more, worrying that blacks were underrepresented in the Army's officer corps. As for geographical representation, the South, as some had feared, did furnish more than its share of the 1975 volunteers, and the Northeast and Middle Atlantic states furnished too few. This did not seriously concern the military, however, because no one section of the country was off the mark in either direction by more than a few percentage points.

Our reserves—the Army National Guard, the Army Reserve, the Naval Reserve, the Marine Corps Reserve, the Air National Guard, and the Air Force Reserve—of paid part-time servicemen are our complete back-up strength for the active-duty forces. Not all the reserves are ready for immediate duty, but a lot are, and their aggregate strength in June of 1975 was 904,700. In place of a citizen army, we have—including the reserves—a standing professional military force nearly three million strong. It is augmented by about a million civilians who are employed full time by the Department of Defense, mostly at desk jobs, to do work that in many cases uniformed personnel once did. Add them in, and the total number of people in the military establishment is close to four million. For budget purposes, the Department of Defense does exactly that. When Secretary of Defense James R. Schlesinger suggested that for 1976 the department would need about ninety-eight billion dollars, he expected to spend more than half of the sum—perhaps fifty-five billion—on the personnel costs of his four million full- and part-time employees.

THE United States stopped drafting men in December, 1972—six months before the expiration of the President's authority to induct under the Selective Service Act. The official all-volunteer effort began on July 1, 1973, without ceremony. Nothing had been voted on, and no debate had taken place, because no legislation had been introduced. There was little public discussion, either. What attention the press gave the subject was, for the most part, pessimistic. I knew that there were a lot of experts on military-manpower problems, including some in the academic world, who had been writing about military service, national service, and the military considered as an institution like any other institution. Wondering what they thought about the zero-level draft, and about the Nixon Administration's enthusiasm for an all-volunteer force, I got in touch with one of the more prominent of the scholars, Professor Morris Janowitz, who teaches sociology at the University of Chicago, and arranged to have dinner with him. I knew him primarily as the author of "The Professional Soldier: A Social and Political Portrait," a landmark study, published in 1960, that examines military life from a sociological viewpoint, focussing on the career patterns of American officers. Janowitz emphasizes that the sociology of the military is merely his hobby. By this he means, in part, that urban studies, especially the sociology of Chicago and political sociology, are the subjects of the courses he teaches. (Also, he has been involved for years in working to make the Hyde Park-Kenwood district, bordering the university campus, interracial.) He points out that when he got involved with the sociology of the military as an undergraduate, and then, as he continued—first in the Army, during the Second World War, at the Psychological Warfare Division of Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Force, and then, after the war, as a graduate student at the University of Chicago and as a member of the faculty there—the subject was not quite respectable as an academic specialty. "Not a fit subject" is the way Janowitz puts it. The unspoken assumption apparently was that a young sociologist showing a keen interest in military professionalism might be a militarist of some kind. Janowitz had liked the Army no better than the next man, and he was not in favor of war. He was also highly critical of the Cold War.

Janowitz was born in Paterson, New Jersey, in 1919, to parents of modest income. He remembers how in 1926 armed force was used in Passaic to stop Communist-led strikes at the textile mills. His awareness of the military started then. It was a skeptical in-



"Yesterday, Harold decided to (quote) run the old jalopy until the wheels fall off (unquote) and this morning, at fifteen minutes past eight, they did."

terest to start with, but he knew at first hand that violence occurs and is part of the social process in this country. During his tour of duty at SHAEF, as a propaganda analyst and specialist in Wehrmacht morale, Janowitz had interviewed hundreds of German prisoners of war and had amassed an enormous file of material on the German Army. While trying to figure out what kind of Allied propaganda would most discourage German soldiers, Janowitz and the members of his psychological-warfare section came to the conclusion that the Wehrmacht's motivation was not basically ideological. The Wehrmacht fought not for National Socialism but out of what sociologists call primary-group loyalty—a soldier's personal involvement with those in his infantry squad or some correspondingly small military unit. After the war, Janowitz collaborated with a fellow-member of the Chicago faculty, Professor Edward A. Shils, on a paper about the Wehrmacht in the Second World War, which attracted unusual attention here and abroad.

Janowitz, who is also the author of several nonmilitary studies, worked for ten years, with interruptions, to produce "The Professional Soldier," and in that decade military sociology had acquired a little academic acceptance. The ice was cracked, if not broken, by the publication of such books as "The American Soldier," in two volumes, by a consortium of academics led by Samuel A. Stouffer, of Harvard; "The Soldier and the State," by Samuel P. Huntington, also of Harvard; and "Soldiers and Scholars," by John W. Masland and Laurence I. Radway, both of Dartmouth. And the most influential books about military strategy were being written not by generals and admirals but by doctors of philosophy, of whom Henry Kissinger, of Harvard, the author of "Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy," was prototypal. What was new and exciting about Janowitz's book was his approach to the military as an organizational entity—an institution with an internal structure and an underlying social system that were part of American society and had an impact upon it. Janowitz, by looking at the military as a sociologist should, in effect established a new field of social-science study. Following the international splash the book made, Janowitz got a modest grant from the Russell Sage Foundation, in New York City, and he used it to organize a permanent association of academics interested in the field—the Inter-University Seminar on Armed Forces and Society. Its membership has grown from an original seven to more than six hundred today; besides sociologists, it includes political scientists, economists, anthropologists, historians, psychologists, lawyers, and several social workers. Janowitz remains chairman of the I.U.S., whose only group "policy" is its members' shared belief that an intellectual, objective analysis of military institutions is something worth working toward. The organization, which has put out an occasional newsletter, *The Bulletin*, for quite some time, began to publish an international, interdisciplinary quarterly journal, *Armed Forces and Society*, in the fall of 1974, with the help of a Ford Foundation grant. Its executive editor is Ellen Stern, and such scholars as Raymond Aron, of the Collège de France; S. E. Finer, of Oxford; Jacques Van Doorn, of Erasmus University, Rotterdam; and, of course, Janowitz are on its editorial board.

When I met Janowitz for dinner, I first asked whether the all-volunteer system could be expected to work, hoping he would assure me that it could. Years of thinking that the draft was an abomination made me eager to hear that we were done with it.

Janowitz looked solemn—a characteristic expression. He is tall and thin, with a long, narrow face, to which an expression of patient suffering comes easily. "It's the wrong question," he said. "The all-volunteer force is going to work in the sense that we are going to have it. It will not be a stopgap or a short-term expedient. How good it will be remains to be seen. But the United

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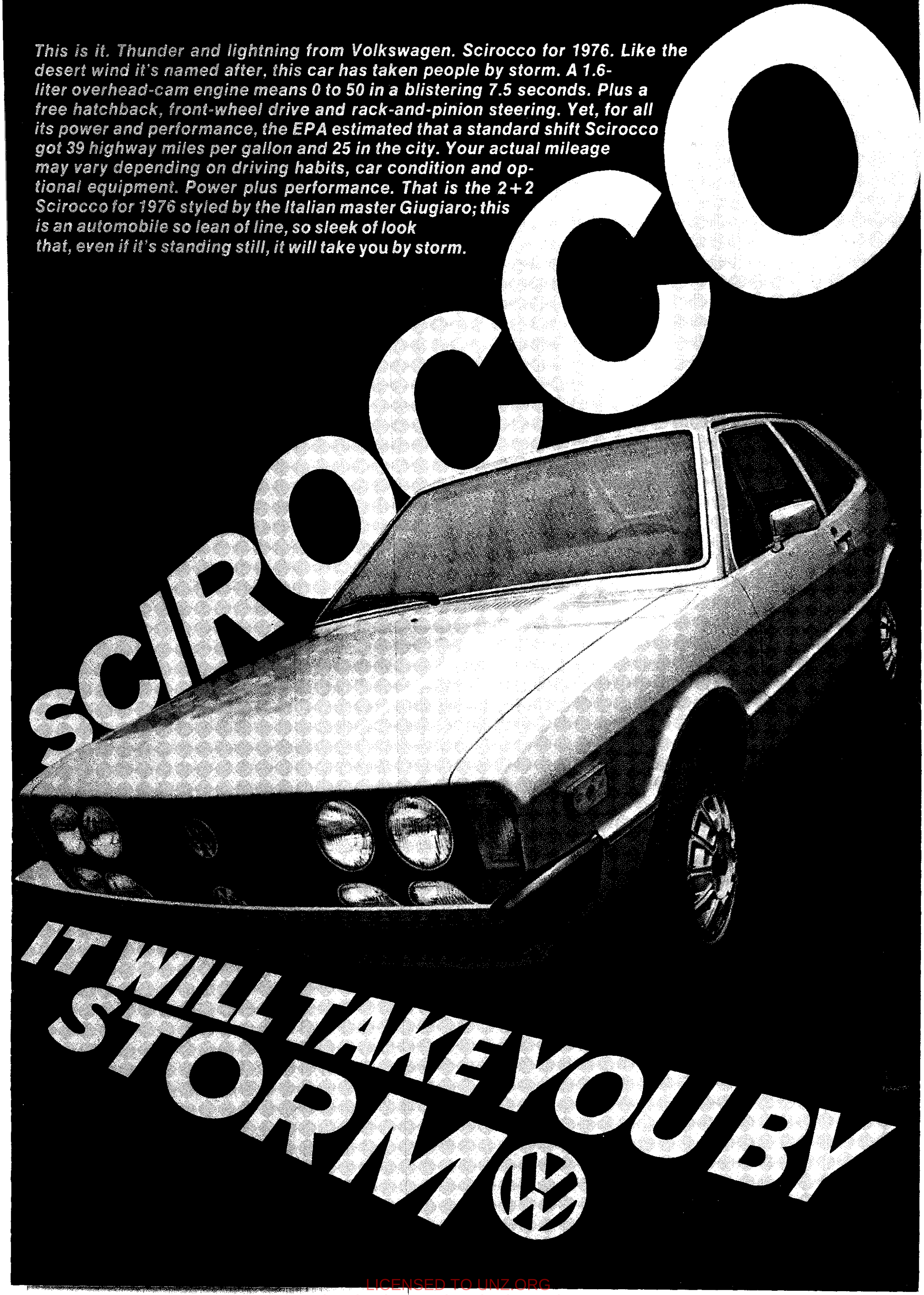

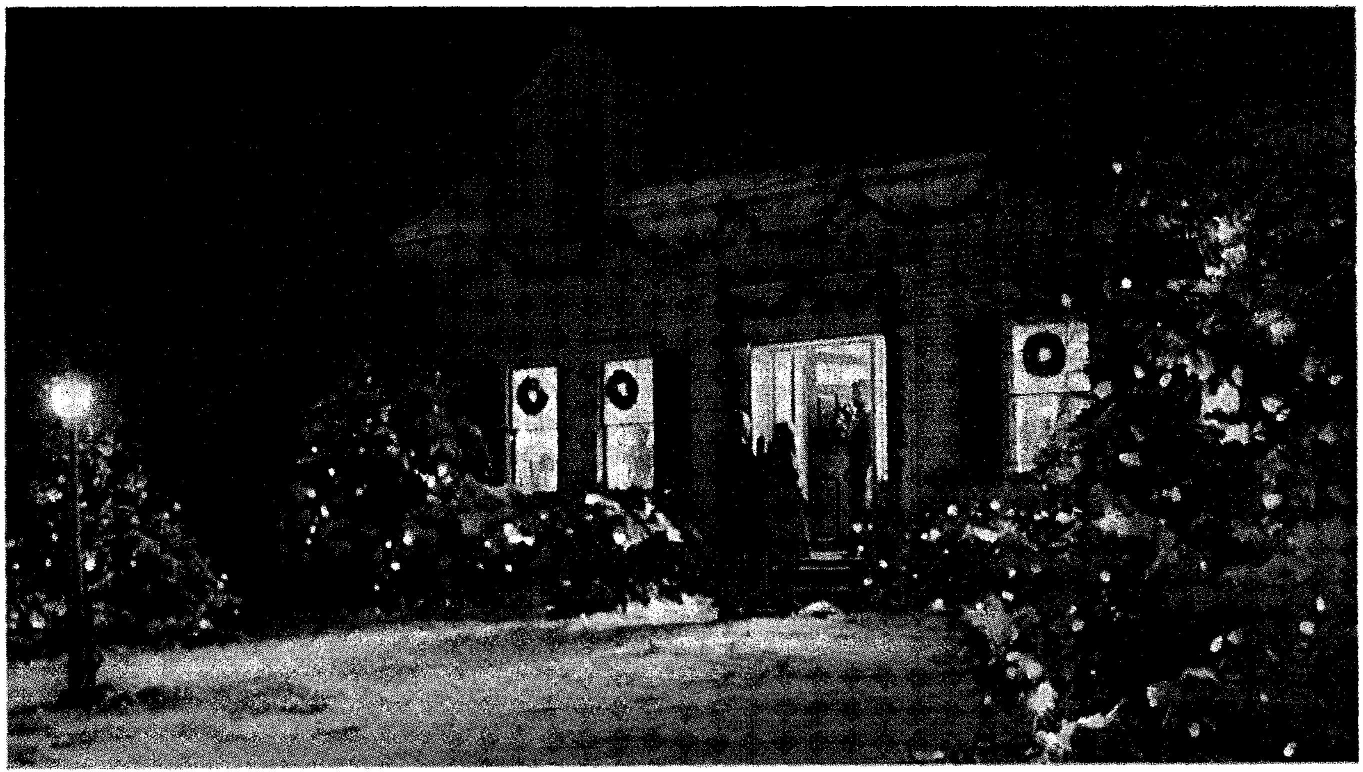

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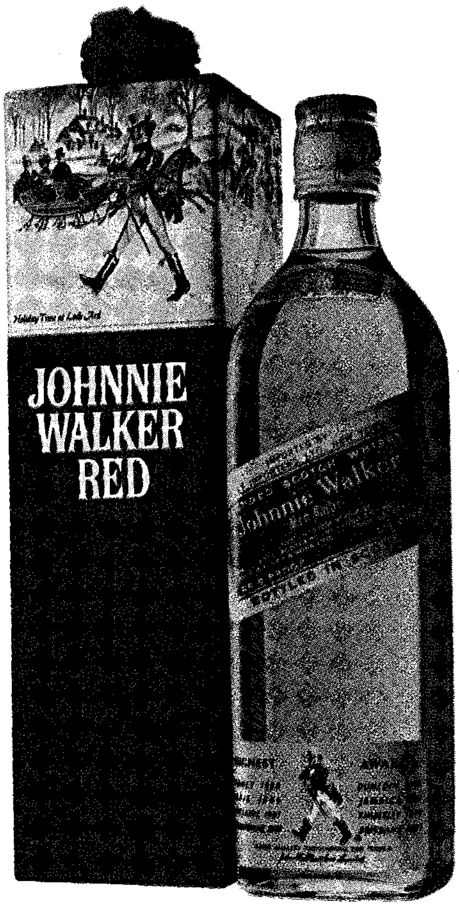

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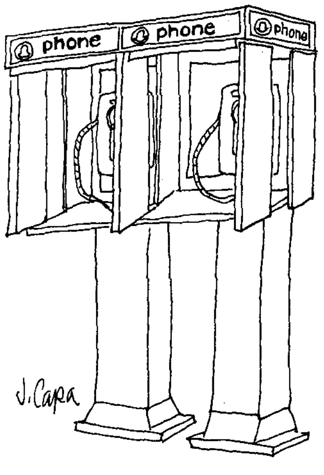
States is done with conscription—or soon will be. It is almost inconceivable that we will go back to the draft in the foreseeable future—*politically* inconceivable, first of all. It would take some dramatic change in the way international relations seem to be evolving—something that would completely reverse public attitudes toward conscription. I do not think there will be such a change. You see, the all-volunteer-forces idea is not just a gimmick that Nixon thought up to win the 1968 election—although that was part of how it came about. Our military organization is going through a fundamental transformation—ours and the military establishments of most of the Western nations. Great Britain's draft was ended in 1960. Canada has an all-volunteer force. The Netherlands is planning an all-volunteer force. And in nations where there is conscription—France and West Germany, for instance—the trend is toward greater emphasis on volunteer elements within conscript armies. Even in the Soviet Union, the stress is now on volunteer service in the key strategic-weapons commands—especially the naval and rocket forces. Not that the Soviet Union is about to do away with conscription. The advanced, industrialized nations are coming to the end of a historical epoch—the era of the conscripted, mass armed force. In the United States, this sort of armed force had its origins in the War of Independence. It was a political and social development, not just a technological one. The revolutionary leaders in America—and in the French Revolution, too—initiated the idea that citizenship involved the right and the duty to bear arms in defense of the nation-state, and, employing such forces, they defeated the post-feudal armies manned by mercenaries. At the same time, on the technological side you had an organizational system created by the increased firepower of infantry and artillery weapons, together with improved communications and transportation for an army and its supplies. By the time of the American Civil War, the mass-armed-force idea was fully developed. It continued, unchallenged and with increasingly destructive power, through the Second World War. Between wars, this country had rather small professional cadres. They worked out plans for mobilization. When war came, those cadres were tremendously expanded, by conscription, into mass forces. We went from fewer than 350,000 men in uniform in 1939 to nearly 4,000,000 in 1942. By 1945, the total was more than 12,000,000. Mass forces were supported by the industrial order, which was also mobilized. The culminating strategy of the mass-force concept was total war. As an ever larger segment of the population became part of the war apparatus, there was a weakening of the distinctions between the military forces and the civilian population. Soldiers and civilians were equally objects of attack—by air power, propaganda, and political warfare. And a reverse process occurred: various 'civilianizing' influences were at work on the military. The new officers were drawn from much more representative social backgrounds than the professional officers had been. There were concentrations of highly skilled civilians in uniform—engineers and economists, for example. To some extent, they undermined the military's traditional forms of authority and command. There was a shift in style, away from giving blunt orders and toward talking things over, like civilians, to make decisions. But in 1945 the mass-armed-force and the mobilization concepts began to decline. The atomic bomb was the technological turning point, although the sociopolitical environment also helped to initiate the change. Of course, epochs do not end tidily, on a specific date."

Janowitz said that the decline has continued for many reasons. He mentioned the postwar erosion of nationalism. He said that the moral value of conscript service had also been eroded—that the memory of the Allied military accomplishment of the Second World War, defeating the Axis, had grown dim with time, but that the memory of the war's tremendous destruction had remained vivid. Increased literacy and the increase in the number of young people in the United States and Western Europe attending colleges and universities, he said, had popularized the values associated with internationalism. Students wanted to know why there should be any national armies; they believed that collaboration among nations, not military antagonisms, was the way to solve problems. Then, most recently, the war in Southeast Asia gave a strong emotional base in the United States to popular pacifism, and we saw the most violent anti-militarism in modern American history.



"So the validity of the mass armed force and the effectiveness of our military institutions were called into question," Janowitz said. "Since the military, with the vast resources it was given from 1960 to 1970, was unable to impose our containment policy on Southeast Asia, many Americans were tempted to think the military was not much good. That helped shake the moral worth of conscript service—quite apart from the profound moral unease that Vietnam produced. The draft seemed unnecessary, because the military was ineffective—not to mention undesirable. The public is prepared to support Congress when it spends on the military as a kind of all-purpose insurance policy, but the United States and the political leaders in all the Western nations are pressing—are themselves pressed—to reduce military expenses. And this is becoming true not just in the West. It is an increasing problem for the Soviet Union's leaders, too. The burden of the Russians' military budget, given their standard of living, is appalling. We don't know the exact figure. Our Department of Defense budget is almost seven per cent of our G.N.P., which is high, goodness knows—the highest of any democracy in the world except Israel, which spends more than twenty per cent. More than seven per cent, for a democratic nation that is supposed to be at peace, is hard to imagine politically. The taxpayers wouldn't stand for it. Congress would revolt against it. It's true that an all-volunteer force costs more, man for man, than a mixed force. So the economic pressure is for a smaller force. And, in theory, we can do with a smaller all-volunteer force if the personnel are more competent; there should be less turnover in the lower ranks, a higher percentage of reënlistments, more people who know their jobs. The big question is whether the services will agree to further reductions; they are still trying to get used to the force cuts since Vietnam. There should be additional reductions, I believe. We must maintain our NATO forces, but I don't see a reason for any significant number of ground forces anywhere else in the world. Our minimum total active-duty strength, as I see it, would be a million and three-quarters. I do not expect the Pentagon to see it my way, however—at least, not immediately."

Janowitz, who had been looking

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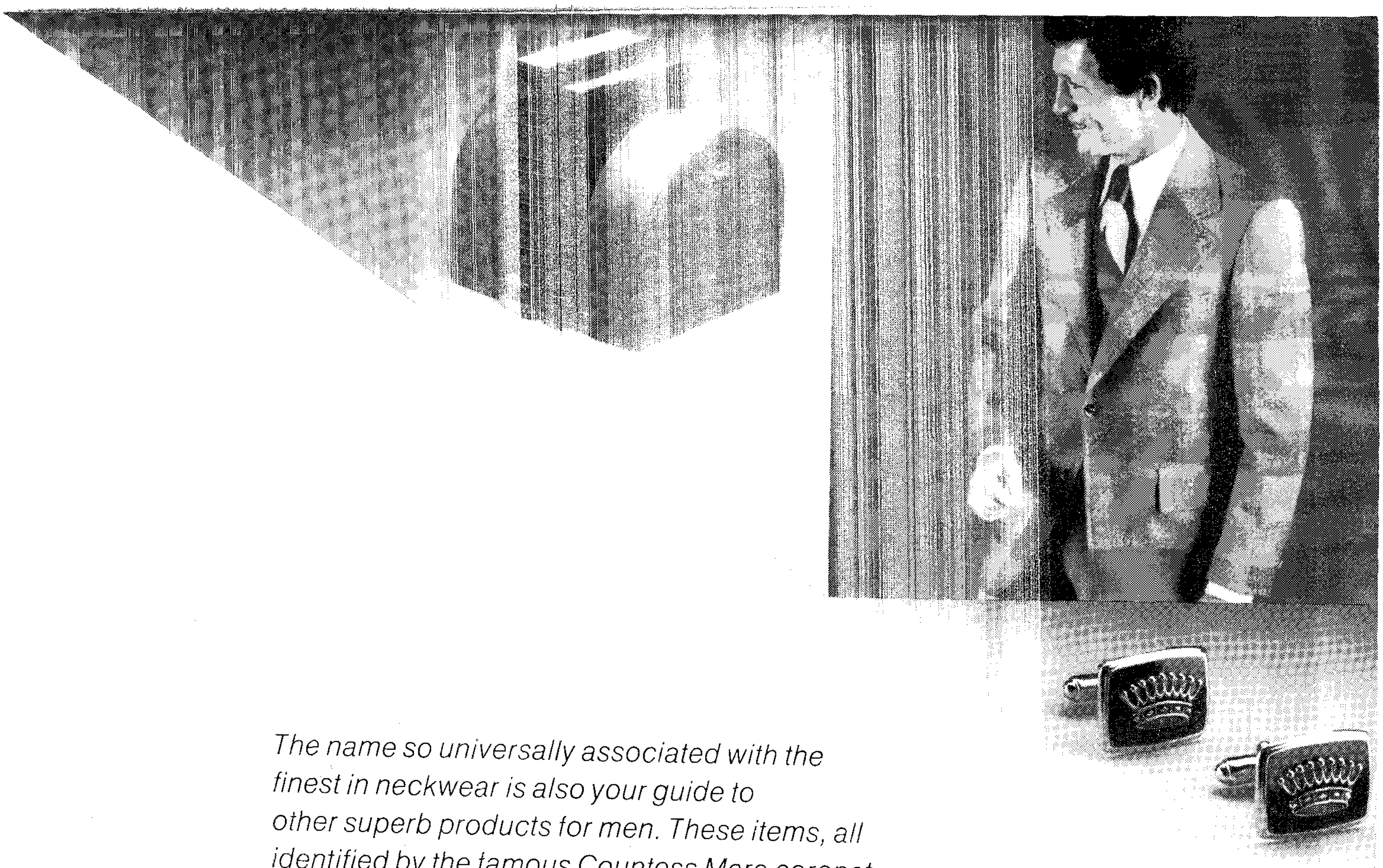

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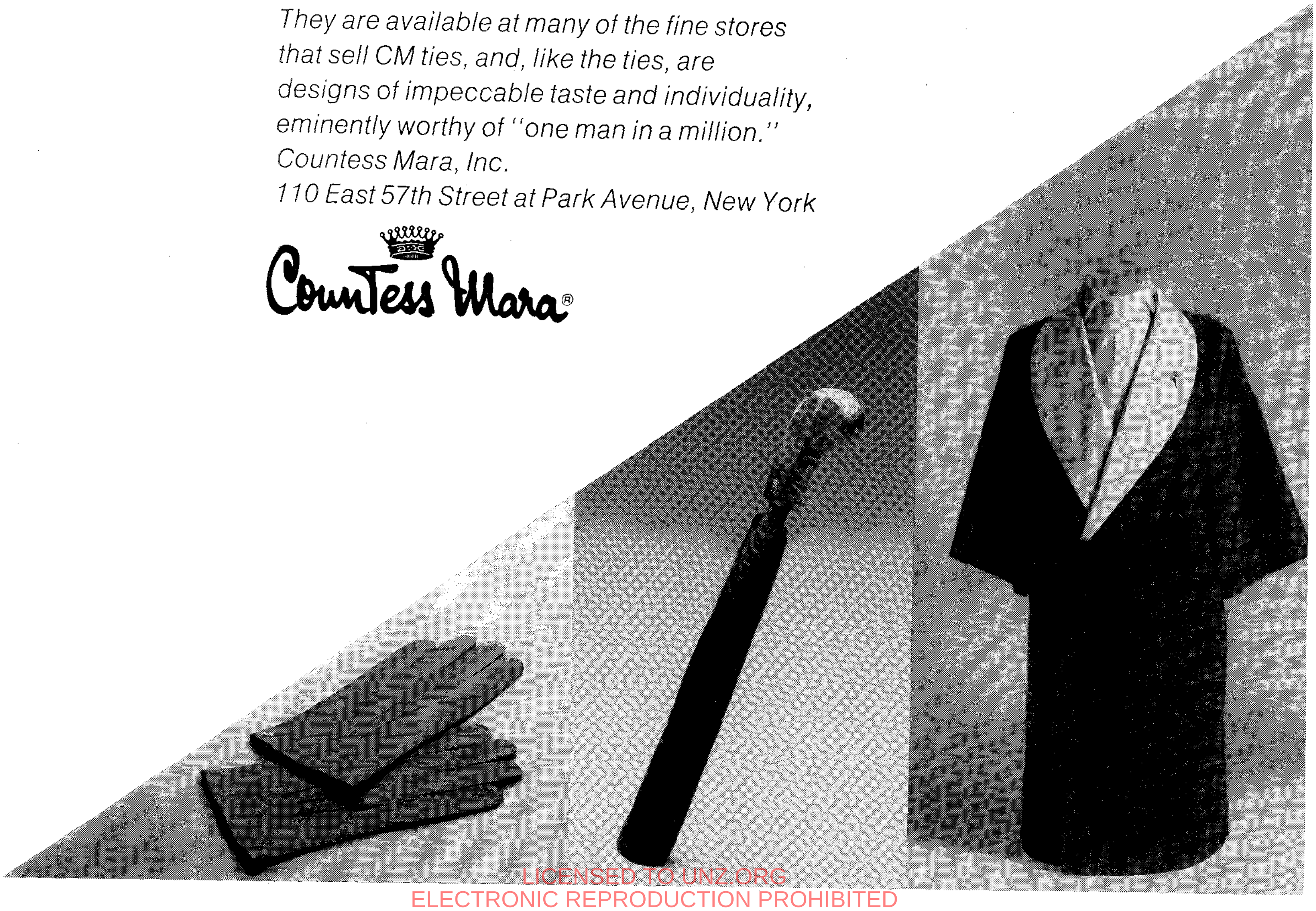

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grave, almost smiled. "So that's what is happening," he said. "We are in the midst of a process that began more than a quarter of a century ago, and, while the decline of the mass army is fully evident, you will find, as you would expect, that the implications of the change are not altogether clear. My position is that the all-volunteer force requires a fundamental redefinition of the military career—a redefinition that will strengthen its civil-service nature. The Pentagon is not doing much thinking along that line. There are plenty of people down there who agree, more or less, but real innovations of the kind I have in mind get postponed. There are deadline problems—what to do about the Army's shortage of volunteers for the combat arms, and so on and so forth. There are also longer-range problems that cannot be put off. Officer recruitment, for just one example. We need only 20,000 new officers a year, and they are in the pipeline, so to speak. It will be an urgent problem in two or three years. Each reduction in the size of the armed forces has a dampening effect on officer recruitment. Who would choose a profession in which the career and promotion opportunities are dwindling instead of improving? We have far too many high-ranking officers. There is a bunching up—a hump—in the number of Army majors and lieutenant colonels. And we have about twice as many generals and admirals as we need. Well, if you are going to retain the top-quality younger officers who are in mid-career, and if you are going to get younger officers in positions of greater authority—everyone's professed desire—corrective action should be started now. Something has to be done to encourage early retirement of the generals and admirals. Inflation of rank is a related problem, as you would expect. We have major generals doing what brigadier generals should do. I'd recommend a one-rank deflation for all assignments at the general-officer level. Those are details. The problem is that a starting officer needs some reasonable expectation of advancement and promotion. In fact, officer careers need a complete redefinition. That cannot be accomplished overnight."

I did not see Professor Janowitz again for some time, because soon after our dinner he went to England to spend a year at Cambridge. As the Pitt Professor of American History and Institutions and as a Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge's oldest college, Janowitz planned to write several papers, attend some academic meetings, and take a look for himself at the British all-volunteer Army. Before we parted, he provided me with a reading list of books and articles, and also with the names of experts who were studying the subject from various points of view. I asked him whether the sociology of the military, perhaps, was on the point of achieving academic respectability, considering all he and his colleagues were doing. "No," said Janowitz. "Its existence is admitted now, but most academic sociologists look on the subject with bleary eyes, still uninterested. They are just not ready for us." He and I agreed that we would talk again after he returned from Europe.

I CALLED on Dr. Albert D. Biderman in his office, at the Bureau of Social Science Research, on M Street, in Washington, one hot midsummer day. Dr. Biderman, who has been with the bureau as a research associate for eighteen years, is a member of the Inter-University Seminar's executive council and is one of Janowitz's old friends. (Both were born in Paterson, both went to New York University, and both took their Ph.D.s at the University of Chicago. They even look a little bit alike, although Biderman is even thinner than Janowitz; indeed, the only word for Biderman is gaunt.) The bureau is a private, nonprofit organization that mainly does research on contract—usually for the government. It also gets support from various foundations, and from time to time, when its budget allows, it initiates independent research studies of its own. It has done a lot of research on military matters, but it by no means specializes in such research, nor is it associated with any of the services (as the RAND Corporation, for instance, is associated with the Air Force). Biderman's personal interest in military affairs dates back to the Second World War. From 1952 to 1956, he was a social psychologist for the Air Force, studying the problems that arose in connection with our prisoners of war in Korea. Survival training has been another of Biderman's interests, and he has served as a consultant on that subject for the Army, the Air Force, and the Navy. He has done a lot of work on nonmilitary matters for the bureau, and he has also studied problems of military retirement, an item in the annual budget of the Department of Defense which has been growing at a dismaying rate. (Most of Biderman's work on retirement, however, has been for

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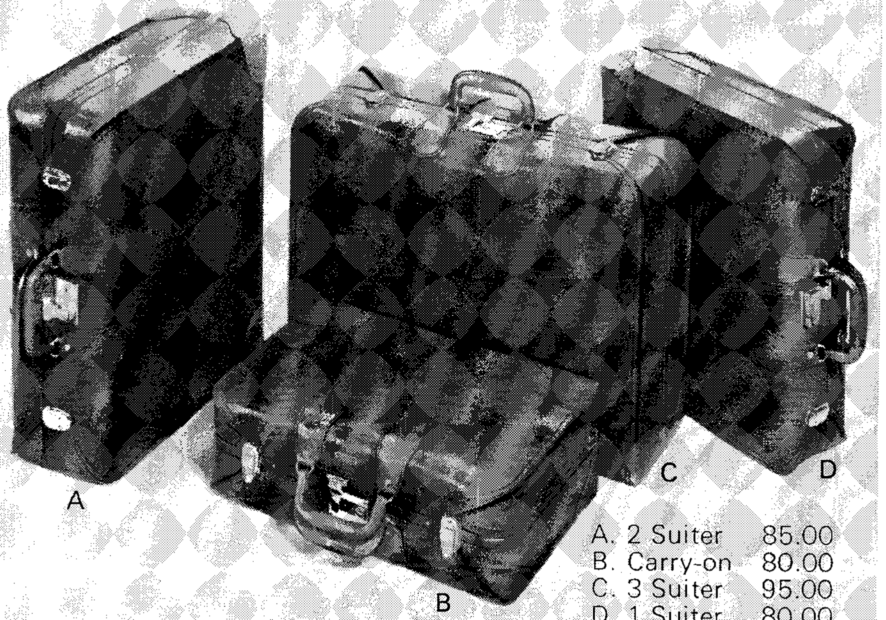

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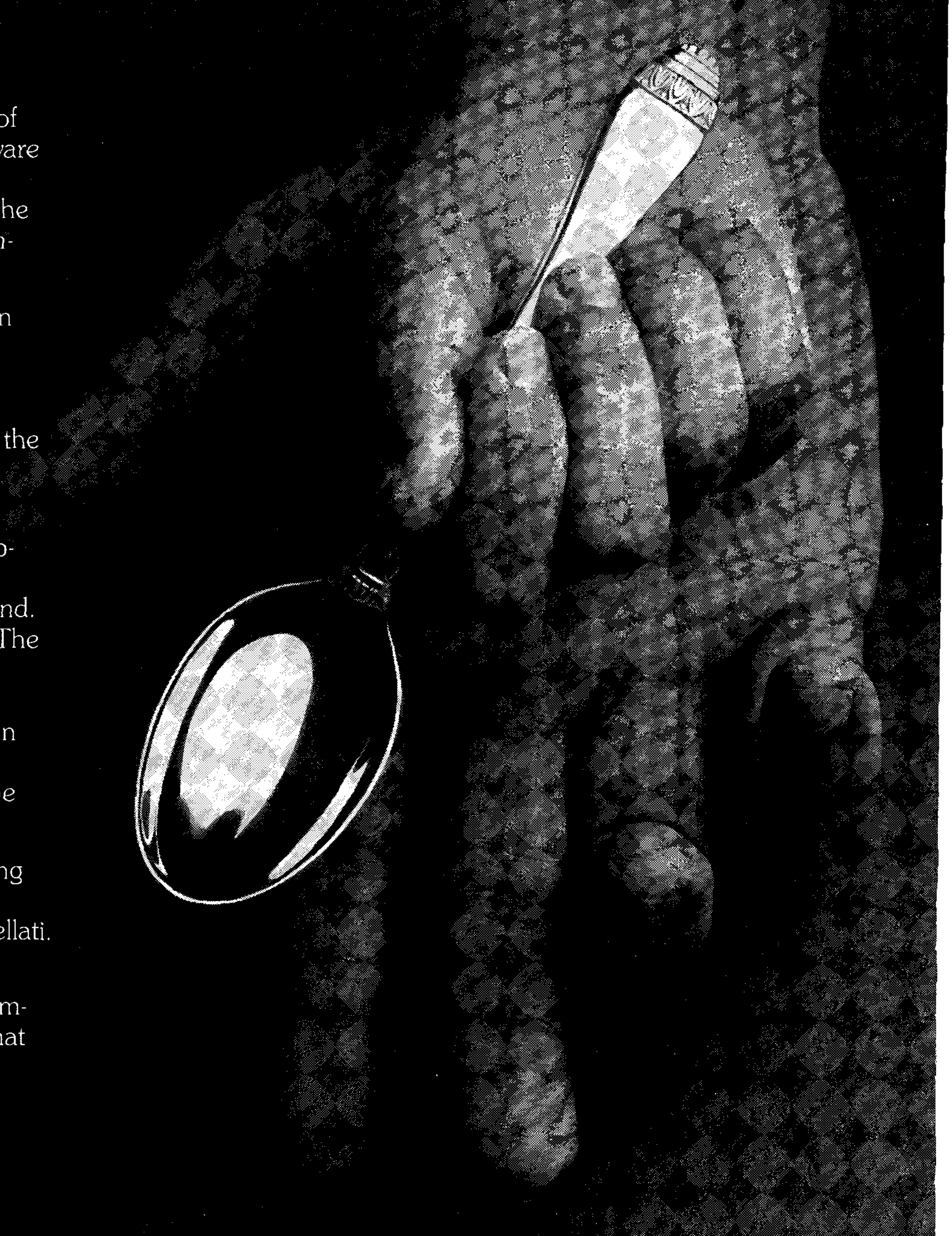

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Biderman told me that he was less than sanguine about the all-volunteer effort. He was, I had learned by then, far from alone. General William C. Westmoreland, who retired as Army Chief of Staff in June, 1972, after preparing for the phase-out of the draft, wrote in response to a reporter's question a year later that he was "not confident" that the all-volunteer method could meet the military-manpower requirements; that same year, Representative F. Edward Hébert, of Louisiana, then chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, and almost invariably a strong supporter of the Department of Defense point of view, told a reporter that he looked on the end of the draft as "a grave mistake" that would soon prove "a disaster;" and even former Secretary of Defense Melvin R. Laird, who had once been a robust all-volunteer-force proponent, had expressed uncertainty about the changeover. In January, 1973, testifying before Hébert's committee, Laird had said that "no one at this point in time can guarantee absolutely that the United States can maintain an all-volunteer force for the indefinite future."

Biderman explained that his concern was essentially a philosophical matter: what effect the all-volunteer effort, as it was being carried out, would have on the nation's values, or ethics. "I must warn you that I like to throw some counterbalance against whatever seems to be the prevailing weight of social theory," he said. "The prevailing weight now emphasizes the individual. If you think of the scale of organizations, going from the smallest, most individual, even the most private, all the way up to the global—well, lately the tendency has been to count the more immediate as the more valuable. The individual is considered more important than the neighborhood, the neighborhood more important than the community, and so on. When you get to the nation, it is almost derogated. And as for international organizations!" Biderman held up his hands in a gesture of mock horror. "At other times in our history, our value orientation has been quite the reverse, but, nevertheless, the fashions of individualism, of hedonistic rationality, of localism, and all the rest are really very much in line with the American tradition—or some part of it," he went on. "I have considerable appreciation and empathy for that point of view. But I have to recognize, intellectually, that other orders of organization—remoter, larger, or higher—are very important, and are becoming more so. For example, with increased mobility, locality loses importance to the individual. And any particular person's life has become increasingly dependent on the activities of others, who are becoming more and more remote. That has been the tendency in historical development for millennia. I think somebody has to say, 'Wait a minute.' There are many valuable pursuits that are not distributive, that cannot be organized on a local basis, that cannot be divided up into parcels. There are all the things economists lump together as 'public goods'—a residual category, covering all manner of things that don't have a distinctive market value. Social research, for one. I couldn't possibly deny self-interest, because I live largely out of the government trough, directly or indirectly. For a long time, the sort of thing I do was legitimated—and not only in this country—primarily on the basis of some kind of contribution to national strength vis-à-vis nefarious opponents around the world. Education, for another. We've had a crisis in education, and, I think, a considerable destruction of the values of education by trying to regard it as a *private* value. We have been overemphasizing the idea that people go to school only to improve themselves, rather than to become good citizens, or to carry on the culture, or to pursue other collective goals for the collective good. Yet those goals were the original basis for the support of public education. With that general outlook, I feel we have approached the all-volunteer force with far too little attention to the collective goal. Precious little has been said about defending the nation, or anything of that sort. Instead of national values, the planners were off immediately into job-preference schedules and wage incentives. How much additional pay is required to make military service preferable to other occupations? I think that was a systematic derogation of the communal values. The fact is that this country has got along fairly well, throughout its history, taking care of its military needs and military functions—allocating major resources to them, in fact—because there has been a very high degree of public consensus around defense-and-warfare

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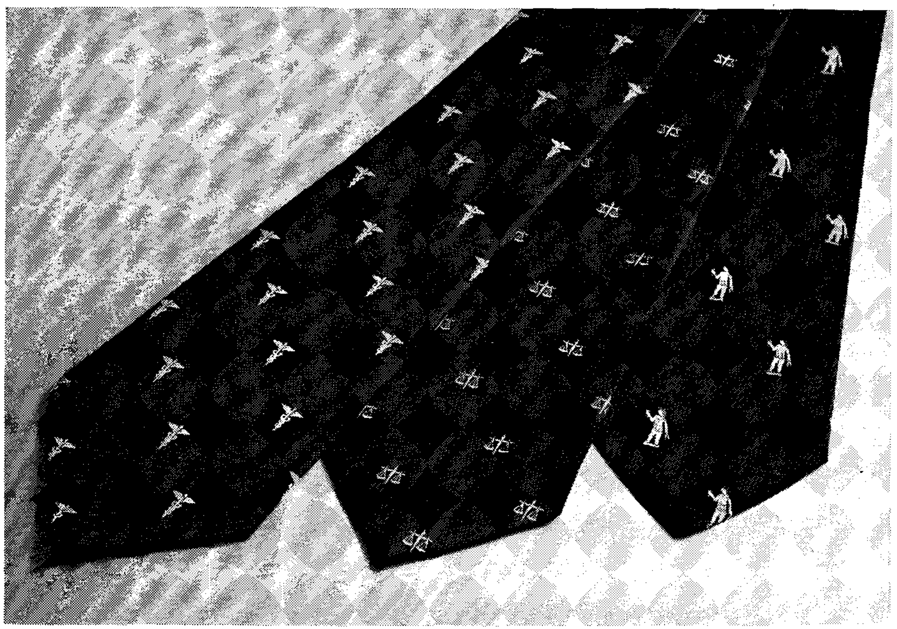

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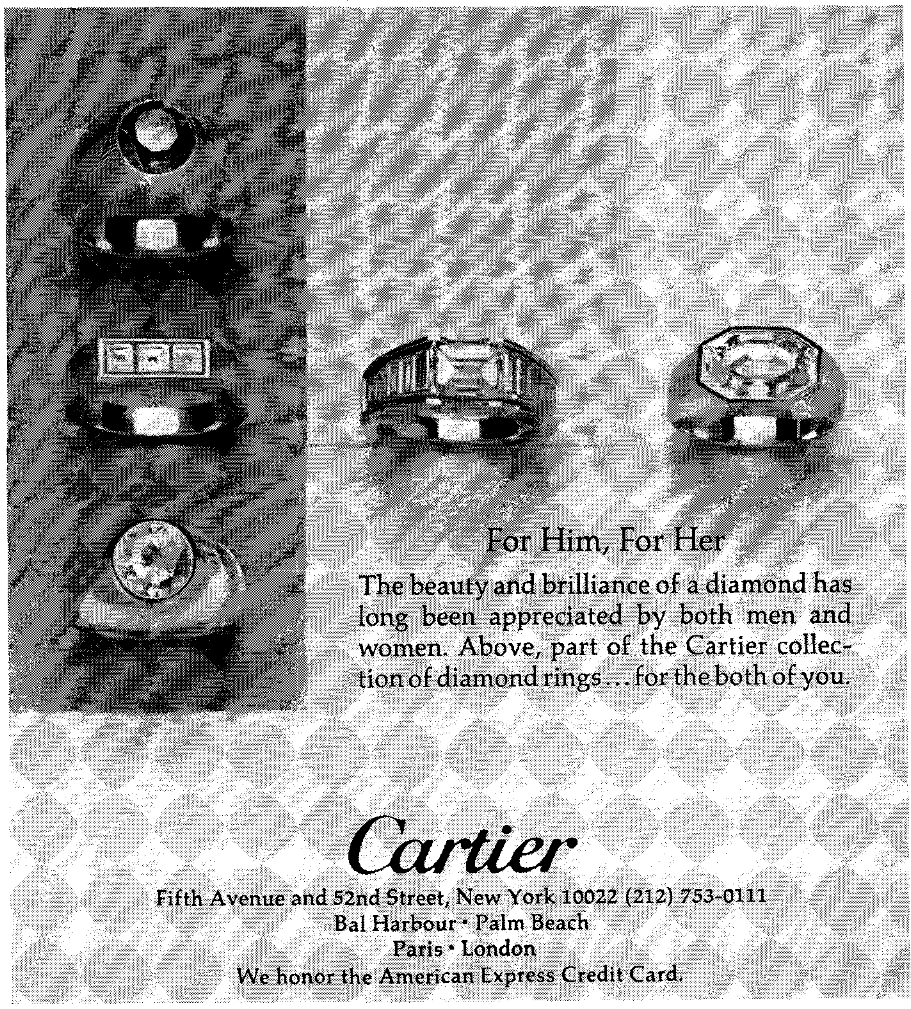

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values. Well, O.K. If you do away with that consensus deliberately, by belittling these particular collective, national values, how is the military to be legitimated? What alternative way is there?"

One answer to that question, I knew from having read several of Biderman's articles and papers, might be a great broadening of the military's function. A few years ago, at one of the I.U.S. meetings, Biderman proposed, in a paper he delivered, that we change the name of the military from the United States Armed Forces to the United States National Service Forces, and that we commit the military, as part of its mission, to coping with all sorts of emergencies and disasters—floods, earthquakes, hurricanes, forest fires, electric-power failures, transportation breakdowns, refugee evacuations, and the like. Biderman argued that it would give the services something heroic to do between wars, and improve their fighting ability, war being an emergency of the most acute kind.

"It was a fundamentally outrageous suggestion," Biderman said to me. "It outraged almost everybody, I mean. A good many people were outraged—or, at least, made uncomfortable—by the assumption that the military can be adapted, and should be adapted, to the social morality and social urgencies of modern civilization; that is, that it can once again become a major vehicle for broad national service. It outraged those who were all in favor of the Peace Corps, the Job Corps, the Neighborhood Youth Corps—you name it. Many of those thinkers considered the military a basic source of evil, forgetting that the organizations they admire are all modelled to some extent on military precedents. I do not see why we should create *new* organizations for such peacetime tasks. So I offended the pacifists, and I offended most of the military, along with their civilian supporters—all those who believe that warfare is the fundamental justification for military institutions—the people-killing business, period. Still, I like it. Up until Hiroshima and Nagasaki, you know, military service was almost the only part of our national life that symbolized collective self-sacrifice for the common good. Almost everything else was highly individualistic—self-serving, in fact. And 'national service' is much more accurate than 'people-killing' as a job description of what most people in the military do most of the time—that is, supply, communicate, organize, build,

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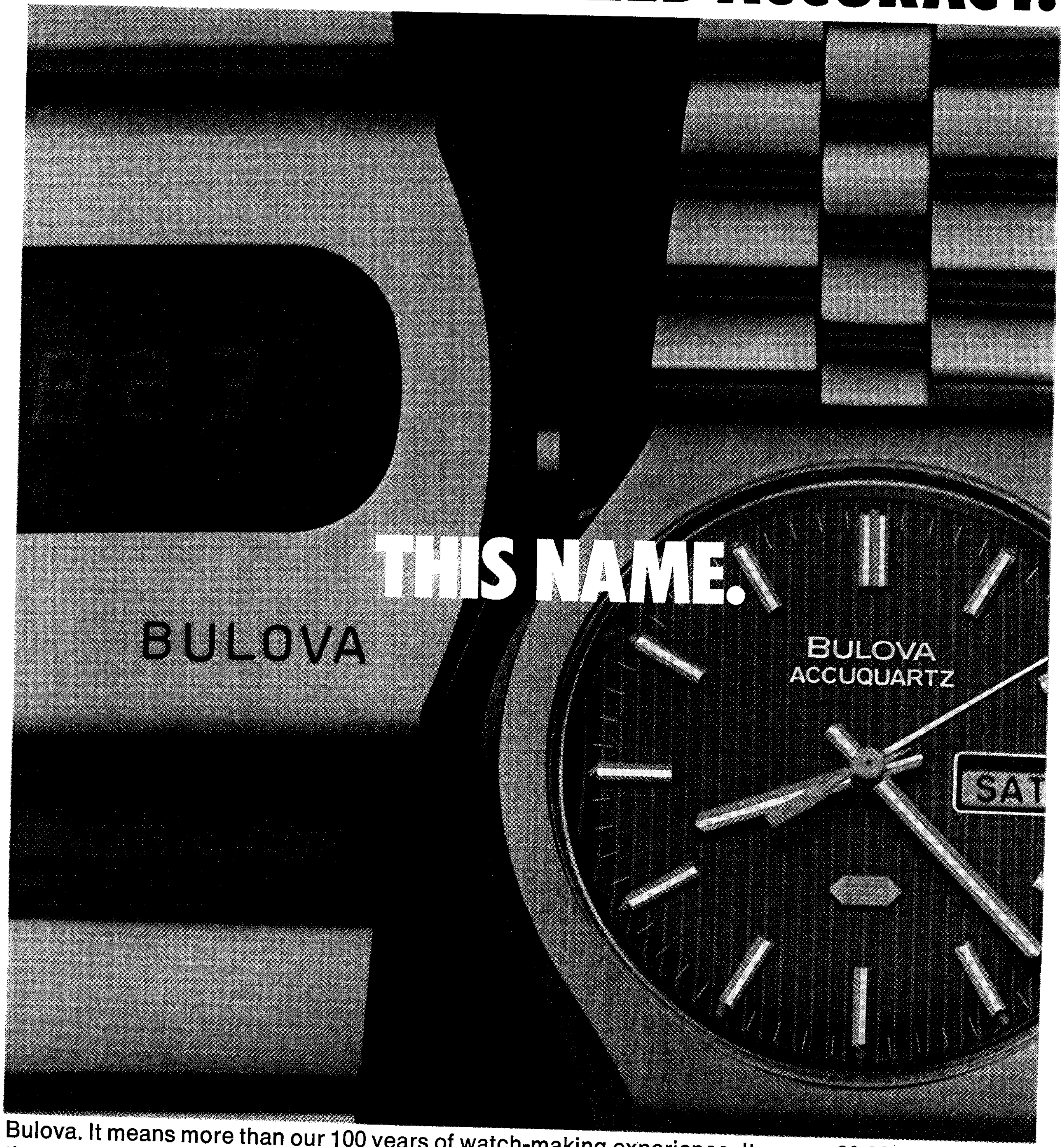

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manage, transport, train, heal. All as applicable to civil needs as to war. Moreover, whenever we get into really big trouble—when the Mississippi River Valley is flooded—we do call on the military on an ad-hoc basis, because the military alone has the available men, machines, and organization. The civilian authorities finally turn to the military, but the military would perform far better—its effectiveness could be multiplied many times—if everyone agreed in advance that such emergencies were the military's job."

Biderman pointed out that demographers expect eighty per cent of our population to be living in urban areas by the year 2000. Our disaster potential increases as our society grows more complex, more interdependent, and physically and geographically more concentrated, he said. That potential is far greater now than it was a generation ago. "The kill-and-casualty factor in all emergencies has been magnified, and we need a corresponding elevation in our capacity for handling emergencies," he went on. "In this day and age, you cannot even pretend that disasters can be handled by voluntary associations like the Red Cross. Yet the Red Cross feels that it is the right mechanism. It has taken over the official role. The Red Cross is one of the many obstacles in the way of my proposal. In every city, the ambulance services are dreadfully disorganized. They always have been; in fact, we are just starting to get some rationality into *any* of our municipal emergency services. Firefighting is extremely archaic and tradition-bound. It would be enormously interesting to see what would happen if the massive logistical, organizational, and manpower resources of the armed forces were applied, with explicit and rationalized planning, to any of these problems. Forest fires, say. If we were to make even a halfhearted effort to mobilize the capacity of our military forces for dropping things from the air, and for coördinating air and ground operations, I suspect that we might be able to *end* the menace of uncontrolled forest fires."

Above all, Biderman's National Service Forces would be expected to cope with violent threats to the nation's existence and to international order. His premise is that organizations that continually perform real work in the real world are better prepared for combat than those that spend most of their time on "make-work and fake-work," in his phrase. "If we got our-

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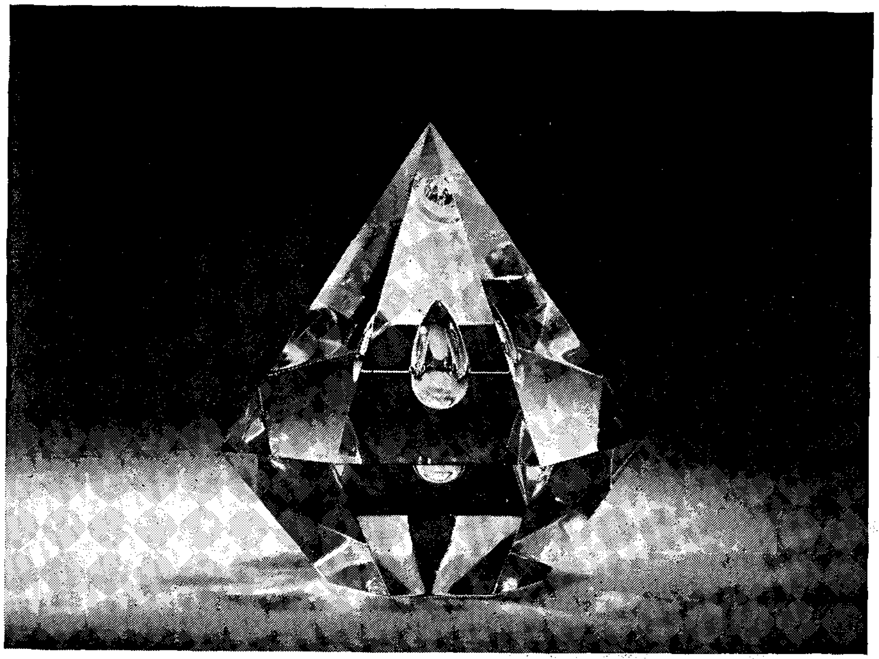
selves well organized for the 'routine' crises—'routine' in the sense that you expect them to happen at least every decade or so—we would be very far along toward being able to deal with a peculiar crisis, like nuclear attack," he said. "In the military, as elsewhere, skills develop mostly in the course of doing jobs. And, conversely, all those military virtues, the qualities that trained soldiers are supposed to acquire in their military training, like physical fitness, the ability to live in the field, to accept some physical hardship, the discipline necessary for order and concert in a mass organization, basic knowledge of first aid—all these are just what firefighting, flood-victim rescue, and the rest require. I've wanted to see some such redefinition for a long time, but the all-volunteer force makes it urgent. We are confronted by a paradox. There is no likelihood that we can cut back our conventional forces to any great extent in the near future, no matter how successfully we curb our own tendencies toward adventures like the ones in the Dominican Republic and in Vietnam, and yet there is obvious distaste on the part of a great many young people for the military calling as a way of life. That means—to mention just one of many problems—that the military no longer meets an important need; namely, a 'way out' for those trapped in intolerable life situations as a result of poverty, lack of education, or what have you. The haven is still there. But if it is not very attractive it is not a haven. For a young man who sees the military as immoral because doing violence is its whole justification, enlisting just won't do. I believe that the maintenance of something like the French Foreign Legion—as a safety valve for civilian pressure that has become too great—is an important government function. But it needs to be updated to present-day realities. The National Service Forces could give those kids whose needs are not being met by schools and industry, and who are idealists, a chance to express their idealism. The ecology and the peace movements did it to some extent—taking the young beyond their purely personal concerns to a commitment to a larger cause. The military could be redefined as a structure that serves the nation, and serves the international community in times of crisis, whether the crisis is made by nature or made by man. We would get away from violence—from death-dealing—as the military's entire justification. We would have to reverse the tendency to ritualize violence. We



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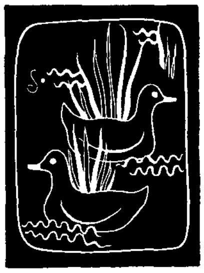
would have to evolve a new doctrine: we would have to say that the mission of the military is *curbing* violence as a force affecting the destiny of the United States. There you could have a high purpose—the goal of maintaining a peaceful, thuggery-free international order."

A FEW days after my meeting with Dr. Biderman, I went to the Pentagon to call on Stephen E. Herbits, who was then Special Assistant to the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Manpower and Reserve Affairs. As I quickly found out, Herbits was passionately in favor of the all-volunteer effort, and was extremely knowledgeable about it. He assured me vigorously that, no matter what I had heard or read, there was no reason that it shouldn't work.

In view of the importance of his job, I was surprised by Herbits' youth. He was thirty-one years old, I learned later, but he looked younger. He was neatly dressed in a cream-colored summer suit of conservative-mod cut. He had curly brown hair worn medium-long, and his cheeks were pink. Speaking in short bursts of carefully chosen words, he reeled off manpower statistics one after another without referring to notes. Herbits, who comes from Pittsfield, Massachusetts, studied government, economics, and political science at Tufts University, from which he graduated in 1964. He expected to go into the insurance business, but after working with a Boston company as an underwriting assistant he got involved in politics. Although he had never been a Republican, Herbits admired Massachusetts' Attorney General Edward W. Brooke, and in 1966, when Brooke ran for the Senate, Herbits worked in his campaign. After Brooke won the election, Herbits went down to Washington and found a job on the staff of the Wednesday Group, an association of twenty-five Republican members of Congress who study and report on public issues. Herbits was a staff researcher and editorial assistant, and his first assignment, which he received in January of 1967, was to look into the subject of draft reform. The Wednesday Group had already reported on the inequities of the Selective Service System, and quite a few prominent people—including both Adlai Stevenson, in 1956, and Barry Goldwater, in 1964—had suggested all-volunteer forces as an alternative to the draft. Even President Johnson had unenthusiastically expressed some interest in investigating the possibility of phasing out the draft, although not for a decade or so. Johnson, of course, was then enmeshed in the Vietnam war, and the Selective Service System, whatever its shortcomings, allowed him to increase draft calls at will, without additional congressional permission or public fanfare. Johnson's Secretary of Defense, Robert S. McNamara, had thrown cold water on suggestions for all-volunteer forces. Among the disadvantages of such a system, McNamara had said, was that it would cost seventeen billion dollars a year; in one speech in Montreal he had rounded the figure off to twenty billion.



Herbits' research convinced him and the Wednesday Group that the only way to correct the draft's inequities was to eliminate the draft, and that the cost argument was specious. It was true that in order to attract volunteers Congress would have to agree to raise the military pay scales, and especially the pay for first-termers—newly enlisted men and women, who were being paid conspicuously less than they would have been for comparable civilian work. It appeared, though, that such pay increases would cost nearer four billion dollars than twenty billion. Herbits believed that the gap between the first-termers' pay and civilian wages amounted to an undeclared tax on the first-termers. He realized, too, that under the existing system there was another cost, which no one was counting. The armed services were wasting billions on training first-termers who quit as soon as they were able, and were also giving advanced technical training to others who quit as soon as they could get more from civilian employers than the military paid. In May, 1957, the Defense Advisory Committee on Professional and Technical Compensation, headed by Ralph Cordiner, the president of General Electric, and appointed by Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson, had reported that the military-compensation system was unreasonable in that it was based on length of service. Higher salaries that were paid sooner, and included incentive and proficiency pay, could increase technical efficiency to the point where the Department of Defense might save as much as five billion dollars a year, the committee's report said. Cordiner added, in an interview a few months later, that such reforms could permit the draft to be ended. As Herbits dug deeper into the complexities of

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the subject, one question haunted him above all others: How did Selective Service decide how many men to draft each month? The answer was that the number came from the Department of Defense, which got it from its own Office of Procurement Policy (then headed by Harold Wool). The Office of Procurement Policy did not feel like telling Herbits how it did its arithmetic. Instead, it provided him with a mountain of charts and statistics, presumably unaware that he had been an insurance analyst. Herbits read and read, and found hidden in that mountain evidence proving to him that volunteers alone could easily have satisfied the Defense Department's needs—even in 1966, when nearly 340,000 draftees had been called up. Herbits felt that the public was being hoodwinked.

In December of 1966, just before Herbits went to work ferreting out information for the Wednesday Group—specifically, for a five-man "task force" on draft reform, consisting of Representatives Robert T. Stafford, of Vermont; Frank Horton, of New York; Richard S. Schweiker, of Pennsylvania; Garner E. Shriver, of Kansas; and Charles W. Whalen, of Ohio—the University of Chicago, with a Ford Foundation grant, organized a noteworthy four-day conference on Selective Service problems. It was run by Professor Sol Tax, of the Anthropology Department, with the help of Professor Janowitz and several other University of Chicago faculty members, and Professor Roger W. Little, of the Sociology Department of the University of Illinois. They assembled more than a score of authorities of many kinds and various opinions, including Lieutenant General Lewis B. Hershey, director of the Selective Service System (who, unsurprisingly, did not see that much of anything was the matter with it); Senator Edward M. Kennedy, of Massachusetts; Harold Wool, of the Department of Defense; and Margaret Mead, of the American Museum of Natural History. The Chicago conference did not arrive at any formal conclusions, nor had it been expected to, but half a dozen of the conferees, including Janowitz and Biderman, expressed the conviction that the definition of service needed overhaul as badly as the machinery of selection. They wanted to see the definition broadened to include a variety of options—jobs in the Coast Guard, the Public Health Service, the Peace Corps, a police-cadet corps, a national teachers' corps, and so on, and not just in the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, and

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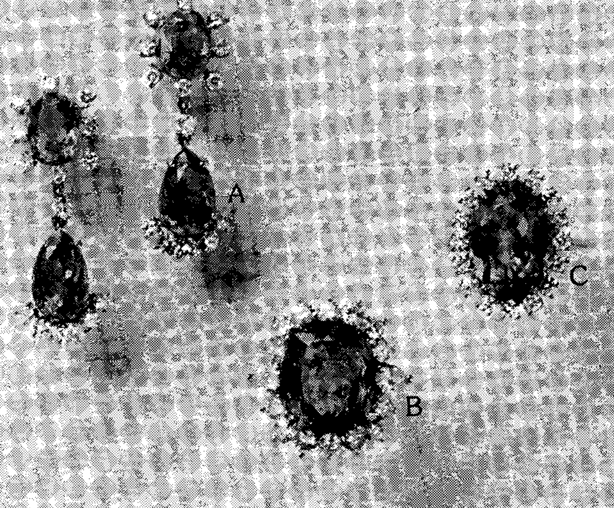

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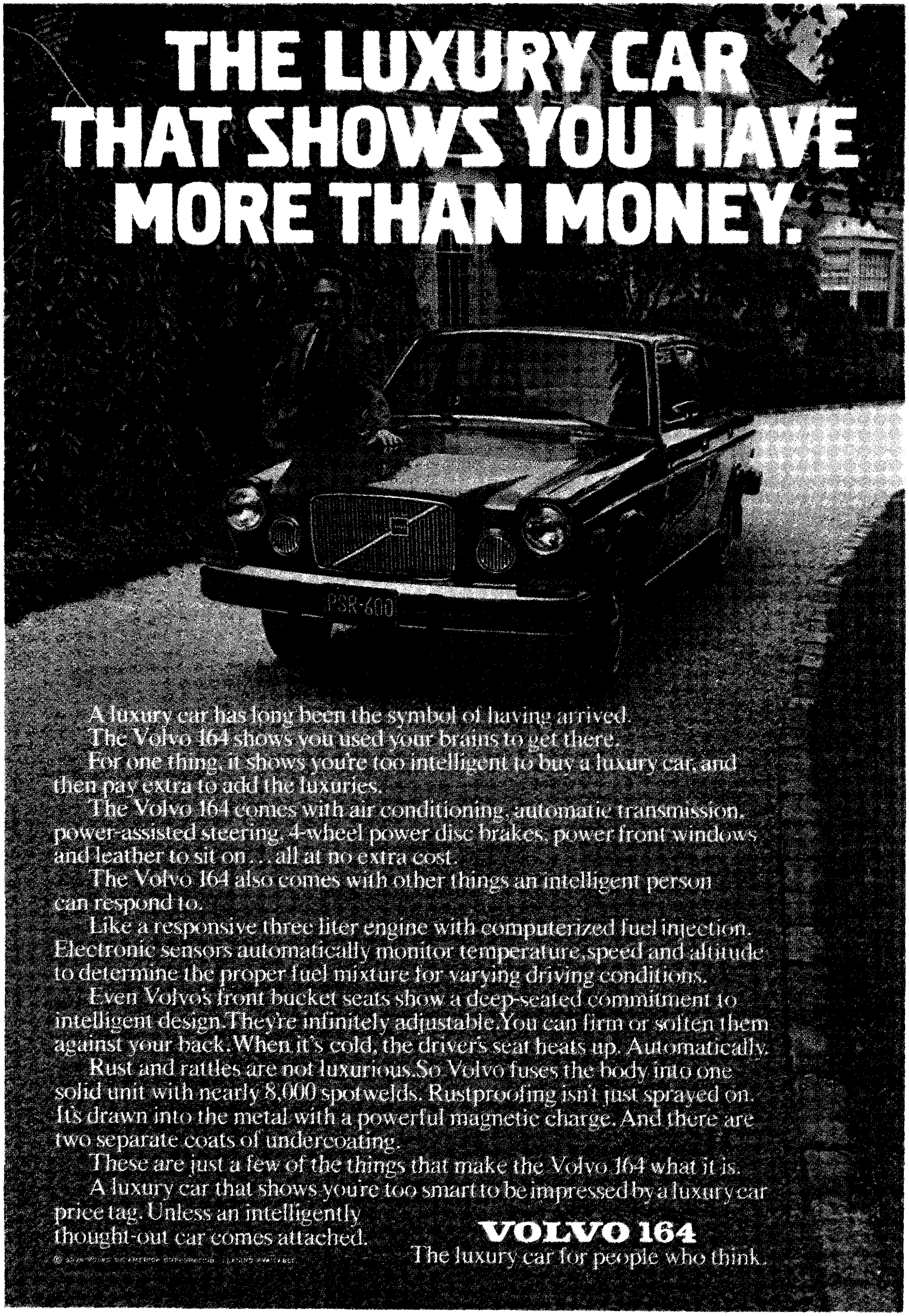

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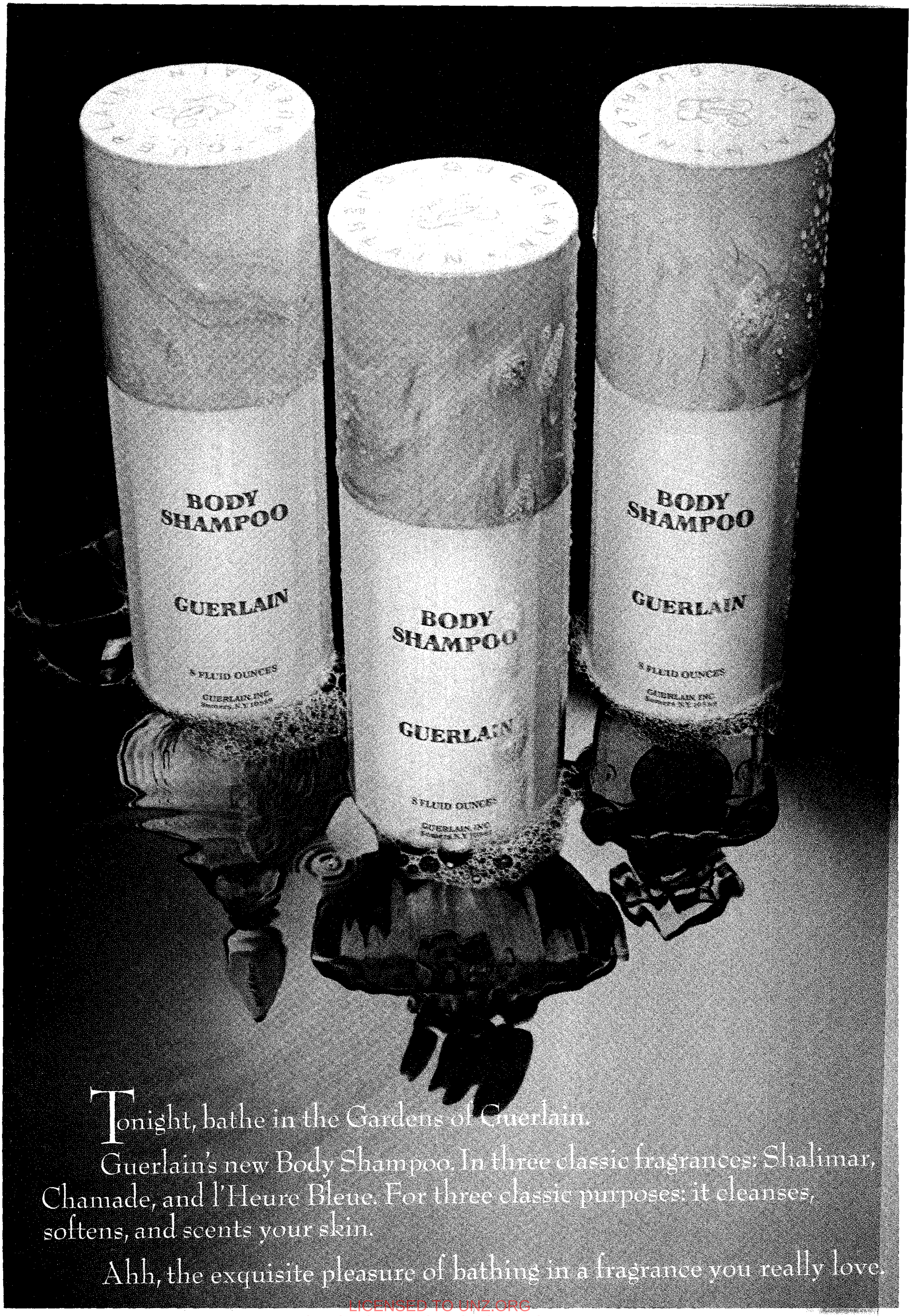
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the Marine Corps—so that, starting at eighteen or nineteen, practically every eligible young man would perform a national service of some kind for a couple of years. A number of conference participants, going further, declared, for different reasons, that the draft was unnecessary or evil, or both, and should be ended. Professor Milton Friedman, of the University of Chicago's Department of Economics, was among this radical lot—for conservative, marketplace economic reasons. He delivered a brisk, no-nonsense paper entitled "Why Not a Voluntary Army?" and his answer to his own question was simple. The military, he said, could get more than enough volunteers by making a more attractive offer. At a time when a nineteen-year-old white high-school graduate would have earned forty per cent less in the military than the average he could expect in a civilian job, Friedman cited estimates that the starting pay for enlisted men would have to be raised from about forty-five dollars a week—a figure that included an estimate of the value of clothing, food, housing, medical care, and various other items furnished in kind—to something like eighty or a hundred, and that the men's living conditions would have to be improved.

In the following months, Friedman continued to write articles in favor of the all-volunteer system, and in May, 1967, with Sanford Gottlieb, executive director of SANE, and a number of other enthusiasts, he helped form the Council for a Volunteer Military. There were quite a few other believers in 1967, including Herbits; a book called "How to End the Draft: The Case for an All-Volunteer Army" was published in November by the Wednesday Group task force, with much of the research provided by the group's staff director, Douglas Bailey, and Herbits. But Friedman's free-market argument was what impressed Richard Nixon, who was getting ready to run for President in 1968. Friedman was associated with the group of men who were advising Nixon on campaign issues, and Nixon realized that the all-volunteer idea had great popular appeal; not only did it promise an end to the draft, which was hated for its own sake and had also become a symbol of our Vietnam involvement, but it was attractive also to those who shared Friedman's concern for preserving the freedom of individuals to serve or not to serve as they saw fit. At Nixon's behest, an all-volunteer plank was included in the Republican Party platform, and in his campaign Nixon promised to move toward the all-vol-

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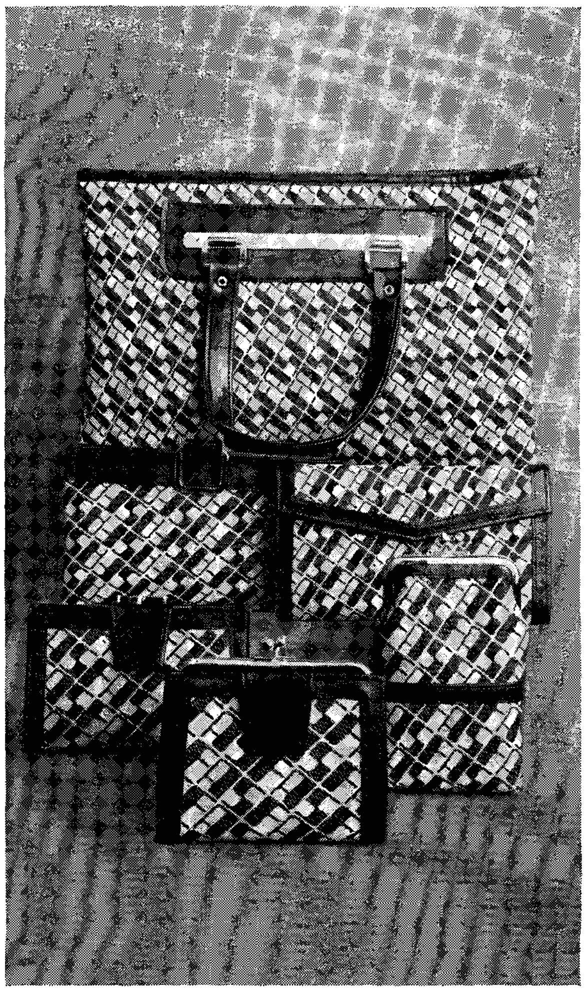

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unteer system as soon as he had ended the Vietnam conflict.

In the spring of 1969, although a date for the end of our fighting in Southeast Asia remained elusive, Nixon appointed a fifteen-man commission to develop a detailed plan for moving toward an all-volunteer force. The chairman was Thomas S. Gates, who had been Secretary of Defense in the last year of the Eisenhower Administration, and the youngest of the commissioners was Stephen Herbits. Herbits had entered Georgetown University Law Center that fall, and he could have been considered a representative of youth, although, having just celebrated his twenty-seventh birthday, he was not concerned about the draft in the same way that younger men were. He was on the commission on his own initiative. In a story in the New York *Times* he had seen a hint that such a commission might be appointed, and he had conducted a small campaign on his own behalf. "Since I'd spent more than two years studying the subject, and had come to believe that an all-volunteer force was possible, practicable, and desirable," Herbits once explained to an interviewer, "I wanted to be able to argue my position forcefully as a commission member." A letter to the White House written by Representative Stafford, which Representatives Horton, Schweiker, Shriver, and Whalen also signed, got Herbits his appointment.

The Gates Commission was expected to plan, not just debate, an all-volunteer force—a point that some of the commissioners did not clearly understand. There were other all-volunteer enthusiasts besides Herbits in the group—W. Allen Wallis, the president of the University of Rochester; Thomas Curtis, a vice-president of Encyclopædia Britannica; Alan Greenspan, the economic consultant; and Milton Friedman—but Chairman Gates, for one, initially had a few doubts about whether an all-volunteer system would work. So did two former Supreme Allied Commanders of the NATO forces who were also members of the commission—retired Generals Alfred Gruenther and Lauris Norstad. Crawford Greenewalt, chairman of the finance committee of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, questioned the morality of depending on higher pay to make people serve their country, but Friedman kept insisting that underpaying them was worse.

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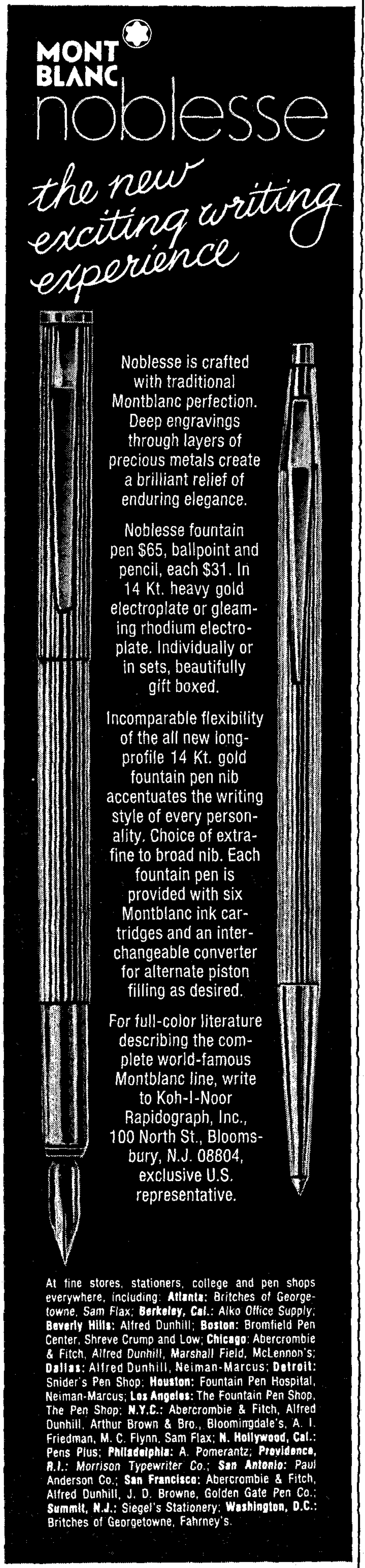

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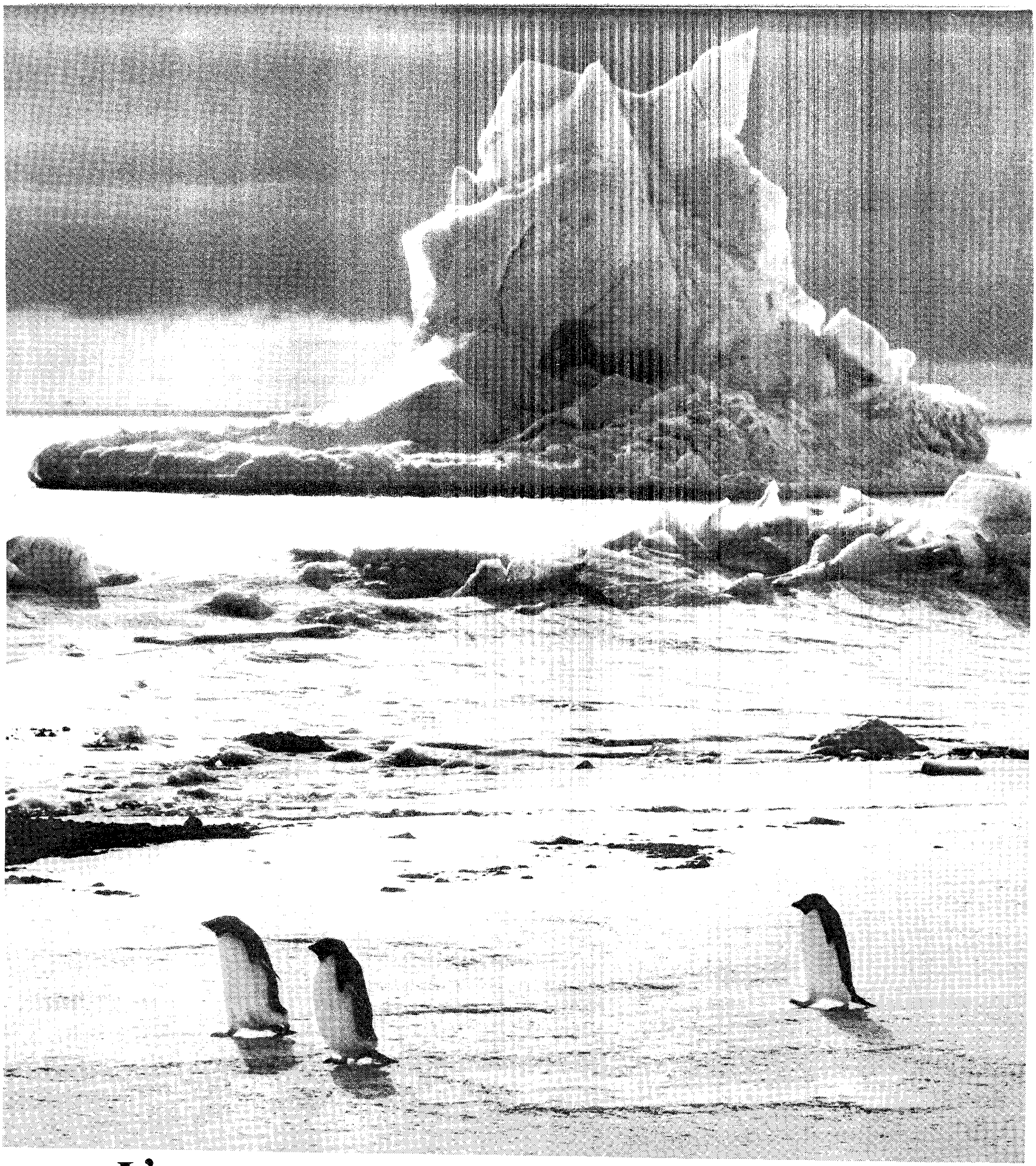
data processors, and researchers, working under Dean William H. Meckling, of the University of Rochester's Graduate School of Management, compiled the statistical foundation for a final report, two hundred and eleven pages long, supporting an all-volunteer force. When the report was sent to President Nixon, on February 20, 1970, Chairman Gates pointed out in a covering letter, "We unanimously believe that the nation's interests will be better served by an all-volunteer force, supported by an effective standby draft, than by a mixed force of volunteers and conscripts; that steps should be taken promptly to move in this direction; and that the first indispensable step is to remove the present inequity in the pay of men serving their first term in the armed forces."

During the next two and a half years, Herbits, in addition to finishing law school and passing his bar examinations, worked hard to help those who wanted to speed the transition of the all-volunteer force from promise to reality. He had a modicum of influence as a former Gates Commission member, but most of his power came from his job as staff assistant to Representative Stafford, who became Senator Stafford in September, 1971, by gubernatorial appointment, after the death of Senator Winston Prouty. Herbits was a lobbyist for the all-volunteer force, racing around Washington, often in the company of other equally enthusiastic congressional aides, and explaining to anyone who would listen that the Gates Commission's recommendations should be acted on right away. President Nixon did not forget his promise to end the draft, but the indispensable first step—a drastic rise in first-termers' pay—was not accomplished until late in 1971, when Congress raised their minimum monthly salary from a hundred and forty-five dollars to two hundred and eighty-eight dollars. That was only thirteen dollars less than the Gates Commission economists had suggested. At the same time, the Selective Service System was extended for two more years—to June 30, 1973. Though that move disappointed Herbits, he naturally felt that a two-year extension was preferable to a four-year extension, which was what supporters of the draft had hoped for. As the American withdrawal from Southeast Asia continued (the first small troop reductions had taken place in 1969), draft calls were sharply reduced. In theory, as the active-duty forces shrank from just over three million in 1970 to two and a third million in 1972, and additional shrinkage was scheduled, a reduction of draft calls to zero ought not to have been difficult if the four recruiting commands had been doing their all-out best to hunt for volunteers. Up to that point, they had not had to hunt. The Air Force, the Navy, and the Marines were essentially all-volunteer forces already. The Air Force had never needed conscripts; on occasion, the Navy and the Marines had needed some, though never many. But all three had been getting volunteers who were merely avoiding the likelihood of assignment to the Army. Even the Army had been getting masses of draft-motivated volunteers, because volunteering gave them a choice of where in the Army they might serve.

Much of the burden of improving recruiting, in anticipation of the day when the all-volunteer force would become a reality, descended on Roger Kelley, a personnel-management expert, who had gone to the Department of Defense from the Caterpillar Tractor Company, of Peoria, Illinois. As one of nine Assistant Secretaries of Defense, he was in charge of Manpower and Reserve Affairs and was also chairman of the department's Project Volunteer Committee, which had been established in March, 1969, to do what it could to help the services prepare for the transition. Project Volunteer had several hundred million dollars a year to spend on improving recruiting stations, improving living quarters for enlisted personnel, hiring civilians for irritating jobs like kitchen police, increasing educational opportunities for servicemen, and so on. Kelley's particular concern was fair treatment for blacks and other minority-group servicemen and women, and he was especially concerned with the integration of off-base housing. In 1970, Kelley's efforts on the Army's behalf were assisted by two talented officers, Lieutenant General George Forsythe and Colonel Robert Montague, who were working for Chief of Staff Westmoreland along similar lines.

Herbits spent much of 1972, with Senator Stafford's approval, lobbying for various bills in Congress which would help recruiters. He worked for the Armed Forces Enlisted Personnel Bonus Revision Act—a schedule of bonuses for enlistments and reënlistments and incentives for encouraging



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some specialists, like doctors, to get commissions—which became law in May of 1974. (There was subsequently an attempt to bring back kitchen police, and Herbits helped defeat it.)

The last draft call was issued in December, 1972. All those who favored the draft or distrusted the all-volunteer idea wanted the President's authority to induct to be extended beyond its expiration date of June 30, 1973. The friends of the all-volunteer system, for their part, hoped that the first half of 1973 would show that conscripts were not needed. During this trial-run period, as it happened, the Department of Defense was often leaderless. Secretary of Defense Laird left the Pentagon in January; Elliot Richardson, who took his place, stayed only three months, and left to become Attorney General. The Deputy Secretary of Defense, William P. Clements, actually made most day-to-day decisions for about five months, until James Schlesinger, arriving from the C.I.A., was confirmed by the Senate, on June 28th. Assistant Secretary Kelley returned to the Caterpillar Company in June, and Montague, who was now a brigadier general, and who had been exhorting the recruiting commands, was transferred to a post in which he could practice what he had been preaching: he was made second-in-command of the Army's Recruiting Command, at Fort Sheridan, near Chicago. Meanwhile, President Nixon, true to his second round of campaign promises, had announced, in March, that he would not request a renewal of his authority to induct men. If the services needed more men, Congress would have to go through the full legislative process of subcommittee, committee, and conference-committee action in order to revive that power. However, the Selective Service System, greatly reduced in size, would continue to register young men as they turned eighteen, just to keep track of their names and addresses.

Before Kelley left the Pentagon, he hired Herbits to work in the office of the Assistant Secretary for Manpower and Reserve Affairs. It was Herbits' job to assist the Assistant Secretary to assist the Secretary of Defense to make a go of the all-volunteer force; and it was the job of the Secretary of Defense, acting for the President, to make sure that it succeeded. It was also the job of the four service chiefs—General Creighton W. Abrams, Army; Admiral Elmo R. Zumwalt, Jr., Navy; General George S. Brown, Air Force; and General Robert E. Cushman, Jr.,

Alan Paine

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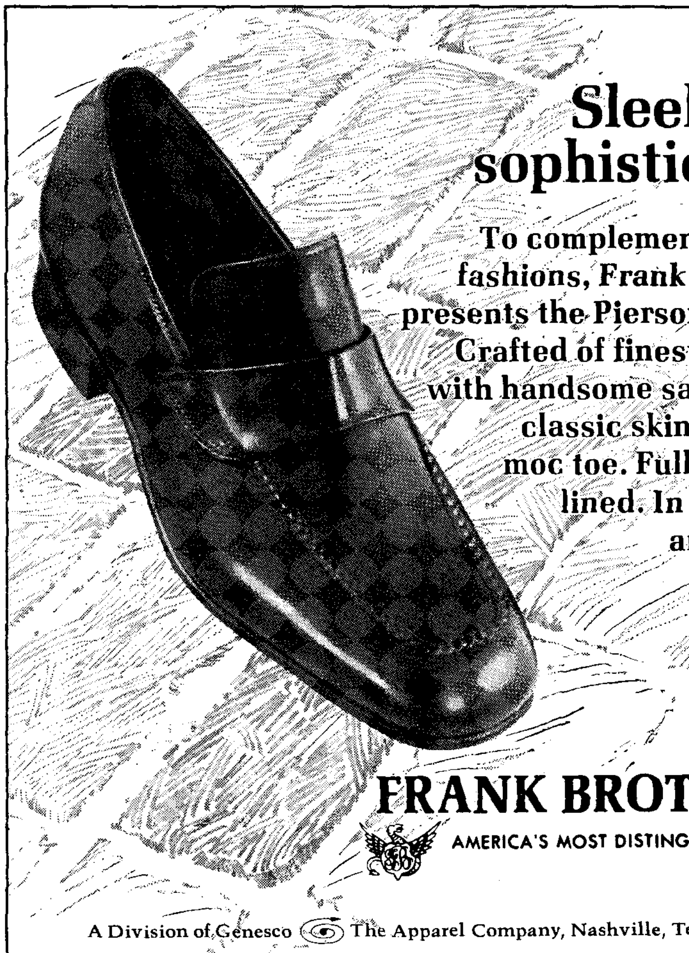
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Marine Corps—to make sure that it succeeded. Whatever doubts these higher-ups had—and they all had more than Herbits—were not supposed to show.

AFTER Herbits had run through this recent history, he had me sit down in the chair behind his desk, armed himself with a black grease crayon, and made a presentation packed with statistics on the latest recruiting figures. He stood in front of a tall easel that held a pad of kindergarten-sized drawing paper, and as he rattled along he drew graphs, charts, and trend lines, and scrawled numbers. Herbits may have felt slightly defensive about the numbers, which were somewhat less than the department had desired; still, he insisted stoutly that nothing so far could be taken as an indication that the all-volunteer *idea* was wrong. He admitted that there were troubles, and that mistakes had been made, but he seemed certain that various corrections, most of them already begun, would greatly improve the over-all picture within months.

After Herbits had finished his summation, I asked him whether quality was a problem. The services could get whatever numbers of volunteers they wanted if they lowered physical, mental, and moral standards for acceptance, and some critics had maintained that they were sure to do so; indeed, some Army recruiters, not long before, had been caught helping prospects by coaching them for their qualification tests.

"I hate to sound like a Pentagon apologist, but the quality issue has been overblown," Herbits said. "We are getting about the same quality mix that we were when we had the draft. Standards for the physical examinations are the same as they were. Moral standards are the same—essentially, that means checking into a candidate's police record. If he has more against him than six moving-traffic violations in a year, he can't get in unless he gets a special waiver. We are doing well enough with the percentage of high-school graduates—the 'motivation' issue. Everybody is after high-school graduates, because ninety-five per cent of them finish their first enlistment successfully, but the truth is that *all* volunteers, whether they have high-school diplomas or not, do pretty well, provided they are otherwise qualified. Eighty per cent of those who do *not* have high-school diplomas also finish without causing any disciplinary problems. I feel we are making a lot of

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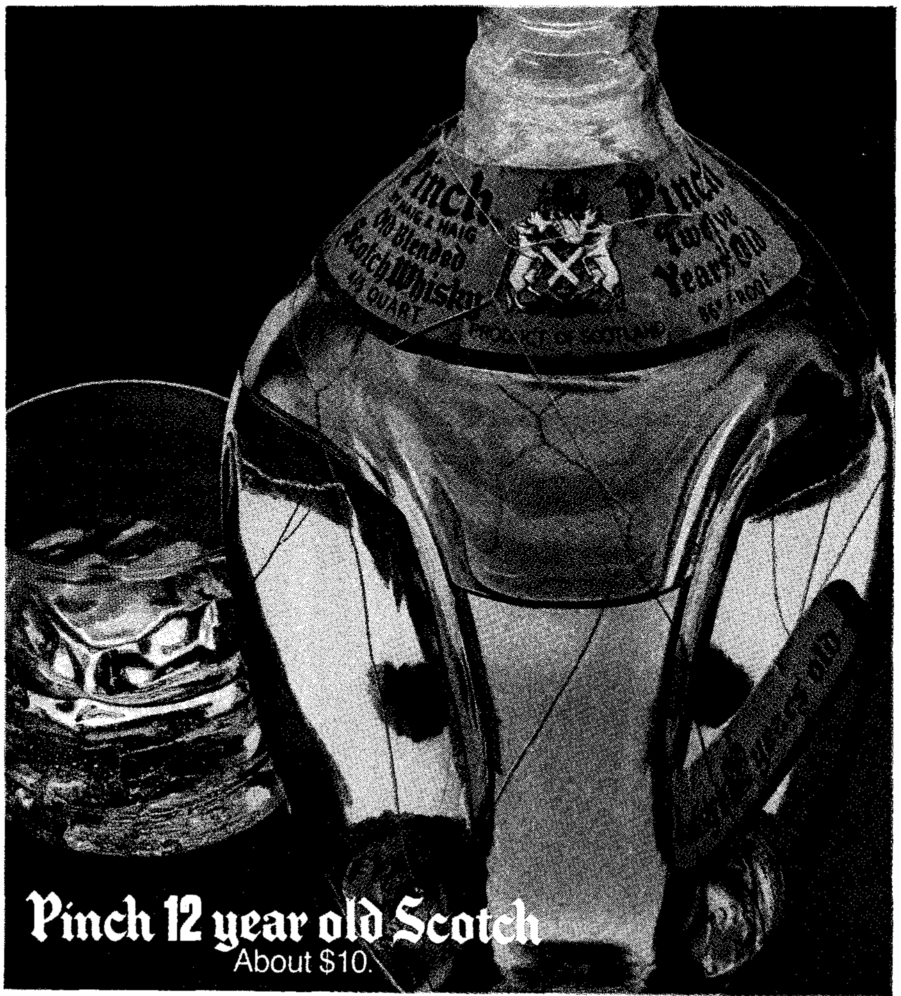

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trouble for ourselves over that fifteen-percentage-point difference. The Army has been trying to get seventy per cent high-school graduates, and missing its numbers, because that's hard. The attempt doesn't make any sense to me. Lots of high-school dropouts score higher on the qualification tests than people who stayed to get their diplomas. Nobody really knows whether a high-aptitude dropout is a good disciplinary risk or not, but he may be. If it turns out that his motivation is poor, the all-volunteer forces can do what was impossible before—send him home quickly with an honorable discharge, by mutual agreement. Sometimes I think that General Abrams has the answer. He can't bear a lot of fiddling around with the quality question. 'Give me a man,' he says, 'and I'll make him a soldier.' "

Herbits went on, "There is no problem at present about mental ability. The test scores, on the average, are higher than before. Eighty-eight per cent of the enlisted volunteers are in the top three groups; the Army's average is the lowest—something like eighty per cent. That means that the volunteers are considerably smarter than their age group as a whole; if you tested the entire population, not more than seventy per cent would score in Group III or above. Some people are upset because we are not, of course, getting any college graduates at all in the enlisted ranks. They are not volunteering, and the services wouldn't want them if they were. The draft did send college people into the enlisted ranks—men who had the option of training to become officers but didn't take it. Did they make good enlisted men? Certainly. They were very good, but they were overqualified, so they were something of a problem, too. As any personnel expert will tell you, an overqualified employee is likely not only to be dissatisfied himself but to spread dissatisfaction. All the services want college graduates, but they want them as officers, not as enlisted men. But we are not getting dumbbells, and we are not getting the very poor. At least half of the new volunteers were earning as much in civilian life as their starting military pay. Twenty per cent are accepting a *lower* income to enter the services. That's a far cry from the picture in many people's minds."

I asked Herbits whether the high percentage of blacks among the Army volunteers was upsetting the Pentagon—as I had gathered in various quarters that it was.

He said he did not think so. "The

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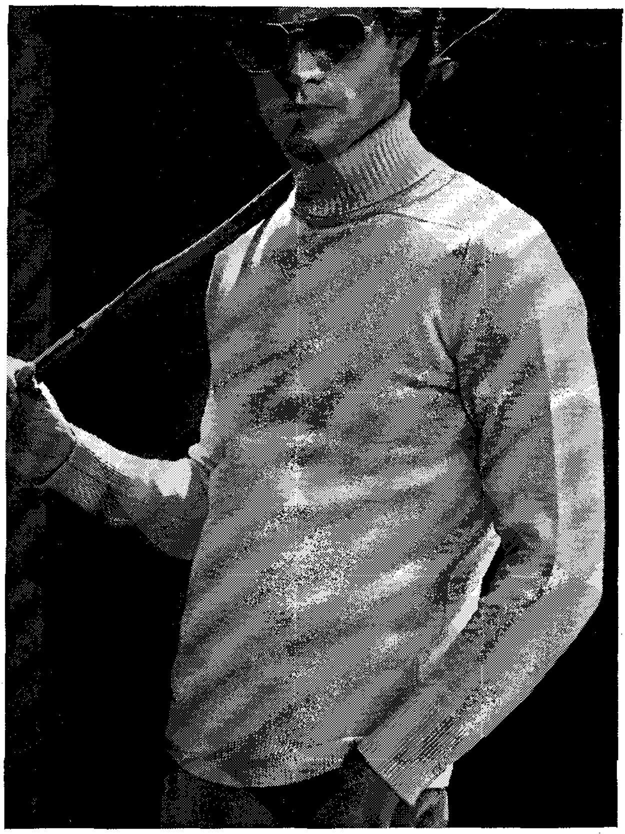

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percentages look high, but my guess is that after a year or so the percentage of blacks in the Army's enlisted ranks will not be more than a point or two higher than it was at the end of 1973—that is, it will be twenty or twenty-one per cent. I know that we are not going to have an all-black Army. I agree that the armed forces, in a general way, should be a cross-section of the society, but the Army has never set a quota for blacks or any other ethnic group, and I don't think it will. The Army has been an equal-opportunity employer for a long time. Suppose it turns out that under the all-volunteer system the Army's enlisted strength is twenty-five-per-cent black. Is that good or bad? You have to assume that black volunteers have decided for themselves that military service is preferable to their other choices—an opportunity, not a burden. And qualified volunteers make good soldiers because they are qualified. It's that simple. I find the whole issue rather phony. The percentage of blacks in the Navy is unrepresentative in the other direction; it was eight per cent at the end of 1973, and the Navy has worked hard since 1972 to get more blacks."

I asked about geographical representation, and Herbits said, "That, to my mind, is another overblown issue. We're doing a special study on it. The Department of Defense is spending a lot of money on questions it really does not need the answers to, trying to satisfy its critics. I've seen some preliminary figures. They do show that we are getting a higher proportion of volunteers—this is for all the services, not the Army alone—from the South than from anywhere else. Not surprising. The South has a strong military tradition, and a high proportion of the volunteers come from families with a background of military service. On the basis of census figures, you would expect the South to provide thirty-two per cent of the volunteers. It is actually providing thirty-seven per cent. New England and the Middle Atlantic states, which should provide twenty-two per cent, are providing only seventeen per cent. If that is a dramatic problem, I don't understand why. Incidentally, the draft was not perfectly equitable geographically, either. There were too many Southerners and not enough New Englanders then. The volunteers are coming from the same places that the mixed force came from—most of the regional correlations are within a couple of percentage points, state by state. So, to sum it all up, I think that quality will improve, not deteriorate.

Recruiting methods have improved. There is a trade-off in that: Standards can be raised, provided you are getting enough volunteers. Standards-changing is still a sore subject. We've done so much fussing with standards that the poor recruiters have hardly known from day to day whether a prospect was qualified or not. It takes a good two months, on the average, from initial contact to swearing in, to recruit a man. To lose one after all that is enough to break a recruiting sergeant's heart. In large perspective, we really don't know what we need. Whatever we need, quality levels get higher all the time—as in the civilian world. There is a smaller and smaller place for unskilled labor, or for men and women who cannot learn skills. Probably no more than ten per cent of enlisted men—perhaps twenty per cent, if you consider the Army by itself—are assigned jobs where only a minimum of technical skill is required. The rest are specialists in electronics, communications, intelligence, administration, clerical work, machine maintenance, and so on. They have to learn something—in many cases, a great deal. Exactly how high an I.Q. is required? It's hard to say. With the famous 'Project 100,000,' in 1966, we showed, by taking in and training that many Group IV men, many of them not high-school graduates, the remarkable extent to which such men could achieve acceptable levels of military job performance. Good training is critically important. A desire to succeed is critically important. The military must not disappoint people who are looking for education and skills. What percentage of your first-term men reënlist? That's a good indication of the state of things. I have only rough figures, but traditionally the percentage for enlistees has been around ten or twelve per cent, with only two or three per cent for draftees. Now we are getting more than twenty-per-cent reënlistments—not among new volunteers, as yet, but among volunteers of two and three years ago. I take that as a favorable sign." —BRUCE BLIVEN, JR.

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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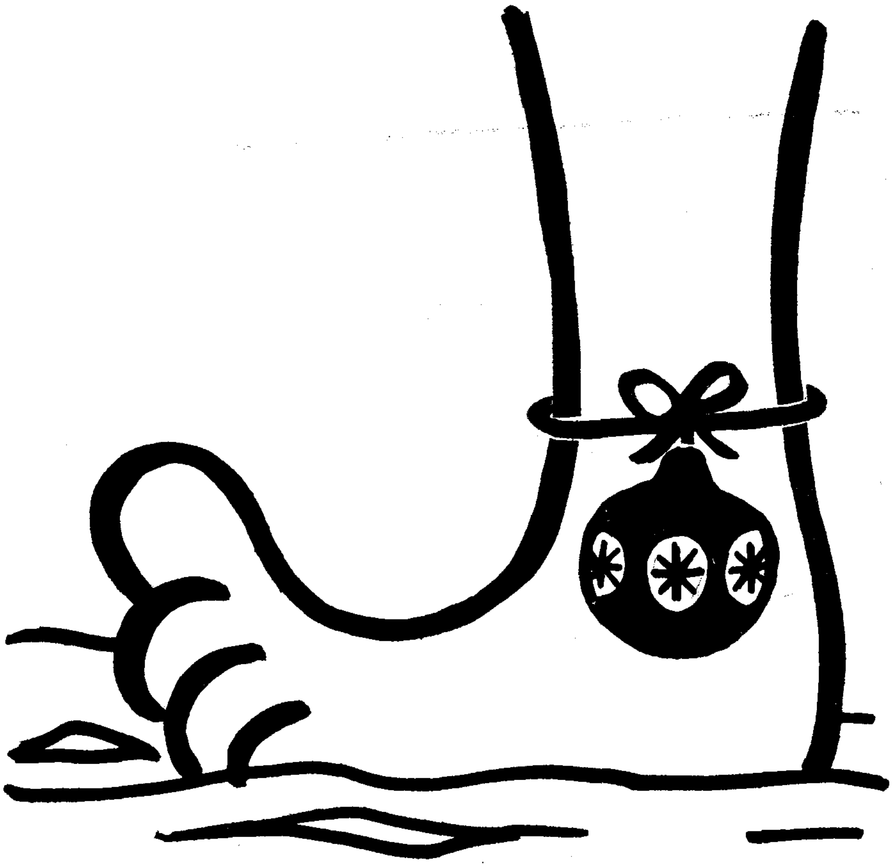
THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*Instructions received in a film album made in Japan*]

How to make the files:

Since a sheet of the file has three mountains slitted, please take away by sicossors two mountains leaving only one which is used for index.



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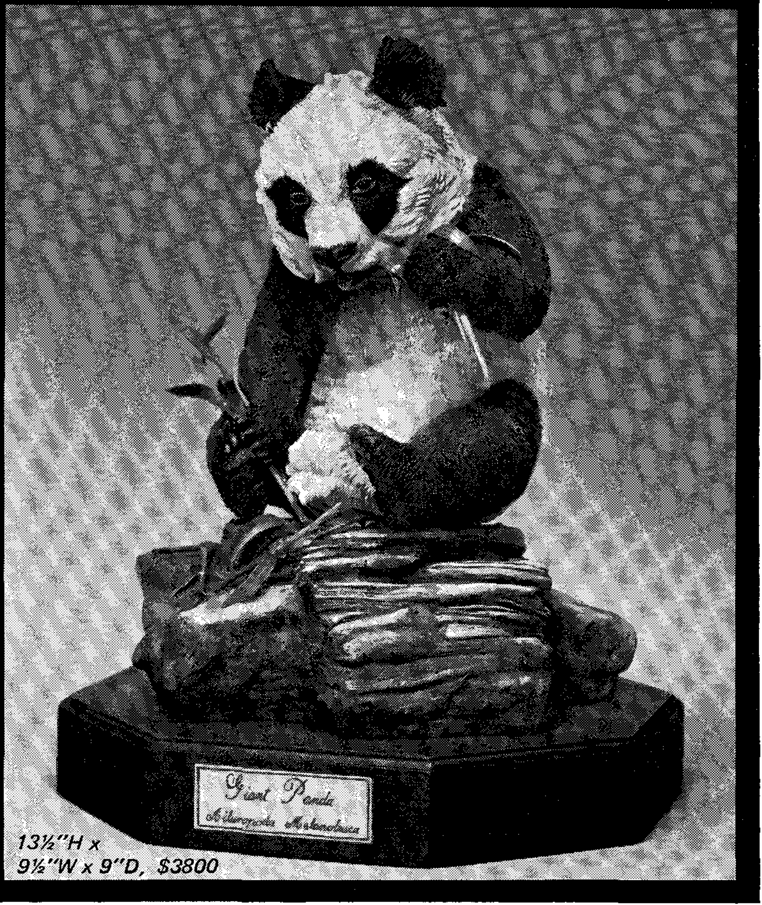

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THE THEATRE

A BACKWARD GLANCE

THE kindest thing to be said about the production of "A Musical Jubilee," at the St. James, is that it's a curiosity—I've never encountered anything like it on Broadway, and I was about to suggest that nothing like it has been encountered *any*where on sea or land, but that would appear to be an exaggeration: the rumor is that the show was originally designed to serve as an entertainment aboard a cruise ship. Now, aboard a cruise ship anything is possible, though I suspect that "entertainment" is too strong a word for the means by which time is filled between bouts of eating, drinking, and self-improvement. For my understanding is that people go on cruises nowadays not in order to sniff the bracing sea air or to catch a glimpse of exotic places but to be instructed; they are lectured on Hegel, or taught Transcendental Meditation, or are encouraged, by various systems of consented-to torture, to lose weight and/or give up smoking. If these grim Jansenist holiday-makers ever give way to being entertained, it must be in the name of education, and the whispered origin of "A Musical Jubilee" gains credibility from the fact that the show makes such an obvious, if implausible, attempt to educate its audience. The two acts are divided into categories of songs—"American Frontier," "Old Vienna," "Vaudeville," and the like—and we are invited to assume that it is the adventitious commingling of so many diverse sources that has led to the development over the decades of that superlative American invention the McCormick reaper—beg pardon, the Broadway musical. The truth is, as usual, a good deal more complicated than that, as well as a good deal more interesting. As the embodiment of a thesis, "A Musical Jubilee" is piffle; as an occasion for the revival of favorite tunes, none written later than 1938 (among them "Song of the Vagabonds," "You Are Love," "They Didn't Believe Me," "Ain't Misbehavin'"), it amounts to a pleasantly nostalgic evening.

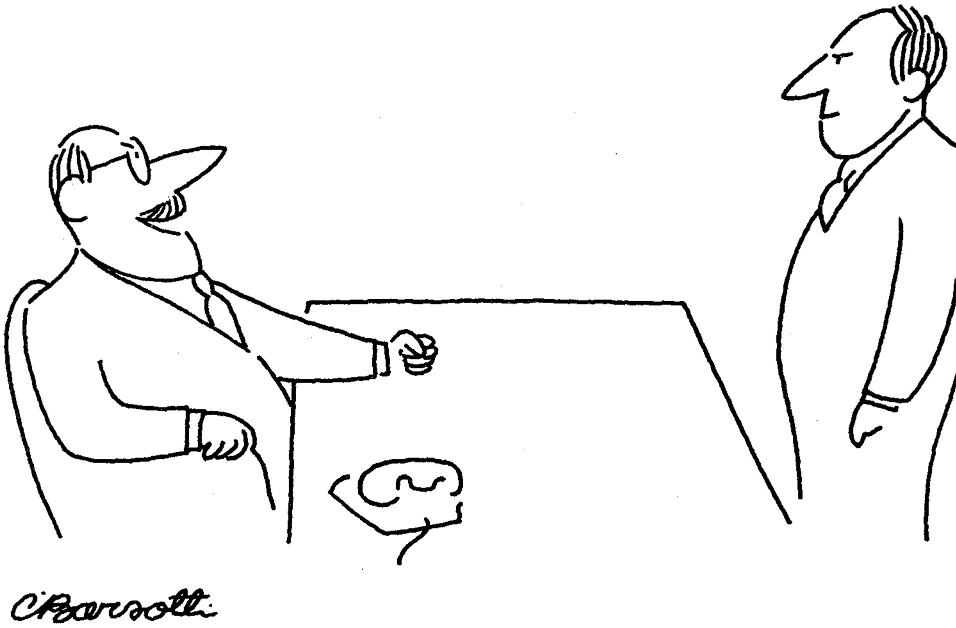
Having dealt as gently as possible with the production, I can do no less for its stars, who are seven in number: Cyril Ritchard, Lillian Gish, Patrice Munsel, John Raitt, Tammy Grimes, Dick Shawn, and Larry Kert. It is fair to say of them that they have all had ample time in which to perfect themselves in their careers. In the case of the endearing Miss Gish and Mr. Ritchard, who hover in the vicinage of eighty, there has been added to their initial gifts the gift of a prolonged physical prowess. When they sing and dance with undiminished fervor, we cannot fail to be grateful to them for thus indirectly demonstrating that our own old age may prove sunnier and more strenuous than we have dared to surmise. Nevertheless, it is always an ominous sign when we applaud elderly performers simply for having survived, and it is still more ominous when we applaud performers of no matter what age for outwitting the mindless inappropriateness of what they have been called on to do. Why, for example, should Tammy Grimes find herself singing and dancing a terrible number called "Der Shimmy"? Why should she also be singing "Tipperary" and "They Didn't Believe Me"—songs whose lyrics have to be most awkwardly tampered with in order to make them compatible with her gender? Surely even on a big white ship in the far-off Caribbean, between seminars on the Eurodollar and Wittgenstein, a clever producer and his director should leave well enough alone. And on Broadway you should take care never to change a bloomin' word. Not if you knew Susie like I know Susie.

—BRENDAN GILL

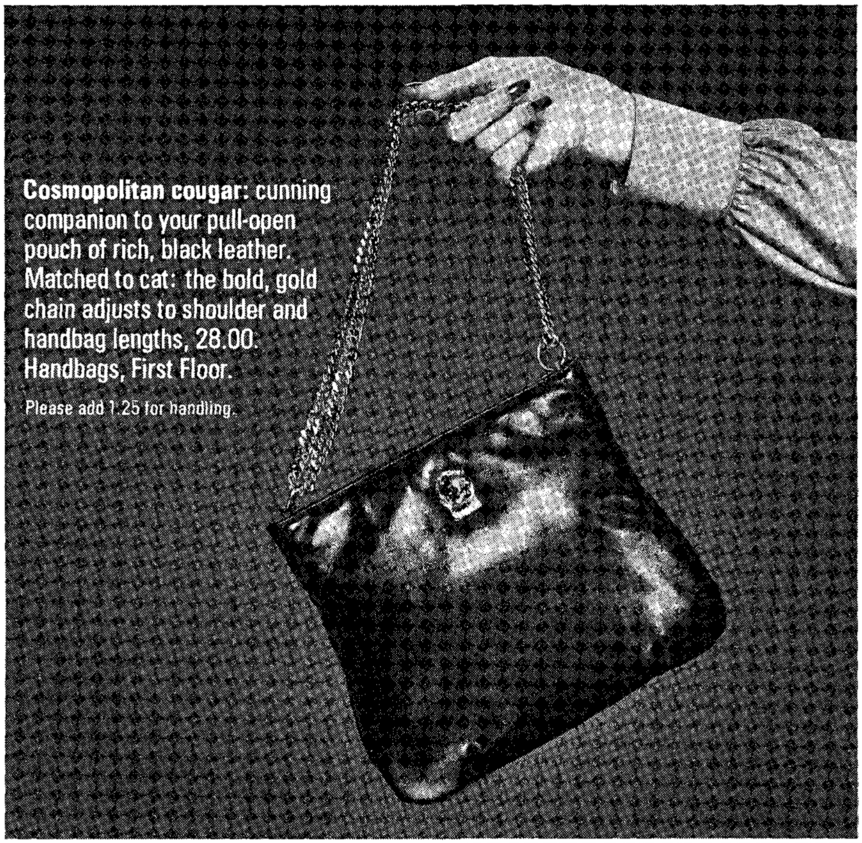
OFF BROADWAY

Dutch Soap

THE enterprising Chelsea Theatre Center of Brooklyn last week opened its Manhattan season, at the Westside, with the first two plays of a tetralogy whose over-all title is "The Family 1-2-3-4," and whose author is a Dutch dramatist named Lodewijk de Boer. Very peculiar plays they are. As we enter the auditorium, we see television monitors scattered throughout, and as the houselights dim we hear the voice of an announcer, accompanied by the soggy organ music of soap opera. On the television screens, sometimes in slow motion and sometimes at Mack Sennett speed, two young men and a young woman rush around the streets of Amsterdam, collecting broken-down furniture and loading it into a wheelbarrow. The stage slowly lights. The setting is the basement of a decayed house, about to be demolished, which has been taken over by the three people on the screens—an older brother called Doc, a younger brother called Kil, and their mute sister—and they appear to be as psychologically damaged as their surroundings are physically damaged. I say "appear to be," for there is soundness in Doc and, as we slowly learn, considerably more than that. Both plays are composed of episode upon episode; these include, among other things, rape, incest, les-



"By God, Stanley, that's well put! You and I __do__ need to work on a larger canvas."



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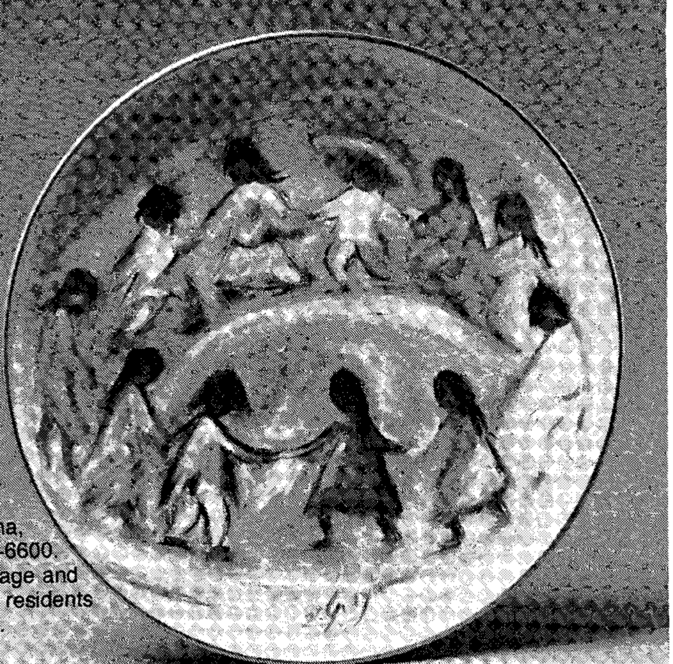

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bianism, and mayhem. The awful friskiness of that relentless soap-opera form—we are constantly being switched from stage to screens—and the cumbersome irony grow very tedious indeed, yet there are some funny lines and situations. Also, the non-stop obscenities of the brothers' dialogue become abrasive, though I never doubted that they would talk in exactly that way. The other characters, all of them important to plots that defy synopsis, are a fat man from a loan company, a pretty and well-to-do young woman Doc first plans to run away with and then decides to invite to stay, and a thin, mysterious old man.

"Mysterious" is a key word here. One of the mysteries of the plays is the way in which the three freakish members of "the family" slowly and subtly become sympathetic figures to us, and how subtly the author makes us aware, in the midst of all that kidding around, that he has a serious purpose in mind—some point to make about suffering and healing, perhaps. According to the program, the action takes place "a few years ago." It must be quite a few years, for the memory of the German Occupation of the Netherlands, barely noticeable in Play No. 1 (Kil gives his sister a Nazi salute, which she returns), considerably darkens Play No. 2. These brothers and their sister are, directly or indirectly, human detritus of the Occupation.

The production, as is true of every Chelsea production I can think of, is flawless. The acting nimbly moves in and out of parody. David Selby as Doc—the hero of Nos. 1 and 2—gives a performance that combines strength and tenderness, along with eccentricity. Diane Kagan is very good as the young woman who comes to stay, and Joe Palmieri, Ed Preble, Brent Spiner, and Dale Soules do well in the other roles. Lawrence King has designed a remarkably imaginative and graphic setting, and Jeanne Button's costumes and Daniel Flannery's lighting are fine, too. The translation, by Albert Maurits, flows right along. Play No. 2, by the way, ends with a cliff-hanger—a knock at the door. Nos. 3 and 4 will open in December.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

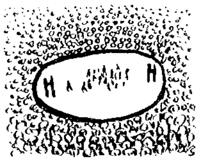
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Easton* (*Pa.*) *Express*]

INVERNESS, Scotland (UPI)—A court found Nathaniel Low guilty Monday of dumping a dish of prawns and French fries over the earl of Lovelace and his party.

FOOTBALL

The Way to Go



FOR peace and quiet on a New England fall afternoon, there was the match in which a blocked punt rolled out of the Northeastern end zone to give Maine a decisive 2–0 triumph; for an exhibition of what happens when invincible power is married to unending deception, a spectator was better off in Providence, where Harvard overthrew Brown, temporary wearer of the Ivy League crown, by a count of 45–26. Violante, that sovereign booter, put Brown ahead at the start with another of his field goals (thirty-five yards) and did his part in the failed effort to catch up with one more (forty-nine yards); Brown's Slattery ran the ball for a hundred and thirty-six yards; but Brown's Bateman, searching the horizon for unmenaced catchers, was as often as not run out of bounds before he could pitch. Harvard, with Kubacki returned to his post at quarterback, soon looked the winner so convincingly that he was dismissed for the afternoon in the third quarter. Kubacki is the astonishment of this season's Ivy League. Pitching on first down seven times; distributing his outriders (mainly Curry, McDermott, Winn, or, surprisingly, Miller, his fullback) all over the Brown landscape while Brown kept double-teaming the wrong man; running five perfect inside reverses; taking his time to pick up a second-choice catcher when his first choice was in difficulty—this was Kubacki's way of keeping a resolute and sturdy Brown bewitched and bewildered. Had he been around the weekend before that, he might have enormously bothered Princeton. On Saturday, he retired when Harvard was ahead by 38–13, to rest up for Yale this weekend. There was a time when Harvard, looking ahead to Yale, didn't care (or said it didn't care) about the Brown match. This time, it cared, all right, for Brown has come up in the League. Farnham, Bateman's favorite catcher, and almost the best in the League, was so double-teamed that he hauled in only three passes, and there was a collection of Brown miscues, though these were more than matched by the Harvard collection. (Young men grow nervous when a championship is at hand.) Those who witnessed the match in Brown's tidy little stadium and those who watched the event on television (the Ivy League is rarely thought to be of *panem-et-circenses* calibre) must have been delighted by the spectacle of a master hand, Kubacki, in the course of his phoenix ascent from obscurity to celebrity—a plot line not unfamiliar in television, either, come to think of it, but one that in this case is decked out with glittering reality.

ANOTHER master hand—it seemed to belong to Cozza, Yale's head coach—was directing matters down at Princeton. Yale fielded itself this fall with a quarterback, Phillips, nearly as obscure as Kubacki, and by dint of this and of that it now lies alongside Harvard—for the moment, anyway—atop the League, *vice* the toppled Brown. A good deal of dint had to be expended to subdue Princeton, 24–13, but there was deception, too. Example: Princeton downs a punt on the Yale three. On first down, Phillips pitches back to Gesicki, that unspectacular but brilliant runner, for no gain. The Phillips-Gesicki maneuver is a pet one, and Princeton is seeing it over and over. On second down, Phillips pitches again to Gesicki, and Princeton (with reason) is looking for another sweep. But Fencik is speeding, with all the loneliness of the long-distance runner, for the Princeton goal, and when he looks backward Gesicki is heaving the ball in his direction. It is the longest touchdown pass in Yale history, thrown by a man wholly uncelebrated as a passer. Score one for Cozza. Yale's five-man defensive line, which has had only one bad day this year, had one of its best days, and Beible, a considerably bruised and battered Princeton quarterback, had to throw the ball more often than he must have wished, and not with the greatest of comfort. In the fourth quarter, during a flurry as stirring as Harvard's unavailing one of the week before, against Princeton, Beible had to take everything into his own hands, and literally—throwing the ball where he could, and finally carrying it in for the two Princeton touchdowns. But it was an afternoon of renown for more than Beible: Fencik has now got more mileage on his pass receptions than any other Yalie, Chamberlin has caught more passes than any other Princetonian, and his teammates Frederick and Satterthwaite, rarely mentioned in dispatches, were as sterling on defense as those five Yale linemen. —J. W. L.

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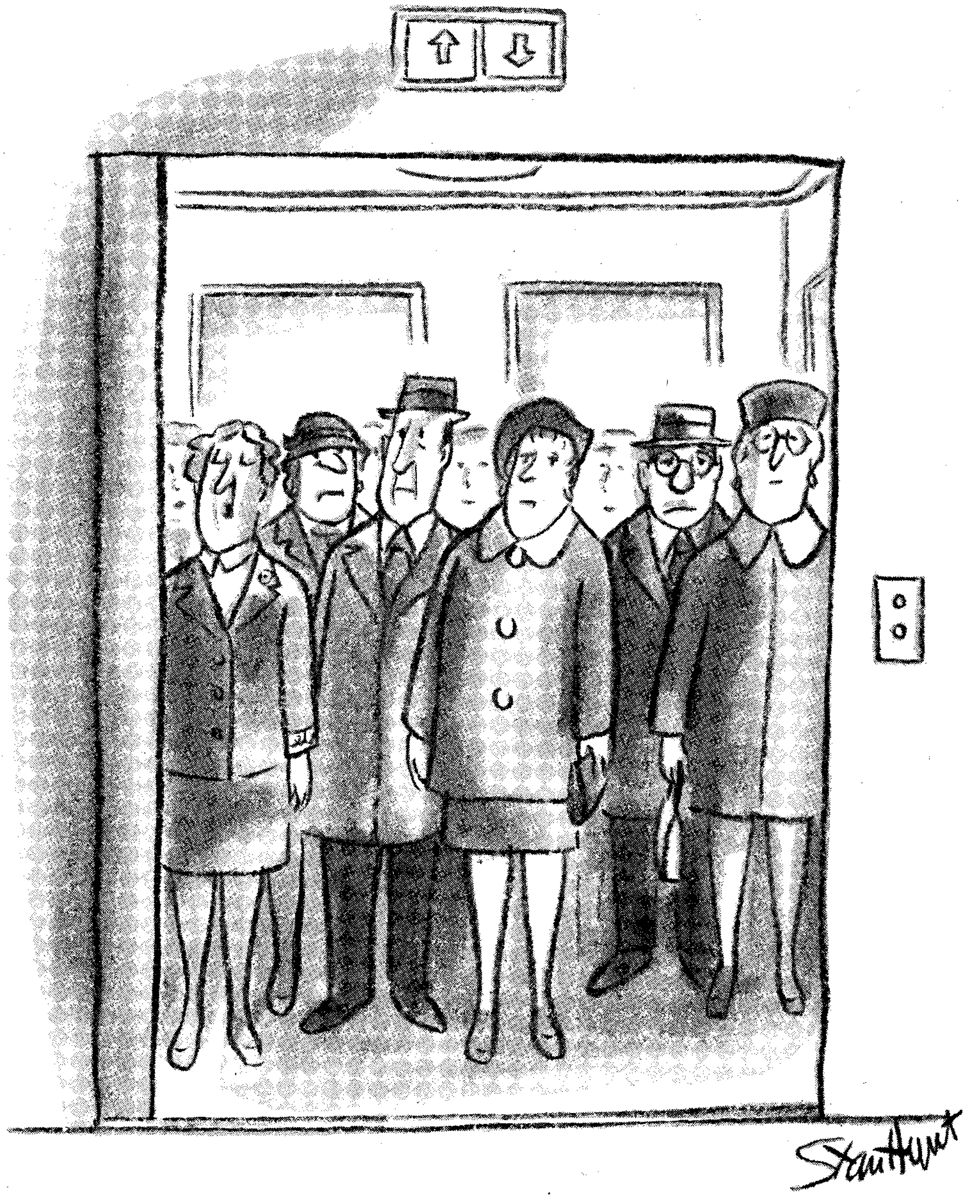
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR THE HOUSE

At the magnificent new Pottery Barn at 117 East 59th Street—the latest and largest of the enterprise's three local branches—a collection of cheap glass is on view which teaches a lesson in design. Coke glasses and plain, everyday tumblers and highball glasses (priced between thirty and fifty cents each) massed together in gallery-lighted white cabinets have an appearance of elegance that one would scarcely associate with ordinary artifacts like these, and that is entirely absent from identical glassware piled in the dusty, dimly lit basement of the central Barn, on Tenth Avenue, at Twenty-fourth Street. The display boldly illustrates the part that clear lighting, space, and plainness of background play in the beautification of the functional, and shows how the generic, mass-produced object, in contrast to the unique, handmade one, gains strength from multiplicity (ten Coke glasses look better than one, whereas ten Art Nouveau glass pieces look horrible) and derives a mysterious authority from the frank avowal of its industrial origin. Finally, and above all, the cheap glass is a symbol of a remarkable development that recently took place in the design world. For years, modern design had been plagued by a seemingly insoluble problem: the paradoxical prohibitive expensiveness of its plain-looking productions, which made them available only to the extremely well-to-do and thus undermined the egalitarian and socialist core of Functionalism. Then, a few years ago, help arrived from an unexpected quarter. It was discovered (by designers, scholars, and shoppers alike) that objects with all the attributes of Functionalist design already existed in the vernacular of everyday objects—among the teakettles, colanders, ladles, earthenware bowls, Yale locks, laboratory flasks, wicker baskets, apple corers, eggbeaters, golden-oak tables, dentists' cabinets, and hundreds of other objects of anonymous design that had been around since the nineteenth century, lying unregarded in hardware stores, restaurant-supply houses, and thrift shops, and in people's kitchens and attics. These new "found objects," which are now selling in antique shops, gift shops, and department stores as well as at their old inelegant sources, have all but routed the expensive, strainfully designed "modern" objects of the near past. And such is the strength and beauty of the design of these plain, modestly priced things that they seem absolutely preferable (such, too, being the taste of the moment) to objects costing ten times what they do. The famous tag attributed to Ruskin about how you have to pay through the nose to have something good (orthodontists are fond of hanging it in their offices) is simply not applicable to the field of household objects for sale in the city today, for here the cheapest is often the best, and vice versa.

We begin our report on Christmas presents for the house with a cautionary illustration of this proposition, and the object we cite is a twenty-seven-dollar enamel-on-steel teakettle made in Spain for the Copco Company and currently on view in practically every housewares and department store in town (Gimbels, the Pottery Barn, Altman's, Lord & Taylor, and Design Research, for example). This stylish sight on the stove, with its handsomely proportioned shape, good, clear color (the choices are blue, yellow, red, or brown), graceful teak handle, and over-all appearance of concision and clarity, turns out to have little merit as a teakettle. The heavy rolled steel it is made of makes the kettle cumbersome to hold when filled, the teak handle gets hot and is susceptible to charring from neighboring burners, and (the worst indictment of all) during pouring the water comes spluttering out of the too short, too hot spout in disconcerting,

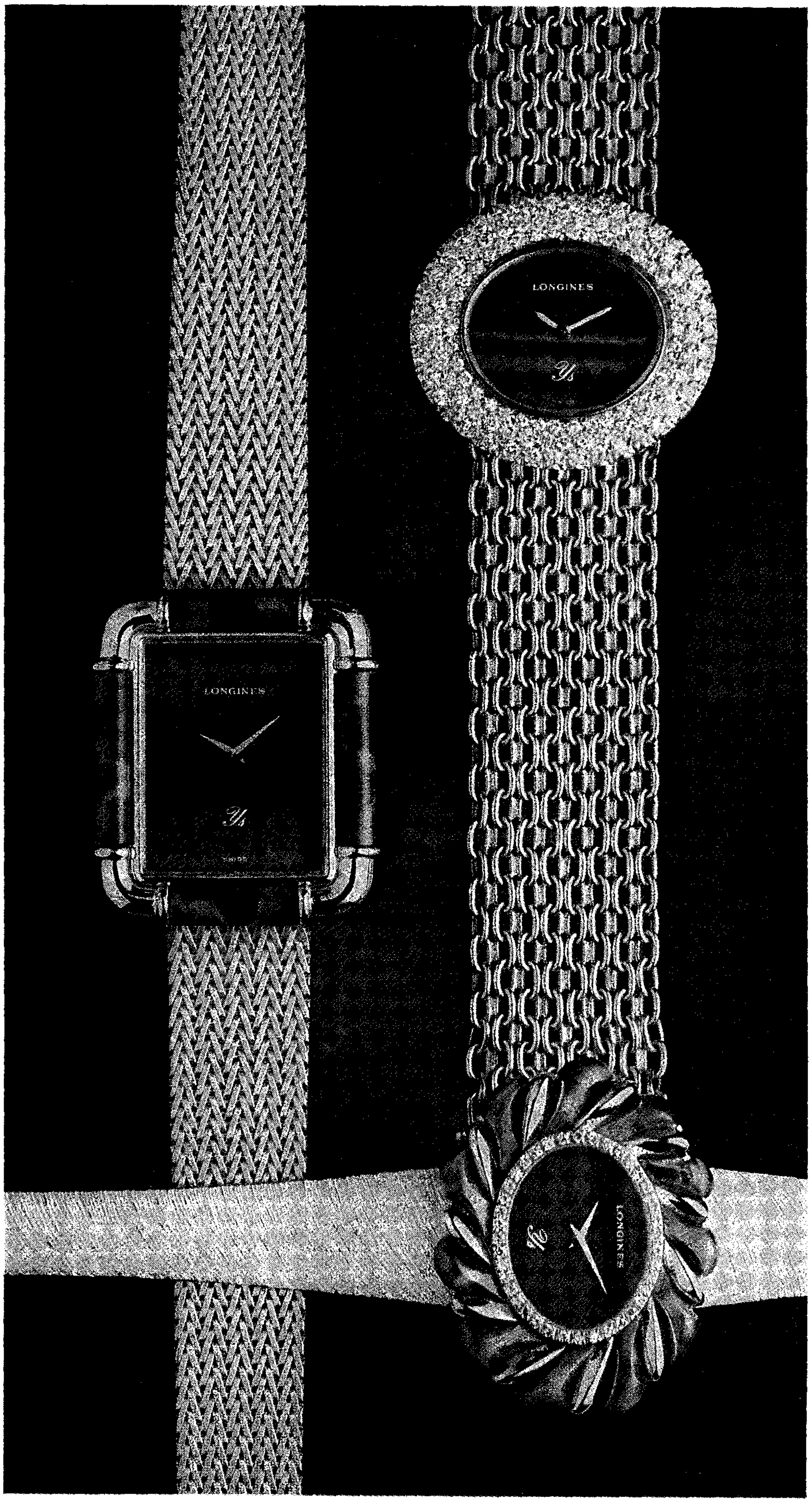


"Seventh floor, Books: 'Don't Say Yes When You Want to Say No,' 'Freedom from Fear,' 'Winning Through Intimidation,' and 'Power! How to Get It, How to Use It.'"

dangerous spurts and splatters. In view of these problems, we reluctantly retired our dashing blue specimen of the Copco kettle and reinstituted the unprepossessing old aluminum one from the hardware store, whose bottom is furry and whose sides are dented, but whose faults of design have been eroded by decades of vernacular use, and whose spout emits water in a calm, straight stream.

An example of entirely satisfactory ubiquity is offered by the Melitta coffeemaker, which originated in Germany in 1908—the invention of Mrs. Melitta Bentz, who used a piece of her son's blotting paper to make the world's first filtered coffee—and is currently enjoying a renaissance among householders here. The white porcelain pot has a blunt, abstract shape reflective of the early decades of modern design (though it was redesigned in the fifties) and also of the designer's thoughtful intention of eliminating all tunnels and crevices in which coffee stains might form. Coffee is made by placing a porcelain cone with a ridged inner surface in the mouth of the pot, lining it with a paper filter, filling the filter with fine-ground coffee, and pouring boiling water over it. The mystery of why the coffee made in the Melitta coffeemaker is better than (or, at any rate, different from) the coffee made in the Chemex maker, which works on precisely the same principle, was recently plumbed by us. The difference lies in the filter paper. The Chemex filter is a good deal thicker than the Melitta filter, and thus takes out more sludge and produces a purer and more refined (and, to our mind, rather bloodless) infusion. The Melitta coffeemaker, available at Bloomingdale's, Macy's, Gimbels, Altman's, the House of Wares, and many other places, is priced at $14.95 with a four-cup pot and $17.95 with a six-cup pot, and is also offered with a less attractive glass pot and plastic cone, which, however, makes exactly the same excellent coffee, for $6.95 in the four-cup size and $7.95 in the six-cup. Filter papers are $3.50 for a box of a hundred.

Serious cooks who have been sniffy about the Dansk Company's sleekly handsome enamel-on-stainless-steel pots and pans—considering them too decorative, and not heavy enough for searing and sautéing—may feel better disposed toward a new eight-quart Dansk stockpot, nine inches deep, whose lightness is a manifest virtue, whose white enamel lining won't discolor vegetables, and whose tall capaciousness is an asset in a city kitchen, where the



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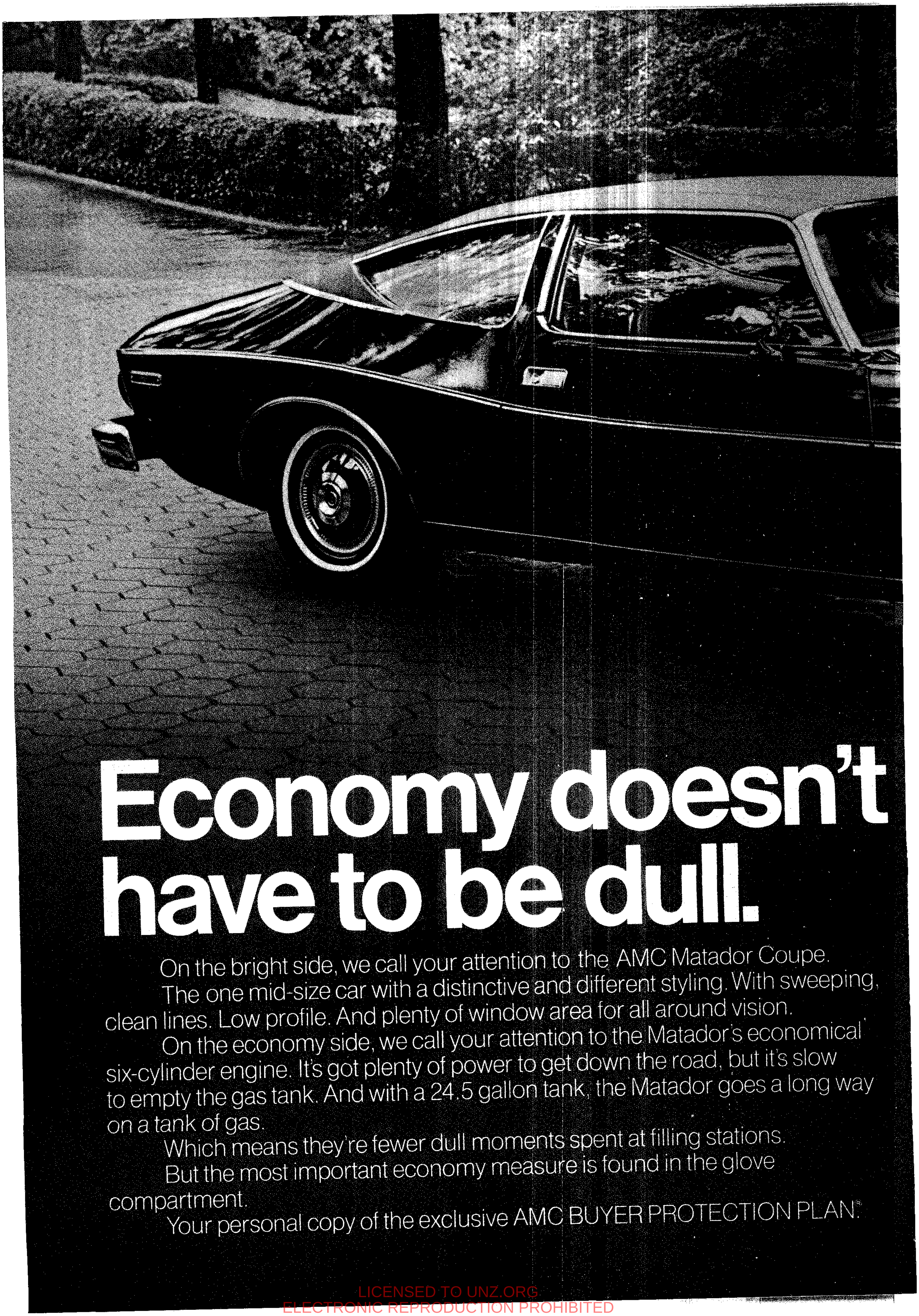

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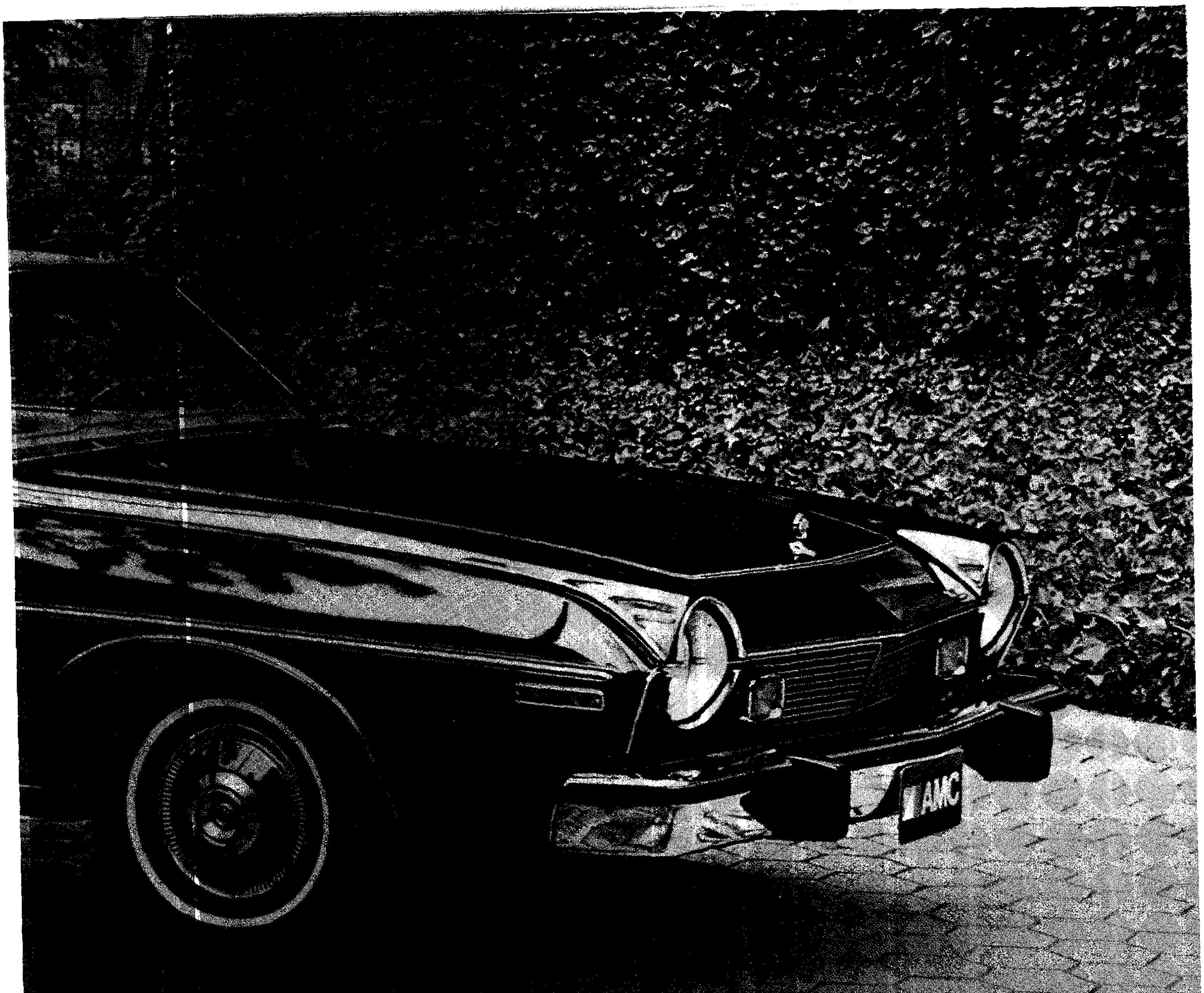

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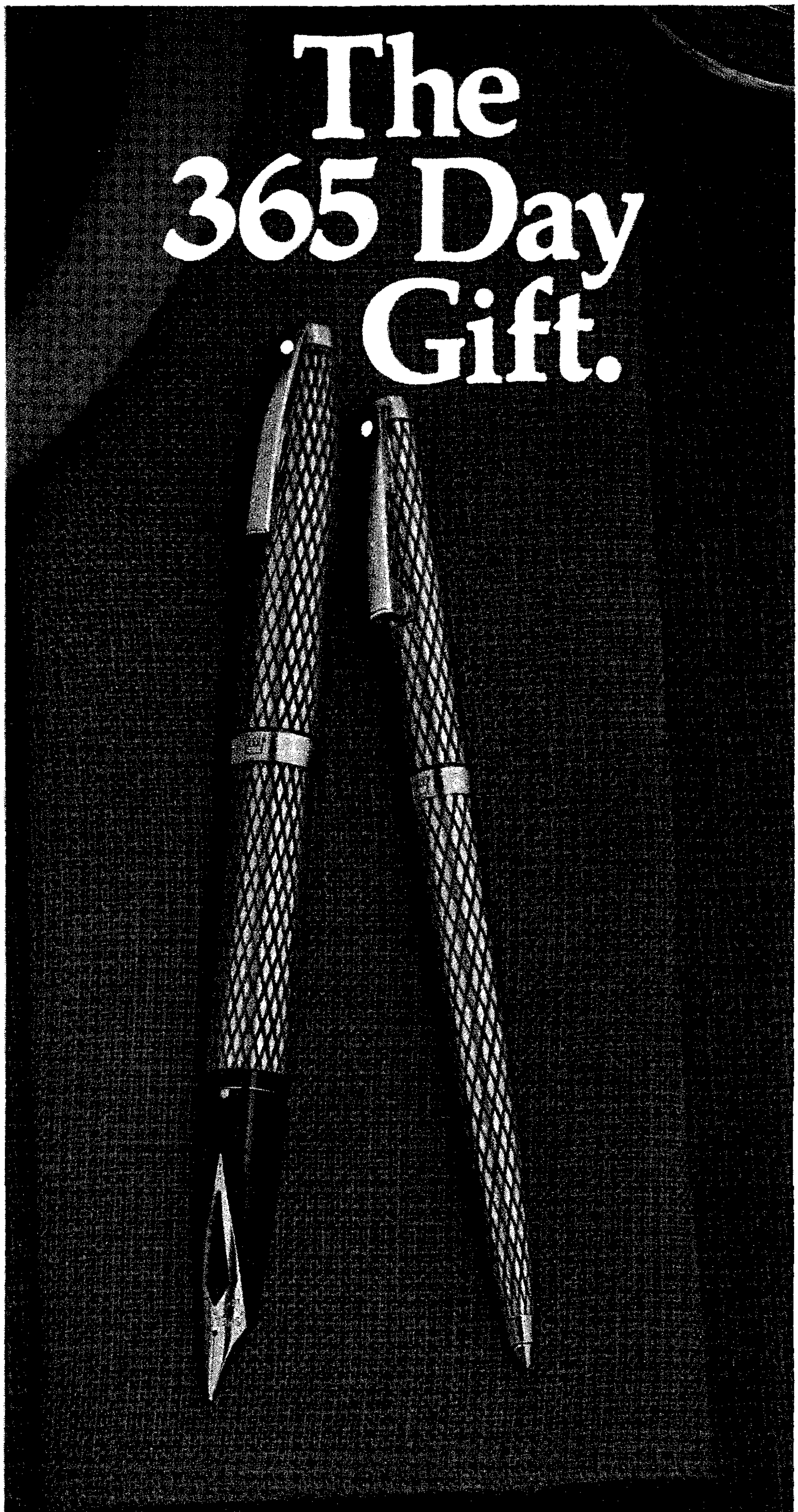
Wheel balancing	**Yes**	No	No	No
Align headlights	**Yes**	No	No	No
Adjust carburetor	**Yes**	No	No	No
Adjust distributor	**Yes**	No	No	No
Adjust brakes	**Yes**	No	No	No
Adjust clutch	**Yes**	No	No	No
Adjust transmission bands	**Yes**	No	No	No
Adjust & tighten belts	**Yes**	No	No	No
Tighten nuts & bolts	**Yes**	No	No	No
Free loaner car	**Yes**	No	No	Yes
Trip Interruption Protection	**Yes**	No	No	No

AMC ◢ Matador



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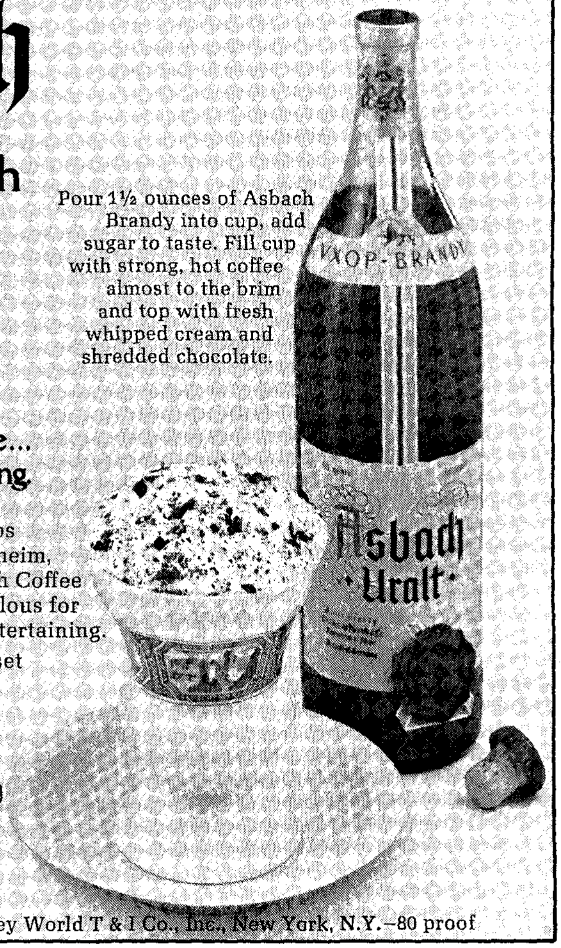
space between burners tends to be miserly. The pot is attenuated toward the top, and has two ample side handles and the familiar trivet handle that appears on all the Dansk pot lids. It comes in cherry red, Kelly green, lemon yellow, and chocolate brown, and the price is $45. Another worthy new item from Dansk is a lidded saucepan with a sturdy teak handle; it is surprisingly captioned a teakettle—but properly so, one realizes, since it has a spout and is thus equipped to perform every function of the conventionally shaped kettle. This radical item may well be the wave of the future in teakettles. Its capacity is a quart and a half, and its price is $30. Lord & Taylor, Bloomingdale's, Bergdorf Goodman, Altman's, and Jensen's are among the many sources of the Dansk ware.

There is nothing radical about a classic white porcelain soufflé dish with fluted sides; it merely continues to be one of the best presents we can give one another, since *it* inevitably breaks, while ugly baking dishes, perversely, don't. At the Pottery Barn, a two-quart soufflé is $7.50, a quart-and-a-half one is $6, the one-quart size is $4.50, and individual soufflés are $1 each. Other excellent presents are obtainable at one or another of the Barns, including a round cheese board made in Thailand of a comely pale wood with two indentations on the bottom which fit the fingers and make it easy to hold; it is twelve inches in diameter and costs $8, at the Lexington Avenue branch, near Eighty-seventh Street. A paddle version, eight inches in diameter, has a handle four inches long with a hole to hang it up by; $5.95. A big, heavy chopping board at the same branch, twenty-four inches square and an inch and a half thick, is pleasingly patterned with stripes of various Catskill scrap woods, which have been laminated together to form it; the price is $19.95, and smaller versions are, for example, $6.95 for a twelve-inch-square board and $3.75 for an eight-inch-square board. A very good French bread knife, with a seven-and-a-half-inch serrated blade and a black wooden handle, is $4.75, and a tomato knife, made along the same lines, with a four-and-a-half-inch blade, is $2.40. These knives are at all the Barns. A contrivance that looks like one of Marcel Duchamp's assisted ready-mades but is an entirely artless nineteenth-century kitchen utensil for making purées and sauces consists of a perforated metal cone set upright in a metal stand (equipped with a handle) and a strange wooden implement—a kind of conical pestle—with a large, knobby handle. The pestle is used to force vegetables through the perforations. The price of this interesting-looking and useful object is $4, at the Tenth Avenue Barn. A white porcelain colander with a rounded hollow handle to which a metal hanging hook is attached and with a bowl that resembles an old-fashioned dessert mold in its wide, diagonally set fluting is an impractical, expensive, but rather splendid present; there are two sizes, for $15 and $20. A nice little white porcelain lemon squeezer that looks French but is *japonais* is composed of a small pot with a spout and handle and a reamer that sits in the mouth of the pot; $2.95. The Barn's hard-plastic, high-sided mixing/serving bowls from Finland have a spout at one side and an elongated, tonguelike handle opposite; they are offered in Mondrian colors and are priced at $5.95 for a bowl eight and a half inches in diameter and $4.95 for one six and a half inches.

The Danish forerunner of this design—the redoubtable Margrethe bowl—is still available at, among other places, Bloomingdale's, where $7.50 is asked for a three-litre bowl, $6.50 for a two-litre bowl, and $5.50 for a litre-and-a-half bowl. Each has a stubby spout, a rim handle, and a rubber suction band at the bottom, and the color possibilities are red, brown, yellow, green, and white. Accompanying implements for mixing, beating, stirring, and serving—which are somewhat strangely shaped—are offered for between $1.10, for a salad server, and $1.80, for a ladle. Bloomingdale's has assembled a pleasant gift for a family with children from various old-fashioned ice-cream-parlor glass pieces. Four evocative relics of the pre-Reddi Wip days—a lily-shaped one-scoop ice-cream dish, a larger version for a hot-fudge sundae, a banana-split boat, and a tall, fluted ice-cream-soda glass—are the basis of a packaged set of sixteen pieces, priced at $14.

A dark-blue enamel standing colander with two handles, at Macy's, would be a handsome sight either filled with apples and nuts and set in the middle of a golden-oak table or just displayed on a shelf for the stunning work of vernacular design it is. Its source isn't rural nineteenth-century America, however, but a contemporary Polish factory, where this and other enamel pieces are produced in yellow, red, brown, and black as well as dark blue. The prices are $4.40 for the colander, $8 for a gracefully rounded teapot with a four-cup capacity, $6.50



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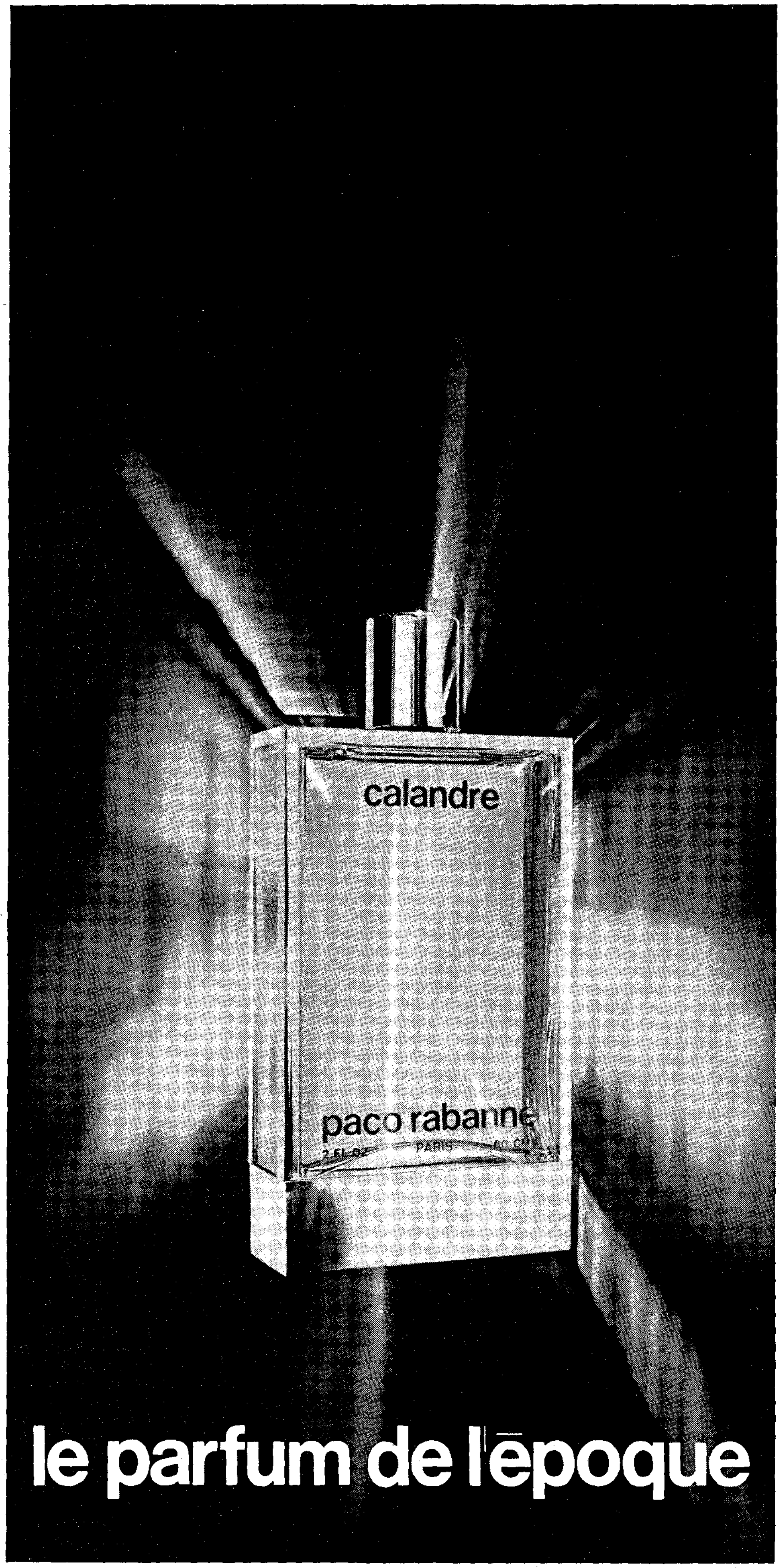
for a two-cup teapot, and $11 for a vegetable steamer seven inches in diameter and eight inches high. For someone who actually uses the utilitarian items in the kitchen instead of merely gloating over them, Macy's has an oversized aluminum colander, thirteen inches in diameter, which is something that many of us wish we had when trying to drain a big pot of spaghetti into a normal-sized colander. But even here utility isn't without beauty: the anonymous designer has arranged the drainage holes into a pattern of stars; $8.50. Square biscuit tins of the type seen full of assorted pastas in Italian grocery stores, decorated with richly colored and gilded commercial messages and designs and appointed with a clear plastic window, are sold as kitchen cannisters at Macy's. A box six and a half inches high and five inches square is $4, a box seven and a quarter inches high and six inches square is $5, and a box nine inches high and seven and a half inches square is $9.

Many people have taken to decorating their kitchens with the pleasing sight of pastas, grains, flour, sugar, coffee, bread sticks, etc., showing through the sides of clear glass or plastic cannisters (and to eating out so as not to disturb the beauty of their arrangements). In support of this fashion, D/R has acquired some good plain glass jars, with glass lids, in three substantial sizes: $2.50 for a jar five inches in diameter and six inches high, $3.95 for one seven inches in diameter and seven inches high, and $6.25 for one nine inches in diameter and ten inches high. D/R has imported a collection of opaque plasticware, in yellow, red, green, or white, from the firm of the celebrated English designer Terence Conran which isn't bad, though the pieces are hardly milestones of design. An elongated oval tray, twenty-four inches long with an inch-high rim, is $21.95, and a round version, fifteen inches in diameter, is $8.95. A low, straight-sided bowl, three and three-quarters inches high and eight inches in diameter, is $7.95.

Now that the function of brightening up kitchens has been taken over by vermicelli and green noodles, the bright-colored patterned dish towel no longer holds the sway it used to. People are inclining toward its simple checked, striped, or windowpane-patterned predecessor, which, however, is none too easy to find. At Altman's, we were pleased to see the windowpane pattern (in red or blue on white), woven in France into some capacious (twenty-eight inches square), tough

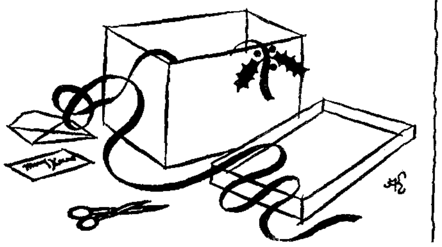


LORD & TAYLOR

but soft cotton towels, priced at $3 each; and at Plummer McCutcheon we saw a wide stripe saying "Glass" accompanied by two thin stripes of a contrasting color (yellow/orange, blue/yellow, red/blue, or orange/green) woven into strong white Irish-linen towels measuring twenty-two inches by thirty-one, and priced at $40 a dozen.

The diminutive member of the familiar dark-brown glazed-earthenware mixing-bowl set (the one with a relief pattern of horizontal stripes) has been seen for the excellent soup or cereal bowl it makes by a sharp eye at Altman's; a large collection of the bowls is on hand, for $1.50 each. A milk pitcher of heavy white porcelain at Altman's is five inches high and has a widely curved mouth, a solid, splayed body, and a look of peremptory elegance; it comes from France and costs $5. The Pyrex Company's soufflé dish, of such delicately thin glass that it makes a lovely *ping* when it is tapped with a fingernail, is guaranteed to emerge from the oven unscathed; this gratifying tour de force is priced here at $8 for a dish seven and a half inches in diameter, $5 for a dish six and three-quarters inches in diameter, and $4 for a six-inch dish. Also at Altman's is an excellent all-purpose drinking glass, made of heavy ordinary glass, which looks distinguished and interesting because of the wide fluting below a plain band around its copious but graspable circumference. It comes from France, where it is said to be a jelly glass; $1.25. The, as it were, sexist dominance of the field of animal dishes by dogs has been remedied by Altman's, which offers a nice small, dun-colored glazed-earthenware dish, five inches in diameter and an inch and three-quarters high, with the word "Pussy" printed on it in handsome black letters; $3. Dogs are accommodated with a similar dish seven and a half inches in diameter and three and a half inches high, priced at $4.

The repressive little pot holders that children used to make in school as Christmas presents have been replaced by life-enhancing works of *Schmierkunst* done on pieces of paper of such vast enormousness that even the most



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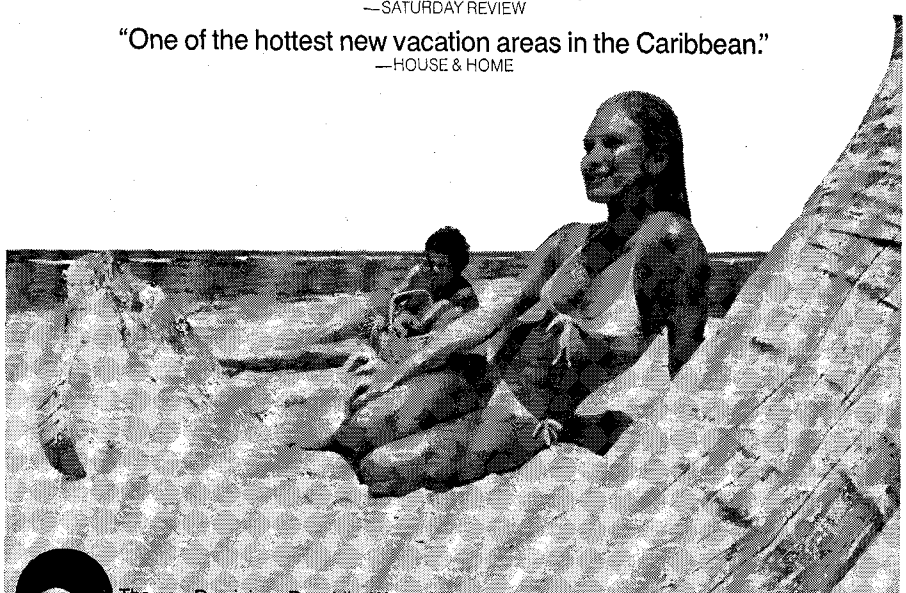

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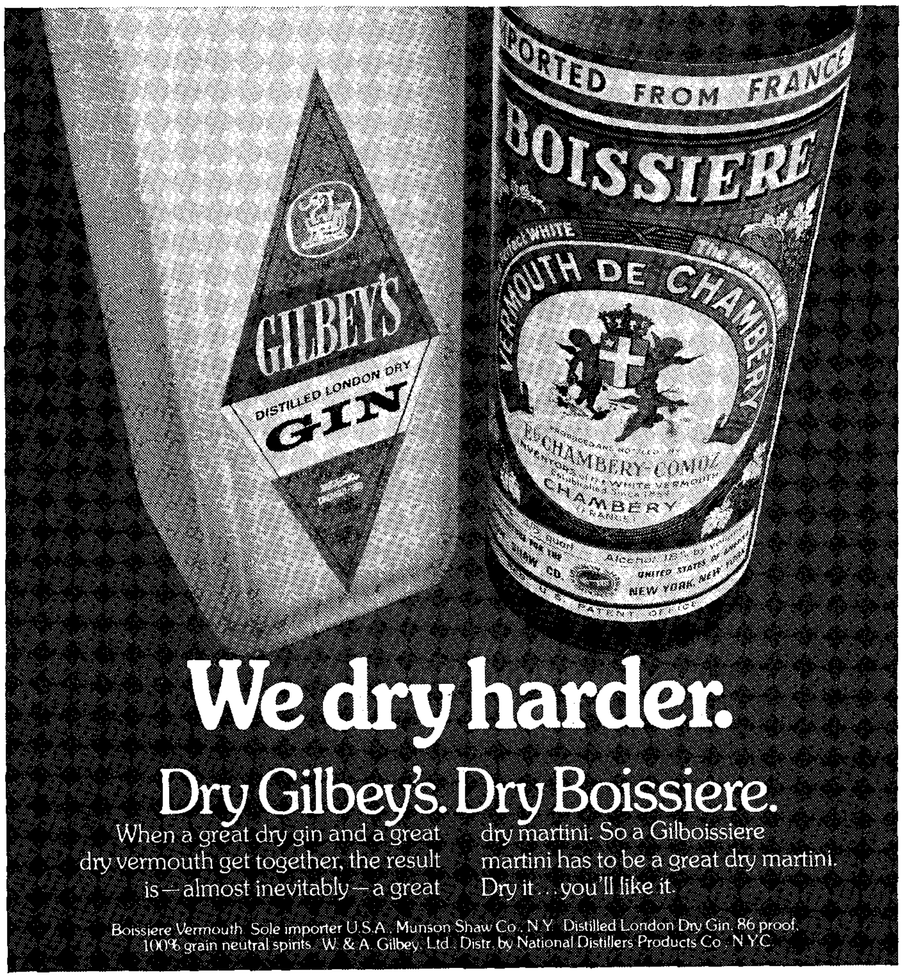

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fatuously doting parents balk at having them framed, and so they languish rolled up in closets and at last are discreetly thrown out—which is too bad, since children's art is almost always mysteriously beautiful and worth preserving. These sour reflections were prompted by the cheerful sight of some pot holders at Jensen's which come in an unusually fresh, pretty assortment of calicoes and flower prints. In addition to the standard square and round pot holders ($1.75 each), there is an item, rather coarsely described as a "casserole grabber," which is a long strip of quilted fabric with pockets at either end into which one slips the hands in order to grasp the two hot handles of a pot ($3.50)—a more sensible procedure, it would seem, than trying to don two bulky mitts. Also offered are some charming chicken-shaped holders that are meant to perch on kettle handles, and cost $2.50 each. All these pot holders have self loops into which a magnet is sewn, giving the user a choice of how to hang them.

THE agreeable hodgepodge of plants, books, patchwork quilts, Persian carpets, golden-oak tables, Victorian relics, and ethnic objects that has become characteristic of many New York middle-class living rooms is, oddly, almost invariably accompanied by a children's room of the most discrepant rectilinearity, spaciousness, lightness, primary-colorfulness, and general aspect harking back to the days of the early Scandinavian Modern style. This by no means unpleasing anachronism is owed largely to the existence of a single local store, the Children's Workbench, which began importing bunk beds, cribs, desks, chairs, tables, and storage cubes from Scandinavia in the fifties and brought good clean design and solid construction to a field that had been pervaded by schlocky white furniture decorated with decals of Donald Duck and Little Bo-peep. Parents quickly saw the immeasurable merits of the Workbench pieces, and they continue to favor this kind of children's furniture (many imitations have come into being) over any other. Five years ago, the Children's Workbench moved from its original small store, on Fifty-first Street, to a large, handsomely designed store at Park and Thirty-second, ceding a little of its space to pieces of grownup furniture. On a recent visit to the Park Avenue store, we were surprised to see that the ratio has been inverted—grownup furniture now dominates, and not only have the children's pieces taken second place but the children have lost their billing entirely in the company name, which is now simply the Workbench. (There's a new branch, by the way, at 1320 Third Avenue, near 74th, and a cash-and-carry Walkaway Workbench at 229 Tenth Avenue, near 23rd.) A reason for this reversal cited by the store is the current difficulty in getting pieces from the Scandinavian countries which were previously available. But another reason must surely be the marked improvement in the grownup furniture itself, which in the past had tended to be somewhat banal and dreary-looking (walnut was much favored, which didn't help) but now has an appearance of contemporaneity and dash. Prices, however, continue to be moderate. A writing table from Denmark, for example, nicely made of natural beech or teak in an exceptionally concise design, is priced at $130. The writing surface is twenty-four inches by forty-nine, and beneath it are two shallow drawers with square, flat brass pulls. The drawers don't quite reach the full width of the table, and thus leave a few inches of open storage space on the back side. Another sign of the designer's thoughtful intentions is the way he has handled the stretcher so that it won't get in the way of the desk user's legs. This desk, though it is situated downstairs in the children's department, is suitable for writers of all ages.

One of the most spectacular of the Workbench's newer items is a piece, or, rather, three pieces, collectively called Balluff. This is an example of the sybaritic unstructured molded-plastic seating that began to appear in contract-furniture showrooms here a few years ago. The three members of Balluff—which have a floppy, bulky, yet somehow elegant look about them, and can be arranged as sofas, love seats, daybeds, or "environments"—are a corner piece with an arm ($125), an armless middle piece ($100), and an armless, backless ottoman ($65). They consist of a molded-polyurethane base to which loose pillows stuffed with shredded polyurethane adhere when upholstery fabric is stretched over them. The fabric is a Swedish brushed denim, available in solid blue or brown or in a print of small, stylized yellow-and-green sprigs on a black background, and it can be thrown in the washing machine after being removed by the simple act of untying a string at the bottom of each piece. The arrangement of Balluff at the Workbench includes ten pieces and suggests infinite possibilities for making a great many of

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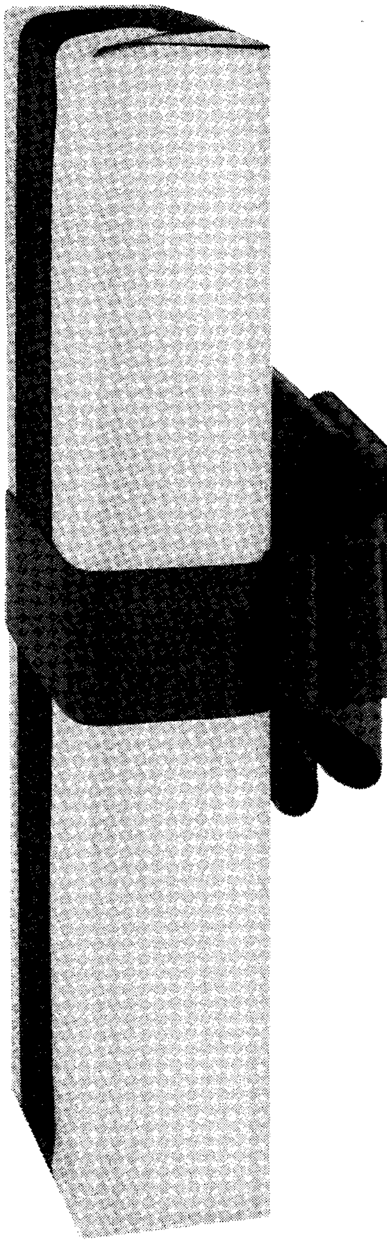

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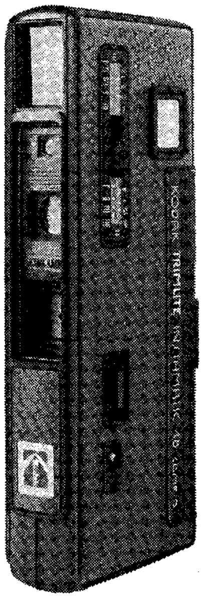

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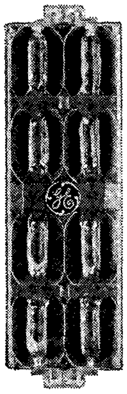

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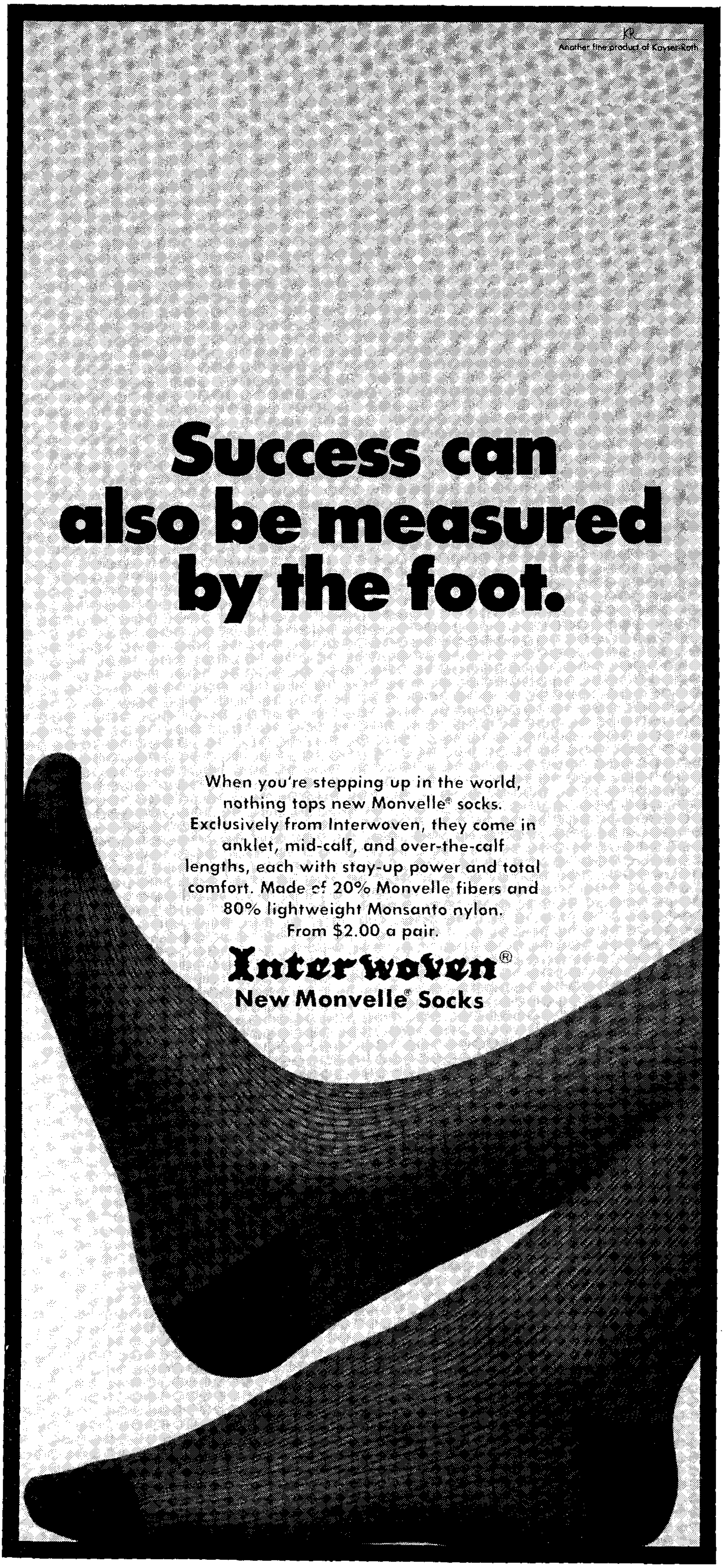
For people with more backbone, the Workbench has some stools of exceptional, handsome plainness, made, in Georgia, of oak finished with a clear, glossy varnish, and offered in three heights: a bar stool ($20), a table-height stool ($18), and a low stool ($16). The Georgia company that makes these excellent pieces also supplies, in the same oak, a small child's set of a little table and two chairs of absolute square-cut plainness, at the inviting price of $60. The well-known caned-back-and-seat bentwood Prague chair, which is sometimes attributed to Josef Hoffmann, though it hasn't been proved that he actually designed it (and which is called the Bauhaus chair at the Workbench), is one of the most satisfying side chairs or dining chairs in production today: it is light (but not flimsy), comfortable, and adaptable. The Workbench imports it from Poland, and charges $65 for a version with arms and $55 for an armless version; plain or walnut-stained beech is the choice of finish.

Shopping at Azuma is an acquired taste, like self-flagellation, each visit being a little less painful than the one before—the jumble of merchandise, the crowds of kids, the smell of incense and sweet candles, the uncomprehending, smiling clerks becoming almost agreeable as they grow more familiar. These stores (there are branches all over town) offer handsome and useful objects, as well as hideous and useless junk, at prices lower than anywhere else, and are a consumer's paradise (if a shopper's hell). Azuma's large collection of baskets is a notable case in point, offering items from China, the Philippines, Italy, Spain, and Poland, among other places. The Chinese baskets are, to our eye, the most beautiful and best made of all. They started turning up in this country soon after we began having "relations" with Communist China, and constitute one of today's greatest bargains, even when they're marked up to sell for a good deal more than what Azuma charges. For a lovely, bowl-shaped basket made of loosely woven flat strips of bamboo, Azuma asks only $1.59 in a version measuring twelve inches in diameter, and $1.95 in a sixteen-inch size. Also $1.95 is a Chinese wastebasket of a neat, delicate appearance, tightly woven of thin bamboo strands. From Poland, there is a deep rectangular basket with a handle over the top; it is seven inches wide, eleven inches long, and six inches deep, it is decorated with two narrow horizontal green stripes and a braided rim, and it looks like a prop from a Grimm fairy tale. The price is $4.49, and the wicker it is made of is a mellow amber. Children of slender means looking for store-bought presents for their mother do well to flock to Azuma. An excellent choice might be one of Azuma's little white porcelain coasters or ashtrays decorated with a delicate polychrome botanical print (six different ones are offered) and a blue rim, and priced at eighty-nine cents. A bigger underage spender might shell out $1.95 for a tall, nicely shaped, and pleasantly graspable mug in the same porcelain, or might part with $1.50 for a cake of excellent German soap that is wrapped in a handsome *Jugendstil* paper and comes in various cleanly, romantic scents. Azuma's good plain plastic trays come in good clear colors (red, green, blue, yellow, black, or orange), and cost $2.49 for a round tray thirteen inches in diameter and $4.95 for a rectangular tray, eleven inches by sixteen, with rounded edges.

ANOTHER uninviting but, as it proves, worthy establishment is The Great North Woods, at 683 Lexington Avenue (56th) and at 160 East 86th Street, whose name may suggest but hardly describes the rough-and-ready atmosphere of the place—a combination Army-surplus store, nautical-supply depot, and Vermont tourist trap with a bit of Canal Street thrown in. Some knotty-pine spice racks, which have an agreeably rough-hewn look (hardly surprising, since they were "all made in our own underwater workshop by beavers and raccoons," according to a sign), are equipped with a simple provision for hanging, and come in a choice of dark or light stain. A three-shelf rack, nineteen inches long, eighteen inches wide, and four inches deep, is $9.95, and a two-shelf rack, seventeen inches long, twelve inches wide, and four inches deep, is $5. Clear glass spice jars, either squat or tall, that fit the shelves are ninety-five cents each. Various knife racks (whose makers' species is not indicated) are on view here, ranging from a rudimentary block of wood that screws to the wall and has a horizontal slot in which knives are left to dangle by their handles (prices are $2.75 for a rack fifteen inches long, $4.95 for a rack twenty inches long, and $6.50 and $7.75 for double-slotted versions) to the more elaborate form of a box with a glass front in which five knives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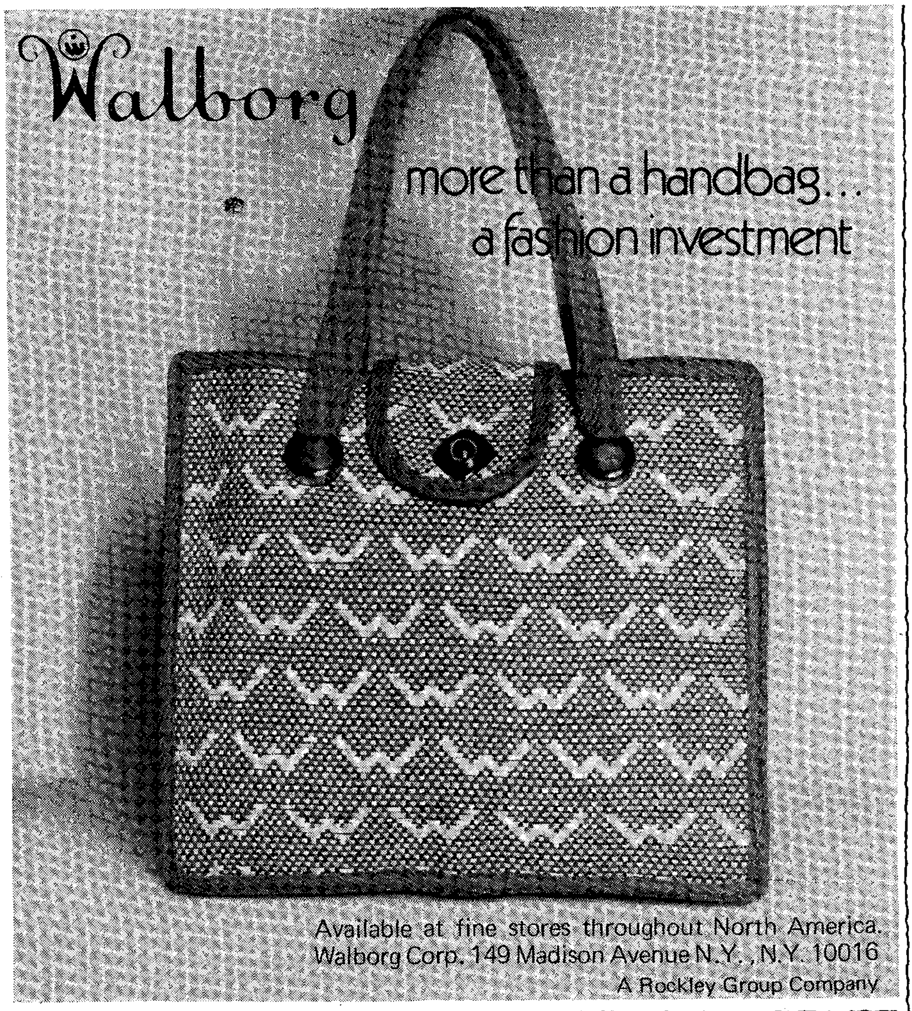

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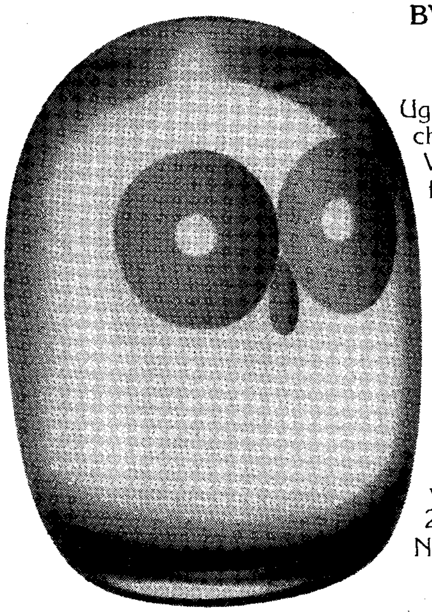
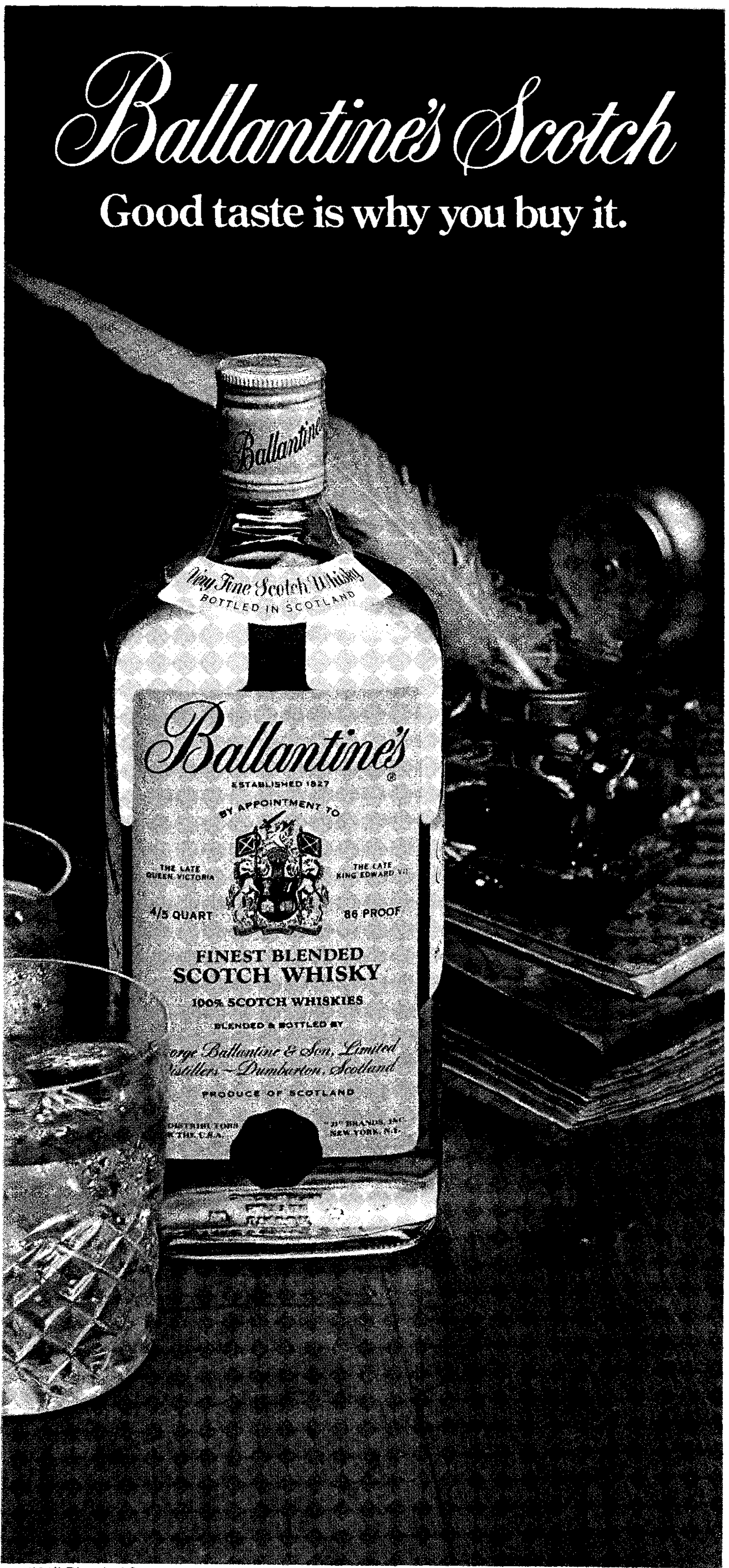


and a knife sharpener rest in slots of various sizes ($6.95). Below a sign reading "American translucent china without the usual platinum or gold trim. Without the famous manufacturer's name. Regularly $20 to $30 per setting. The Great North Woods price 79 cents a piece" sit piles of gracefully shaped off-white cups and saucers, luncheon plates, and bread-and-butter plates of an elegant plainness that is reminiscent of Wedgwood Drabware, an early-nineteenth-century pattern that was recently revived by the English firm and is now being sold at Tiffany. More in character with The Great North Woods are some squat, heavy Horn & Hardart cups and saucers, decorated with a green flower-and-scroll border, and priced at $1.75 a set. One of the many big bins on the floor—holding mixing spoons, spatulas, meat forks, corkscrews, etc.—is filled with an invaluable assortment of chess pieces to replace the pawn or knight that every set eventually loses, priced at ten cents for each piece.

FOR the benefit of readers who still equate the pleasure that a present gives with the amount of money it costs—and who have the means to implement this quaint notion—we dutifully turn to some presents that cost a great deal of money, and we begin at Baccarat, 55 East 57th Street, where things at least are costly for good reason. Wineglasses that have the thinness and beauty of Baccarat crystal can't be made by machines or by exploited peasants but have to be blown by skilled (and, presumably, handsomely paid) craftsmen; nor is drinking wine from the usual two- or three-dollar wineglass anywhere near as agreeable as drinking wine from a twenty- or thirty-dollar Baccarat glass. (Prices start at $13.50 and go up into the hundreds.) The thirteen-fifty Montaigne pattern, laconically described in Baccarat's brochure as "a very serviceable glass at a moderate price—sturdy with a classic round bowl," is also available (for $14) in an interesting variant called Montaigne Optic, which has shallow, wide-spaced fluting on the inner surface of the bowl, and an appearance of great opulence. The Brummel pattern is a glass of absolute plainness and incredible, almost malleable thinness. A supply of these glasses ($252 for a dozen, $21 each) would be a gratifying present for nervous persons who like to crush wineglasses between their fingers during dinner to relieve their *Angst*. Among Baccarat's serving pieces, note a perfectly formed and proportioned compote, with a plain round, shallow bowl, seven and a half inches in diameter, poised on a five-inch baluster stem. This is of a size to hold a few grudging helpings of raspberries or one perfectly formed and proportioned lemon. The price is $58. Among the pitchers on view at Baccarat, all commandingly elegant, there is one of vaguely Renaissance aspect, with a long, slender neck rising from a rounded body, and with fluting around the neck and in a band around the body; it has a flaring handle and a pronounced spout, and it is $100. Up a flight, at Ceralene, Inc., where delicate porcelain from Limoges is purveyed, a lovely melon-shaped bowl, ten inches in diameter, looks particularly wonderful in celadon green; it is $36 in this serene shade, and it is available also in white, for $27.50, and in various patterns at various prices. A pair of celadon salad servers is $26.

ACROSS the street and up the stairs at James II, the fifth-floor gallery of James Robinson, 12 East 57th Street, there is a remarkable piece of early Victoriana: an eight-sided, oblong lacquer box richly and densely decorated with minute scrolls and flowers painted in gilt on a black background. The top and sides of the box are also fitted with faceted and bevelled glass domes and ovals, and the inside is appointed with red velvet trimmed with gold thread and fringes. This object, which sits on little bun feet, is nine and a half inches long, six and a half inches wide, and four inches deep, and hovers dangerously near the edge of hideousness, but doesn't quite fall over. (It puts one in mind of the unbelievable pincushion, whose "scale, shape, and size were those of a blancmange for not less than eight people," with which E. F. Benson commences his delightful memoir of the Victorian Age, "As We Were.") The price is $875. There are some unusually attractive bird prints for sale here, at $100 each, whose special appeal comes from their twelve-by-thirteen-and-a-half-inch mellow bird's-eye-maple frames (an inch and three-quarters wide) and from their black "mats," which have been painted directly on the picture glass so as to set each bird in an oval within a rectangle. A single lavender line, tracing the curve of the oval about a quarter of an inch from its edge, also appears on the glass. The birds are identified on the back, and ten horizontal and two vertical pictures were available during our visit. James II has gathered a collection of English



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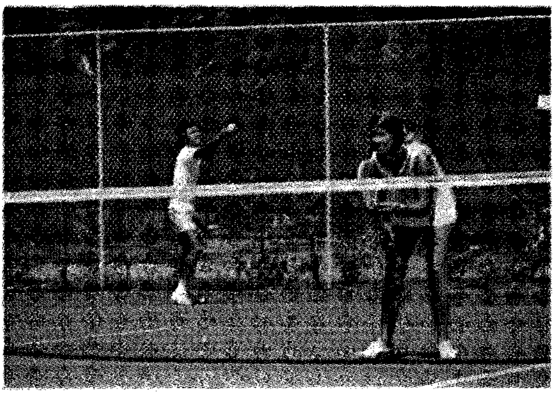
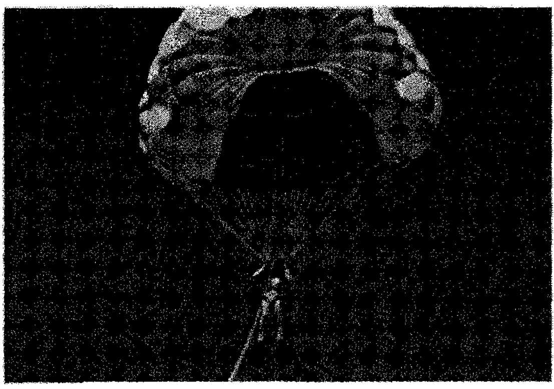


☐ Improving your backhand

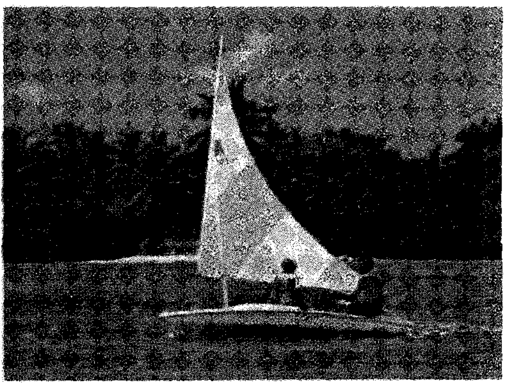
☐ Working on your tan

3. How would you rather enjoy the sun?

☐ Around a posh pool with a cool drink



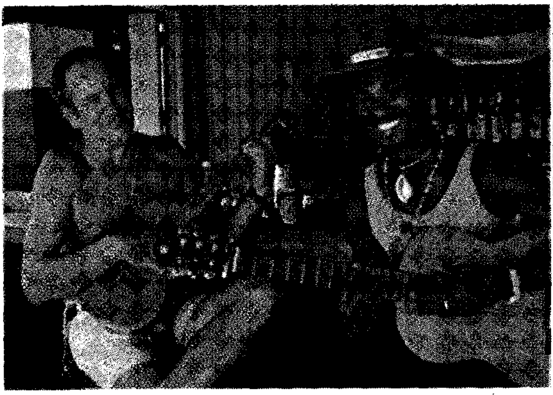
☐ Parasailing above the beach



☐ Sailing a picnic to a deserted cove

4. How would you prefer to spend your evenings?

☐ Picking up on the action at the casino



☐ Singing along with friends in a beach bar

☐ Dining and dancing under the stars

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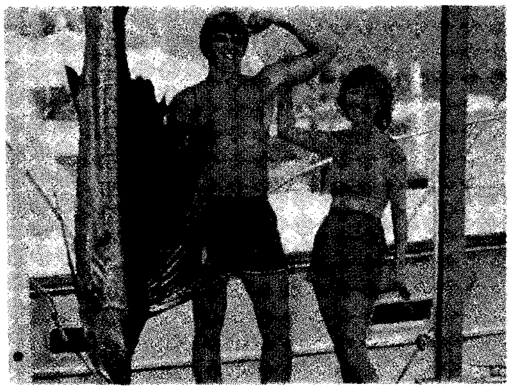
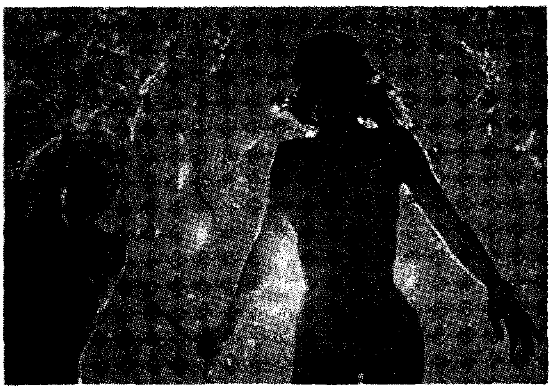


☐ Going out after the big ones



☐ Discovering treasure wrecks and friendly fish

☐ Getting your handicap down

6. What's your idea of culture?

☐ A Bahamian folklore show

☐ Royal Police Force Band on parade

☐ A hot cabaret

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silver easel photograph frames, made between 1880 and 1910, and priced between $65 and $550, which transport one back to the days when people sat for their photographic portraits rather than having them rudely taken at the beach with their mouths full of French fries. These elegant relics are hand-engraved and backed in velvet, leather, damask, or wood.

At the Mediterranean Shop, 876 Madison Avenue (71st), more frames are on view which deserve better than the color snapshots of drooling infants and squinting party guests they so often get. These are covered with the beautiful Italian endpapers that this shop covers everything in sight with (boxes, albums, address books, pencils, etc.), and are ingeniously designed so that pictures can be put in and taken out by simply lifting frame and glass up from the metal backing, which is covered with the same paper and holds the frame in place by a magnet. Ten patterns are offered—small-figured geometrics and stylized floral prints—and prices are $10.50 for a three-inch-square frame, $11.50 for a vertical or horizontal three-by-five-inch frame, $15.50 for a double three-inch-square frame, and $21.50 for a triple three-inch-square frame. The Mediterranean Shop's exquisite hand-woven, hand-embroidered linen breakfast sets (a mat and two napkins, $32.50) conjure up the image of a lady in a lace-trimmed crêpe-de-Chine bed jacket sitting primly up in her smooth, neat bed as a maid draws the curtains back and brings a white wicker breakfast tray on which a covered dish of bacon and eggs, a silver rack of toast, dainty pots of jam, coffee in a silver pot, and a rose in a vase repose between compartments filled with foreign newspapers and interesting mail—instead of the more usual morning scene of people crawling out of rumpled beds and miserably making their way to a kitchen table appointed with a leaky carton of milk and an empty box of Sugar Smacks. The embroidery consists of delicate pink, red, yellow, or blue flowers with green leaves or of multifloral bouquets—for example, irises done in two shades of blue on the mat and in one of the shades on each napkin, or a bouquet consisting of a red poppy, a couple of blue cornflowers, a daisy, and a sheaf of wheat which appears twice on the mat and once in the corner of each napkin. A matching tea cozy ($35 in a large size and $29.50 for a small one) and an egg cozy ($7.50) are also available. Among other ladylike items on view here, note a little sachet pillow whose delicious sweet scent is the secret mixture of a local Frenchwoman; whose nylon-organdie top covering, embroidered with various garden flowers or with holly and mistletoe and their French names, is the work of needlewomen in Italy; and whose totality as a stuffed pillow with a satin back is owed to the labor of yet another person. The price for all this collaboration is $12.75. The scent is said to last a year, and refills are available for $5.75.

AT Bloomingdale's, on the sixth floor, there are some authoritative examples of Art Nouveau glass which turn out to be the work of a contemporary craftsman who has mastered the techniques of Tiffany, Gallé, et al., and produces goblets, vases, and pitchers of extraordinary veracity to the weirdly beautiful spirit of their sources. Prices are around $60 per item—the price of, for example, a tall goblet whose bowl rises from a characteristic, sinuously curving loop and is embellished with pavonine designs in some cases (one of the color combinations is pale green and blue eyes on an amethyst background) and with unpatterned iridescence in others.

A new glass pitcher at the Metropolitan Museum Gift Shop is decorated with an Art Nouveau swirl pattern but is nevertheless based on a piece made in New Jersey in the early decades of the nineteenth century, long before Art Nouveau existed. White swirls appear on a dark-amber background and echo the curvature of the pitcher's spout, handle, and body, which stands approximately eight inches high. We say "approximately" because no two pitchers are exactly alike, each being free-blown and thus varying in size as well as in pattern and shape. The price is a fixed $75. Another example of New Jersey glass at the museum is a sea-green trumpet-shaped vase approximately six inches high, decorated with white swirls and priced at $42. A work of true Art Nouveau derivation is the museum's new letter opener, whose handle is a mermaid with long, wild coils of hair, and whose blade has a scimitar curve. The price is $25 for a pewter version and $135 for a sterling-silver one. As an accompaniment to the Art Nouveau letter opener, the museum supplies (for $3.95) a box of Art Nouveau writing paper (twenty-four sheets and envelopes). Each melon-colored single sheet is decorated with a wide dark-blue border of stylized flowers of a typical

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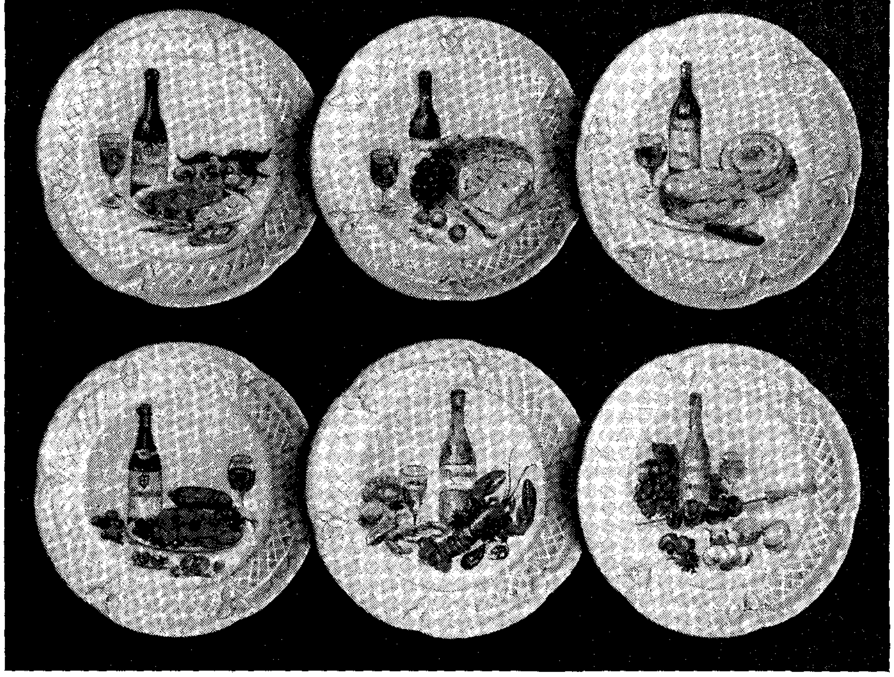

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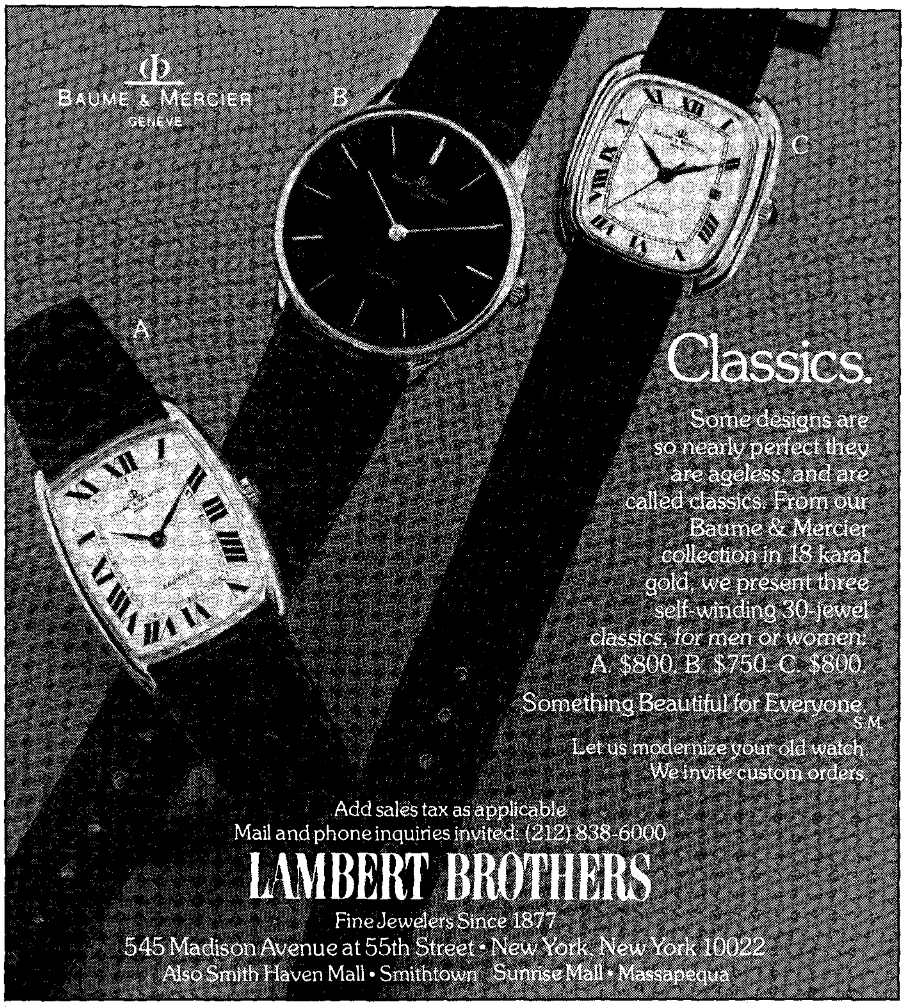

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heavy late-nineteenth-century English character. The source of the pattern is an endpaper in "The Book of Ruth," published in London in 1896.

The museum's new desk appointment calendar is called "Secret Gardens," and it offers extracts from works in the museum's collections which show flowers and foliage at close range. In "The Voices of Silence," Malraux discusses the new works of art that are created by photographing details from larger works. This calendar contributes an interesting proviso to the discussion, showing that not all details are works of art. Many—indeed, most—of the closeups in the calendar are edifying rather than aesthetically satisfying, providing the equivalent of coming up close to a large work to peer at the brushstrokes or, as the case may be, the stitches or weaving technique. Among the exceptions are the quilts, hangings, medieval tapestries, and other works of a flat, decorative character (details from which have already been used to great advantage in the museum's Christmas cards); for example, a detail from the left panel of the triptych "The Merode Altarpiece," by the fifteenth-century Flemish artist Robert Campin, showing a pair of birds on a crenellated brick wall with a climbing rose, becomes a work of twentieth-century Surrealism; and a detail from "The Unicorn in Captivity" looks like a William Morris design. Monet, Manet, Gauguin, Cézanne, Delacroix, Redon, and Fragonard are among the *malerisch* artists whose contributions instruct more than they delight; $3.50.

Dutton published an appealing appointment calendar last year called "The Quilt Engagement Calendar," and has followed it this year with a possibly even more delightful "Calendar of American Folk Art," which, along with quilts, includes choice examples of *naïve painting*, wood sculpture, *Fraktur*, hooked rugs, and other such forms. The color reproductions and photographs are excellent, and the price is $5.95.

The front cover of the Museum of Modern Art's appointment calendar displays a color photograph of a boy's chest garbed in a white T-shirt printed with the message "as American as . . ." and the back cover completes the phrase with a rather revolting-looking representation of a slice of pie on the back of the T-shirt. Within are works by American (and a few European) artists depicting, reflecting, celebrating, or mocking characteristic American sights, institutions, rituals, and pastimes. Included are paintings by Warhol, Indiana, Wesselman, Ruscha, Lichtenstein, Hopper, Sheeler, O'Keeffe, and Mondrian (his "Broadway Boogie Woogie," if you were wondering, as we were); photographs by Brady, Curtis, Evans, Arbus, Friedlander, and Erwitt; pictures of such objects from the Design Collection as Eames' dining chair, I.B.M.'s computer panel, and the Libbey Company's Coke glass; and stills from great American movies like "Citizen Kane," "King Kong," "High Noon," and "Modern Times." The price of this fitting Bicentennial tribute is also $5.95.

An entertaining and useful address book (and social document) has been put out by the Reminder Binders Company under the title Personal Yellow Pages. The volume alphabetically cites—and leaves room for writing in the addresses and phone numbers of—providers of all the essential services of contemporary life, beginning with an accountant, and including an ice-skating teacher, a dog walker, a piano tuner, a priest, a kennel, a source of human-rights information, a recycling center, a seamstress, and an exercise class; $5. Another desk book, from the same company, is called Christmas Secretary and is evidently intended for a very careful kind of person—one who keeps a record of all the Christmas cards and presents he or she sends *and* receives over a six-year period, and of the clothing sizes of all his or her friends (including their pajamas, swimsuits, slippers, socks, panty hose, and bras); $8. Jensen's has the Christmas Secretary, Bendel has the Yellow Pages, and Bloomingdale's has both, as do many bookstores.

IN the serene, orderly, Old World quarters of Walter Schatzki, 153 East 57th Street, we lingered over a collection of nineteenth-century Dutch endpapers, which, it struck us, would make fine framed works for wall decoration. These are hand-blocked prints of small, stylized, regularly arranged flower sprigs, on backgrounds exquisitely colored in rare old shades of green, magenta, pink, orange, yellow, or blue, which put one in mind of antique fabrics. Each fourteen-by-eighteen-inch sheet is $10.

In the small, spare, modern establishment of Poster Originals, 16 East 78th Street (there's a SoHo branch at 386 West Broadway), we studied art-exhibition posters showing works by Matisse, Picasso, Warhol, Ingres, Sar-

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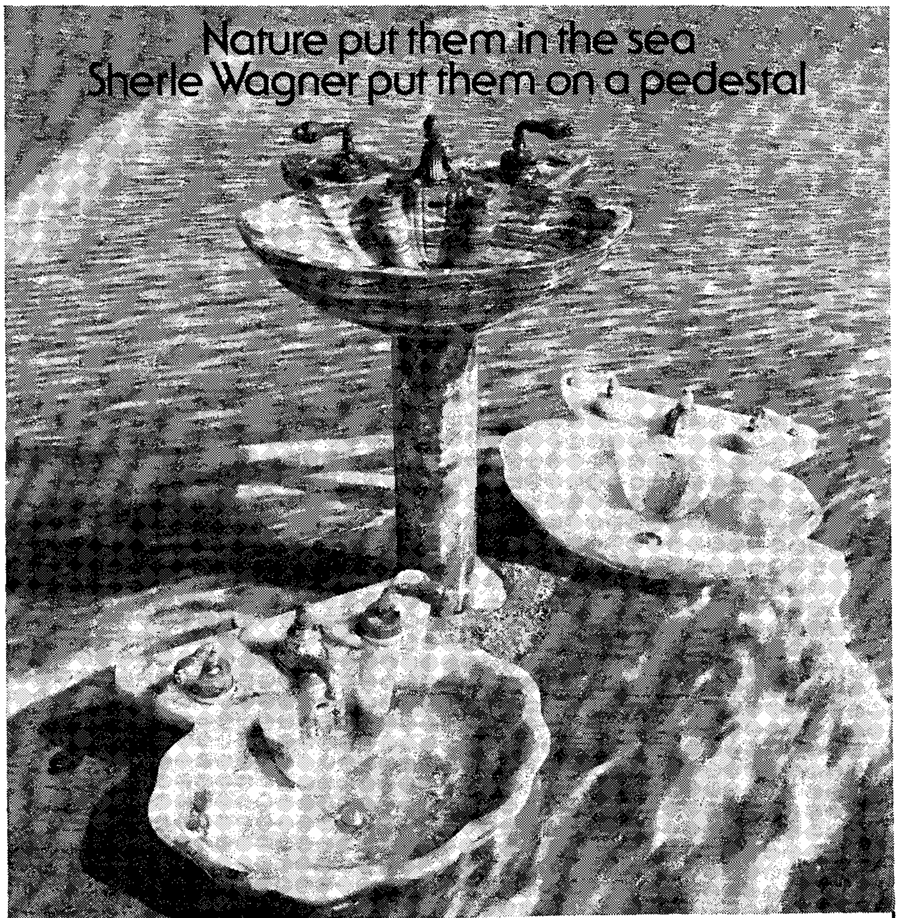
Nature put them in the sea
Sherle Wagner put them on a pedestal

Sherle Wagner
60 East 57 Street N.Y., N.Y. PL 8-3300
For illustrated catalogue send $5 to Dept. MNY

gent, and others, and reflected on the recent emergence of this genre as a substitute for the art reproduction. The art poster—with its lettering and graphic format—acknowledges more clearly than the reproduction does that it is a reference to the original work of art, rather than a replica, and by putting the work of art in quotation marks almost legitimizes its irreverent use as a piece of wall decoration. Poster Originals was the first large purveyor here of art posters and remains one of the best sources; several hundred posters from European and American exhibitions are in stock, priced between $5 and $50, and a framing service is available. We were amazed to learn, after buying a ten-dollar poster at the gallery, that having it framed there would cost fifty dollars. The owner shrugged and allowed as how we *could* probably have the framing done cheaper "downtown" (wherever that dismal region might be). We accordingly tried several frame shops below Seventy-eighth Street but regretted our decision, since none were cheaper and some were still more expensive. Slinking back uptown to Poster Originals with our poster, we passed the Sam Flax branch at 551 Madison Avenue (55th), and, finding that we could have the job done there for slightly less, ended our journey at this point. (The young staff of the Flax framing department are particularly well attuned to the woolly state of mind that people faced with decisions about frames and mats lapse into, and deal with customers in a gentle, patient, social-worker kind of way.)

FROM the street, a shop named Jenny B. Goode, 1194 Lexington Avenue (81st), may look like one of those daintified, overpriced gift shops that sell scented candles and white ceramic monkeys, and appear and disappear on the upper East Side like a mild indisposition, but inside it proves to be a source of excellent, odorless, moderate-priced things (and consequently is entering its third successful season). Glazed-earthenware mugs from England of a pleasing squatness and heft are offered in shades of rust, brown, ochre, or maize at $9 for a set of four. Light, nicely made "ginger trays" from mainland China have surfaces of woven bamboo fibre backed with wood, and bent-bamboo gallery rails encompass their round-cornered perimeters. A tray ten inches wide and thirteen inches long is $3, a thirteen-by-nineteen-inch version is $4, and a sixteen-by-twenty-two-inch one is $5. Another import from the Chinese Peo-

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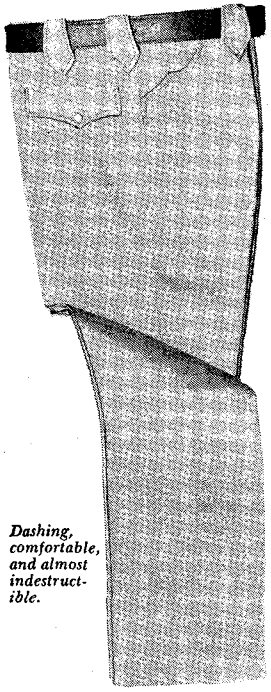
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ple's Bargain Basement is a set of ten pairs of chopsticks: slender, rounded, decorated with handsome calligraphy, tipped with metal, and priced at $2 for the set. A specialty of Jenny B. Goode is an enormous collection of pillows covered with imported cotton fabrics—Indonesian batiks, French chintzes, Liberty prints—and stuffed with a soft, approachable Dacron filling. Most of the prints are of a fresh, juicily clear-colored brightness evocative of summer rooms and of porches furnished with white wicker, but there are more sombre prints for winter living rooms, too. Some of the pillows have puckered "harem corners," and others are regular rectangles or squares. A pillow eighteen inches square is $16 (with either type of corner), and one twelve inches square is $10. (All the covers are washable and zippered.)

At La Cuisinière, 867 Madison Avenue (72nd), there is a pleasing new Italian earthenware soup tureen, which entirely avoids the look of fussy gratuitousness that Italian earthenware is prone to. This is a big, bulbous mustard-colored pot with a cover and an underplate, all decorated with agreeably crude folk-art paintings (in red, green, and white) of chickens and sprigs of flowers, and it has an appearance of rusticity and antiquity like that of Quimper ware. There are matching soup bowls and underplates, and prices are $55 for the tureen, $5.50 for a bowl, and $5 for an underplate. La Cuisinière's buff-colored English glazed-earthenware cannisters have stubby side handles and are decorated at the top with a band of dark brown to match the dark-brown lids. Four sizes, from $6.50 to $22.50, are offered, and in the same appealing earthenware there is a soup tureen for $20, a ten-cup teapot for $15.50, a six-cup teapot for $12.50, and pitchers from $5.95 to $9.95. La Cuisinière's white porcelain candlestick of the design favored by nimble Jack comes appointed with a little white porcelain snuffer and is priced at $4.95.

At Bendel, there are some remarkable paper-covered boxes—works of découpage whose designs are taken from American appliqué quilt patterns. Their anonymous maker, who lives in Washington, D.C., has selected patterns of a simplicity and geometric regularity that lend themselves particularly well to diminution, and has negotiated the translation with a most beautiful precision. The two- or three-color designs appear on the tops of rectangular boxes (roughly ten inches

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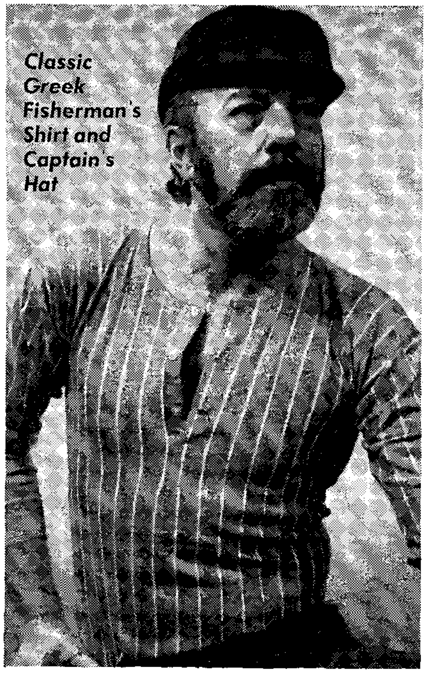

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long, seven inches wide, and five inches deep), and the sides are covered with solid-color paper that picks up one of the colors in the print. The boxes are lacquered and waxed to give them a leatherlike finish, and are priced from $55 to $75. Along with aristocratic treasures like these, Bendel (hearing the tumbrels in the distance) has prudently stocked up on republican items like restaurant china, earthenware pitchers, kitchen gadgets, and cheap glass, and among these incongruous necessaries there is a very comfortable and handsome folding chair of natural-finished beech with a slatted seat and a neat, clean appearance, priced at $19.

Tiffany, exhibiting a similar amused tolerance for hoi polloi's money, has introduced a line of stoneware as plain and blunt as the name of the English town, Rye, where it is made—at a production pottery run by four determined women. It is priced at, for example, $14 for a straight-sided one-pint teapot with a rattan handle, $6 for a milk jug made along the same no-nonsense lines, $6.50 for a coffee mug, $12 for a gigantic one-pint version of the same, and $4.50 for a low, straight-sided condiment jar. The ware is available in solid-color glazes of beige, dark brown, or dark blue, in beige trimmed with a broad white horizontal stripe, or in dark brown or blue trimmed with a lustre glaze of brown or blue. An example of more elegant plainness at Tiffany is offered by a new Danish ovenproof-porcelain pattern called Orbis. Each piece is decorated with a single, arrestingly simple, round blue seal (placed in the center of plates and platters and on the sides of cups and bowls), which has a kind of yin-yang character and a hand-blocked look. The china is a gray-cast white, and the pieces (edged with a sliver of brown) are well and strongly shaped. A dinner plate is $10.50, a covered casserole is $32.50, a teacup and saucer are $9.25, a coffeepot is $33.50, a creamer is $11.50, and a topless sugar bowl is $9.

The Johnson Company's Rose Chintz earthenware pattern, on view at Macy's, takes its inspiration from the elegant India-trade chintzes of the eighteenth century but has an atmosphere of homeyness and dailiness appropriate to its sturdy material and function as everyday dishes. The plump pink roses are made up of engravers' dots by the hundred; they are accompanied by green leaves and, here and there, are punctuated with smudgy accents of blue. A forty-five-piece set for

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eight is $100, and prices for individual pieces are, for example, $3.75 for a mug, $4.40 for a dinner plate, $19.95 for a large platter, $17.50 for a covered vegetable dish, and $3.15 for a soup bowl.

The English firm of J. & G. Meakin offers, without a trace of irony, a blue-and-white earthenware pattern called American Heritage, which depicts scenes from the American Revolution on its plates, cups, bowls, and serving pieces, among them the Boston Tea Party, Valley Forge, and the Continental Congress. A forty-five-piece service for eight of this patriotic (or, as the case may be, traitorous) ware is $67 at Gimbels.

THERE is a strange mistake on page 9 of *The Connoisseur's* newly revised "Complete Color Encyclopedia of Antiques" (Hawthorn, $37.50)—made by *The Connoisseur's* editor, Bevis Hillier, who, writing of Art Deco in his preface, identifies it as "the decorative arts of the 1940s and 1950s." The error is clearly not one of ignorance—Mr. Hillier practically invented the Art Deco revival, being the author of the two foremost books on the subject and the co-organizer of the major Art Deco show at the Minneapolis Institute of Art in 1971—but, rather, must be a Freudian slip arising from Mr. Hillier's preoccupation with a just-published book of his own entitled, as it happens, "The Decorative Arts of the Forties and Fifties" and bearing the curious subtitle "Austerity/Binge" (Potter, $12.50). In this work, copiously illustrated with the most terrible-looking objects, Mr. Hillier attempts to do for the forties and fifties what he did for the twenties and thirties: to isolate the themes, motifs, art derivations, and social influences that recur in decorative objects and form a recognizable period style. The sunrises, fountains, Aztec temples, Cubistic shapes, Aryan types, racing dogs, etc., that inform Art Deco were followed, according to the present volume, by mermaids, winged horses, gypsies, balloons, molecular motifs, and amoeba shapes, among other wartime and postwar fascinations. The items shown include an octopus-shaped earring, a winged-horse plastic brooch, fabric printed with ballerinas, pottery decorated with "Parisian" motifs, a palette brooch, a heater in the form of a flying saucer, an eye-shaped ornament to put on top of a television set, containing mounted butterflies plus molecular motifs, a pottery figure of a stunted Winston Churchill, and a plastic brooch spelling out the words "Remember Harbor," with the missing word supplied by an artificial pearl. Advertisements, movie stills, sheet music, and book designs are cited as further evidence of there being an Austerity/Binge style. (Mr. Hillier coined the term as an expression of the change from deprivation to prosperity during the postwar period.) In a concluding chapter, the author discusses the A/B revival that started in the early seventies and is apparently already causing people to throw out their Art Deco kitsch and replace it with even more hideous examples of fifties whimsey. With unexpected ruefulness, Mr. H. reports that the English artist Dougie Field "not only painted oils of fifties subjects, but ripped up a good fitted carpet in his Earl's Court, London, flat, to lay down some polka-dot linoleum, and sold a superb Art Deco bed because he wanted to commission another for himself in the form of a palette." The accompanying picture of Mr. Field, formally posed on his molecular-motif fabric-covered sofa in front of a palette-shaped coffee table, does not dispose one to follow his example, nor does a real Austerity/Binge revival seem likely in this already sufficiently kitsch-glutted country. (England's green and pleasant land may be another matter.) But Mr. Hillier's book is well worth owning—as are all his eccentric, lively, funny, and civilized writings—and is a particularly delightful (and fitting) piece of reading to dip into during those long Christmas Day hours when the children are crying over their already broken plastic toys, the turkey is golden on the outside but arctic on the inside, and there's nothing on television but "Let's Make a Deal."

•

Miss Joyce Belle Conner and Miss Joyce Lewis, bride-elect of Danny Pruitt, were honored with a miscellaneous shower by the x-ray personnel of the Memorial Hospital at the home of Mrs. Susan Richardson, 1716 North Main Street.

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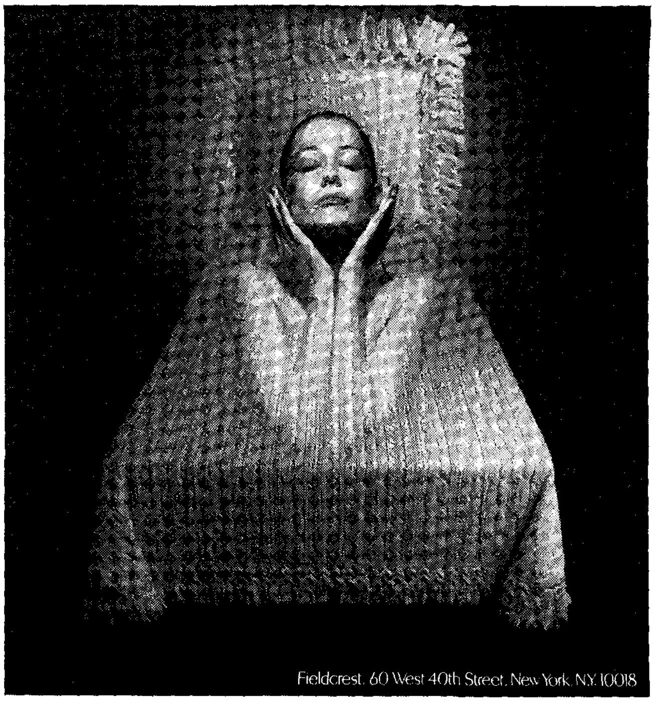

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ANNALS OF CHEMISTRY

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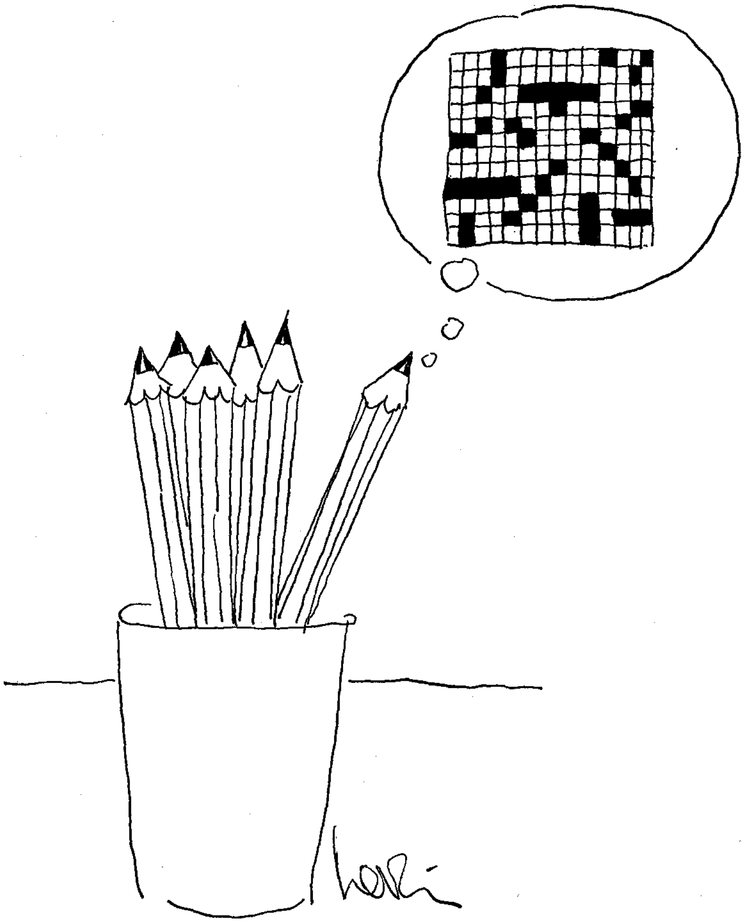
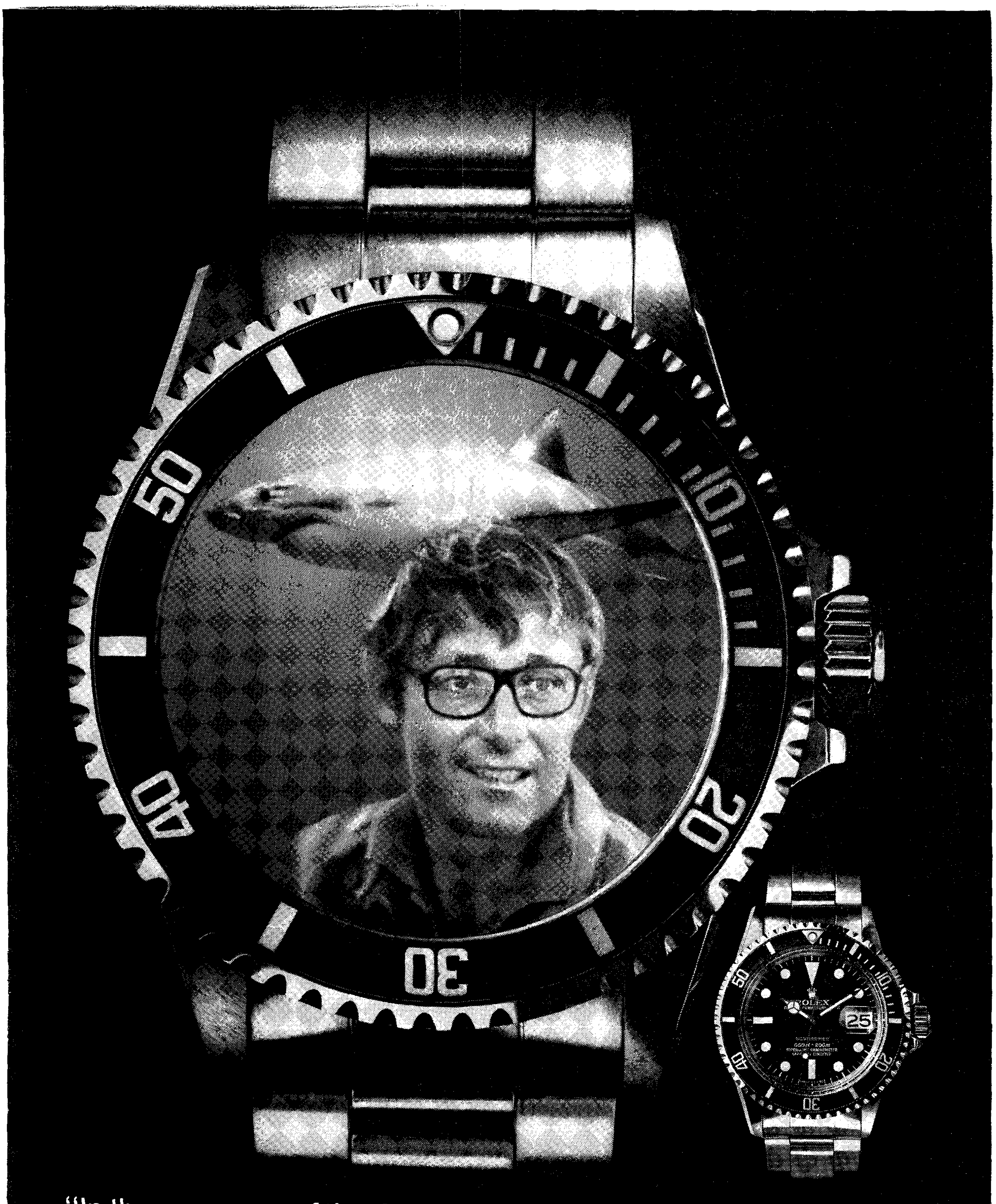
IN October of 1968, a young physician named Thomas Henry Corbett began a two-year residency in anesthesiology at the University of Michigan Medical Center, in Ann Arbor, and within a few weeks he was learning to administer anesthetics under the supervision of staff doctors. Surgical patients were put to sleep then, as they still are, with injections of extremely short-acting barbiturates, their state of unconsciousness being maintained by the administration of various combinations of inhalation agents—usually one per cent or less of a powerful main agent, such as halothane or methoxyflurane, carried in a mixture of nitrous oxide and oxygen in equal parts. Since all anesthesia machines are equipped with valves to exhaust gases not inhaled by the patient, Corbett was quickly able to distinguish between what he considered to be the disagreeably sweet odor of halothane and the rather pleasant, fruity-sweet smell of methoxyflurane. So could his wife, Beverly, who, having been trained as a nurse, was invariably able to tell him when he returned home in the evening which of the anesthetics he had been using that day. Corbett assumed that the odor of the gases was clinging to his body. Then one night, after using methoxyflurane in the morning and spending the rest of the day administering spinals, he showered, washed his hair, and changed his clothes before going home, in order to test this assumption. No sooner did he walk in the door, however, than his wife told him that he had been using methoxyflurane and that its odor was on his breath. At that point, it dawned on Corbett that the gases he was inhaling in the operating room were being stored in his body and released over a protracted period.

Corbett found this realization vaguely upsetting. For one thing, he remembered that he had had headaches on several occasions after using methoxyflurane, and that it was common for his colleagues in the anesthesiology training program to complain of headaches after using the gas. In addition, he recalled a puzzling incident that had taken place in the operating room a few weeks earlier. Corbett had been preparing to anesthetize a patient with halothane when, in order to make sure that the vaporizer was functioning properly, he put the anesthesia mask to his face and sniffed. At that moment, one of his professors came by, snatched the mask out of Corbett's hand, and told him that if he had been administering cyclopropane—a main agent no longer in widespread use—he might well be lying on the floor with a fractured skull. Corbett, who knew that several whiffs of cyclopropane could render one unconscious, said that he was using halothane, to which the professor replied that some anesthesiologists had been known to become addicted to halothane, and that in any case the stuff was probably toxic to the liver. This was the first that Corbett had heard about the possibility that halothane might be toxic, and when the experience with his wife subsequently indicated to him that his body was absorbing and storing anesthetic gases, he began to wonder what long-term, low-level exposure to these agents might be doing to people like him who were inhaling them daily in their work.

A few days later, Corbett went to the university's medical library to see if there were any studies of the health experience of anesthesiologists. To his surprise, he discovered that there were only two and that both had been published within the past year. One of the studies had been conducted by a Soviet scientist named A. I. Vaisman, who had surveyed three hundred and three Russian anesthesiologists heavily exposed to various anesthetics and found an unusually high incidence of headache, fatigue, irritability, and nausea among them. Vaisman also reported that after exposure to anesthetic gases the anesthesiologists showed an increase in functional disturbances of the central nervous system. Most alarming of all, Vaisman noted that of thirty-one pregnancies among the female anesthesiologists eighteen had ended in spontaneous abortion, two had resulted in premature delivery, and one had produced a child with a congenital malformation. The other study had been carried out by Dr. David L. Bruce, an associate professor of anesthesiology at the Northwestern University Medical School, in Chicago, who, with some colleagues, studied the causes of the mortality of four hundred and forty-one members of the American Society of Anesthesiologists who died between 1947 and 1966. Bruce found a slightly higher than normal incidence of death from malignancies of the lymphatic and immunological systems and an inordinately high suicide rate.

After reading the two studies, Corbett was convinced that he was on the track of something. He was also worried. He was thirty years old and the father of two small children, and the idea that he might be embarking upon a career that could adversely affect his health was a disturbing one. It was December of 1968—less than two months after he had begun his residency—and for a few days he considered quit-





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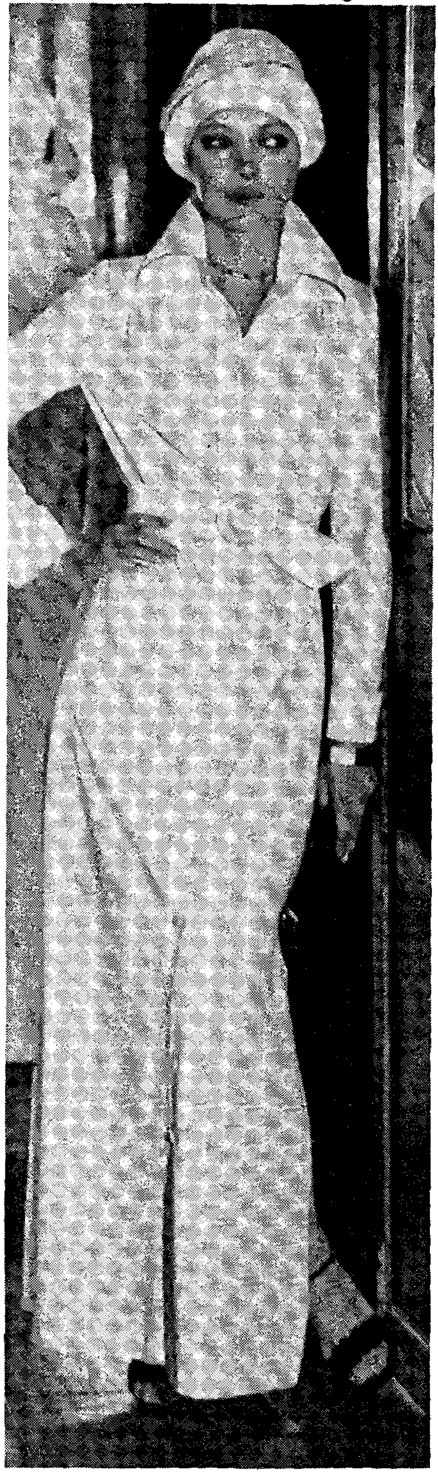

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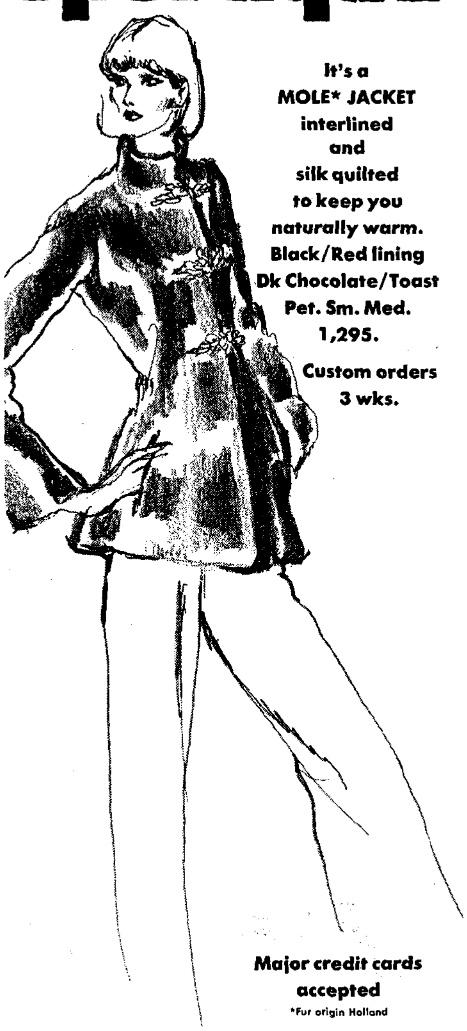
ting the anesthesiology training program altogether. In the end, he devised a gas trap with which he could protect himself and decided to stay on. He got a child's balloon, punched a hole in the side of it, and fitted the punctured side over the relief valve of the anesthesia machine, through which the excess gases were being exhausted into the ambient air of the operating room. Then, using tubes, he connected the neck of the balloon to a suction device on the wall and piped the excess gases outdoors. The surgeons, the operating-room nurses, and his fellow-residents in anesthesiology greeted his invention with amusement. Some of them even gave him a ribbing. "Anything that smells this bad can't be good for you," Corbett told them. But when he undertook to discuss with various staff members of the Department of Anesthesiology the possibility that trace amounts of anesthetic gases might be toxic, he received little encouragement. Indeed, most of them thought the idea was ridiculous. Corbett, however, remained undaunted. "I knew I was right," he has said since. "I was convinced that anesthetic gases would turn out to be an occupational hazard. But, of course, I had no real proof at that time. All I had was a compelling intuition."

UNTIL the eighteen-forties, when nitrous oxide, ether, and chloroform were first used as inhalation anesthetics, surgery had always been synonymous with agony. The ancient Egyptians had tried to alleviate the suffering of surgical patients with a variety of narcotics; the Chinese and the Hindus had used hashish dissolved in wine; the Greeks had administered mandragora—otherwise known as mandrake—and deadly nightshade, or belladonna, both of which contain atropine; and long before the Spanish Conquest the Indians of South America had employed cocaine, derived from coca leaves. In addition to drugs, a variety of primitive physical techniques were used to render patients temporarily insensible. The Romans anesthetized people by pressing on the carotid artery of the neck, which by depriving the brain of blood produced not only unconsciousness but sometimes death. The Assyrians prepared children for circumcision by asphyxiating them through strangulation—a practice still used in Italy in the seventeenth century—and during the Middle Ages surgical patients were often literally knocked out, with cerebral concussions produced by blows on



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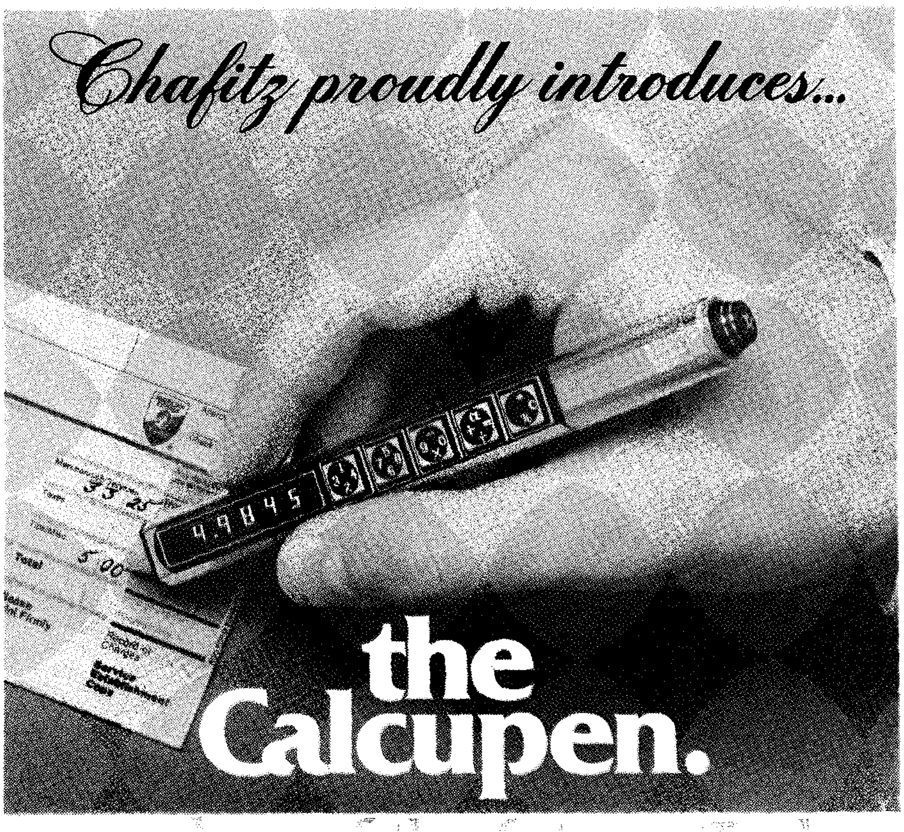
wooden bowls that had been placed over their heads. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, rum and opium were the most widely used painkillers here and in Europe. Because these agents did not produce adequate anesthesia, however, patients had to be either strapped to the operating table or held down by teams of exceptionally strong men. Not surprisingly, therefore, speed became the essence of surgery. A hundred and thirty years ago, surgeons at the Massachusetts General Hospital prided themselves on their ability to amputate a leg in twenty-six seconds flat.

The accidental discovery that nitrous oxide, or laughing gas, and ether could be used as surgical anesthetics was the first major American contribution to the field of medicine. During the eighteen-twenties and thirties, it had become fashionable to inhale these gases for the sense of exhilaration and euphoria they produced. In fact, during the intemperate Jacksonian era ether frolics and nitrous-oxide jags were a no less popular form of social entertainment than pot parties in the nineteen-sixties. From hilarity in the drawing room to serenity under the surgeon's knife was thus a matter of observing that people under the influence of the gases could stub their toes, bark their shins, and fall flat on their faces without feeling pain. This observation was first applied in surgery by Dr. Crawford Williamson Long, a general practitioner in Jefferson, Georgia, who on March 30, 1842, removed a tumor from the neck of a young man named James M. Venable after anesthetizing him with ether, which Venable had been in the habit of inhaling for amusement. From then on, Long continued to use the gas in his practice, but, because he did not publish a report of his achievement at the time, his work remained unknown to the medical community, and ether anesthesia had to be rediscovered some four years later by a Harvard Medical School student named William Thomas Green Morton.

Aware that nitrous oxide had been employed for painless tooth extraction by Horace Wells, a Hartford dentist, Morton, a former partner of Wells, had used ether for the same purpose. He then persuaded Dr. John Collins Warren, a founder and senior surgeon of the Massachusetts General Hospital, to remove a tumor from the jaw of a patient who had been rendered unconscious with the gas. The operation, an unqualified and painless success, took place on October 16, 1846, in an op-



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erating room that is still known as the Ether Dome, and was witnessed by the eminent surgeon Dr. Henry Jacob Bigelow, who declared, "I have seen something today which will go round the world." The speed with which Bigelow's assessment proved correct was nothing short of astonishing, for at London's University College Hospital less than ten weeks later the prominent English surgeon Robert Liston amputated the leg of a man anesthetized with ether; in January of 1847 the gas was used in surgery in France; and in June of that year it was being administered to patients as far away as Tasmania. By then, the state of unconsciousness produced by ether was known practically everywhere as "anesthesia," thanks to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, soon after the demonstration in the Ether Dome, had written a letter to Morton suggesting the term—a word that had first been used by Plato in the fourth century B.C. to convey an absence of feeling in the sense of boorishness and afterward had come to signify a loss of sensation. Ever the classicist, Holmes paid tribute to ether anesthesia in a lecture delivered at the Harvard Medical School in November of 1847, saying that "the fierce extremity of suffering has been steeped in the waters of forgetfulness, and the deepest furrow in the knotted brow of agony has been smoothed forever."

That same November, a rival to ether developed when James Young Simpson, an obstetrician, held an impromptu chloroform-sniffing party at his home in Edinburgh. (Chloroform had been developed simultaneously in the United States, France, and Germany in 1831.) After Simpson and two of his friends had passed out cold and come to, Simpson decided he had hit upon an anesthetic agent that—because it was more pleasant to smell and less irritating to the lungs—was superior to ether, which he had been using in childbirth cases since the beginning of the year. From then on, Simpson employed chloroform almost exclusively in his practice, in spite of strong opposition from the Calvinist clergy, who claimed that God had ordained that childbirth be painful, and quoted as evidence the Scriptural phrase "In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children." Simpson countered this criticism by reminding the clergy that, according to the Bible, "God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam" before removing the rib that became Eve. The controversy continued unabated until 1853, when Dr. John Snow, of London, the first Eng-

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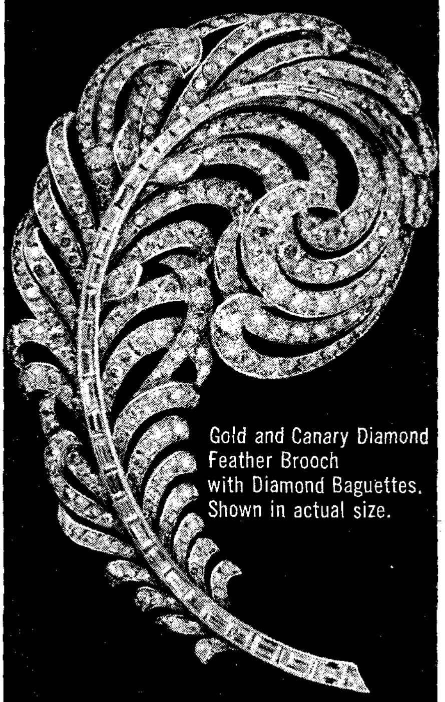

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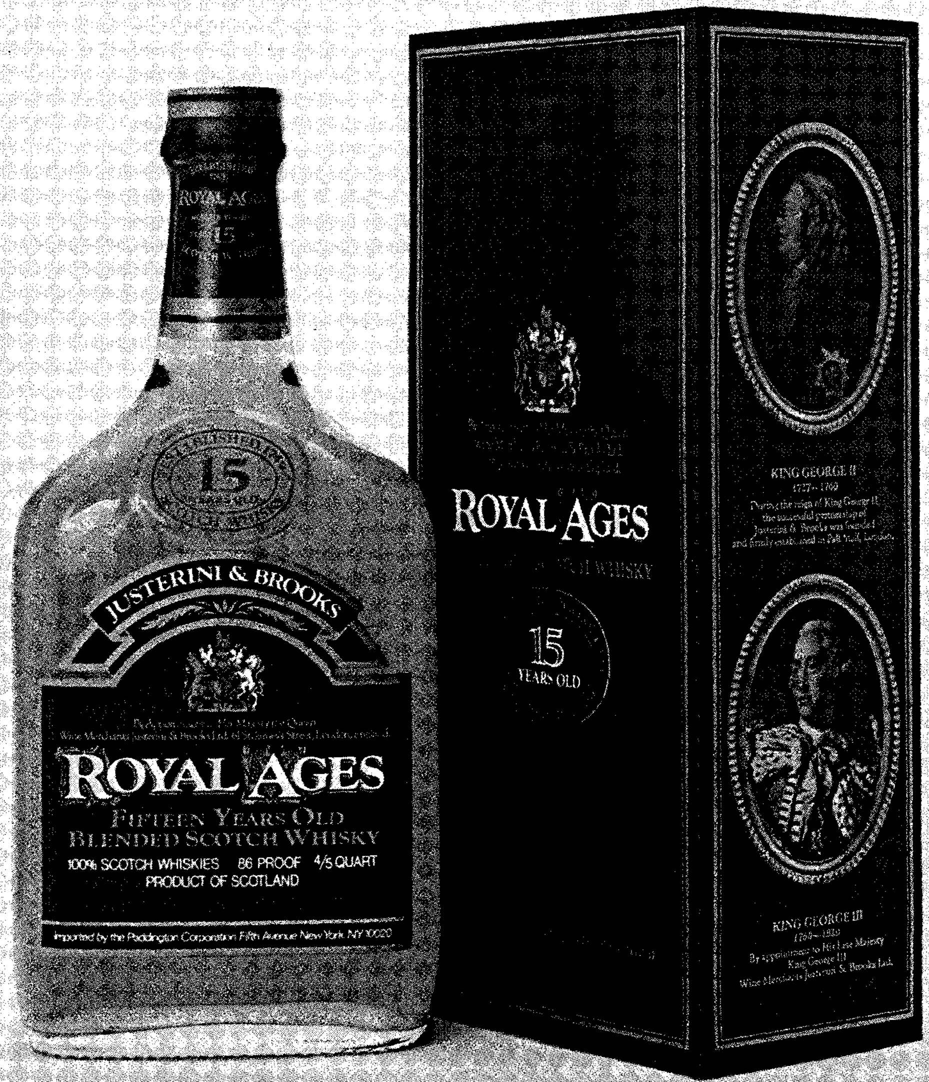
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lish anesthetist (and the man whose famous order to remove the Broad Street pump handle halted a cholera epidemic), administered chloroform to Queen Victoria at the birth of her eighth child, Prince Leopold. The Queen subsequently referred to the gas as "that blessed chloroform," thus bestowing upon it the ultimate seal of approval, and until the end of her reign chloroform remained the preferred anesthetic in England.

During this period, a transatlantic argument was carried on over the relative merits of chloroform and ether, for the latter was the favored anesthetic in the United States. By 1900, however, chloroform had come under suspicion because of mounting evidence that it was toxic to the heart, the liver, and the kidneys, and after the turn of the century, when the availability of oxygen as a compressed gas meant that main inhalation agents could be diluted, chloroform was displaced by a combination of ether and oxygen with nitrous oxide, which had been employed as an anesthetic in dentistry on both sides of the Atlantic since the eighteen-sixties. The use of ether continued until the nineteen-fifties, when it and cyclopropane—a less irritating anesthetic, introduced in 1933—were supplanted by halothane, which was deemed superior to both because it was not explosive. Today, halothane is one of the three main agents—the others being methoxyflurane and enflurane, two nonexplosive anesthetics that were introduced in 1960 and 1974, respectively—most commonly used in the seventeen million operations that take place in the United States annually.

Despite the tremendous advances that have been made in surgery in the hundred and thirty years since inhalation anesthesia was discovered, there is little understanding of how anesthetic agents deaden pain, produce unconsciousness, or affect the cells of the body. Anesthetics are believed to act by depressing the central nervous system, but the complexity of the system has so far thwarted all efforts to produce an experimentally proved theory of narcosis. One thing that has long been known about anesthetics is that all of them can be lethal in strong concentrations. Another is that many of them, like chloroform, can be toxic to various organs of the body. For these reasons, the Food and Drug Administration—the government agency responsible for regulating anesthetics to protect the public health—requires manufacturers to test new anesthetics for acute high-

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dose toxicity, lest patients undergo convulsions or suffer damage to the heart, the liver, or the kidneys. Until just a few years ago, however, virtually no studies had been undertaken to investigate the long-term effects of anesthetics, either upon patients or upon people who administer them. One reason for this may be that anesthetics have always been considered not merely ordinary chemicals but miraculous agents that came out of nowhere to decree the death of pain. In any event, when Dr. Corbett began to voice concern about them during the first months of his residency in anesthesiology at the University of Michigan most of his colleagues responded with open skepticism. Indeed, they considered his suspicions absurd.

REALIZING that he would have to go ahead on his own, Corbett decided to find out what concentrations of anesthetic gases were ordinarily present in an operating room during surgery and how long these gases were remaining in the breath of patients and operating-room personnel after exposure to the anesthetics had ended. For this he needed a gas chromatograph—a machine that can identify and measure the concentration of any particular gas in a mixture of gases. After weeks of trying to get permission to use one of the chromatographs at the Medical Center, he found that none could be made available to him. At that point—it was the spring of 1969—he went down the street to the environmental-research laboratories of the university's School of Public Health and looked up Gwendolyn Ball, a research associate who was a gas-chromatograph specialist. Miss Ball taught him how to use the machine and helped him design and conduct a series of experiments to measure the extent of chronic exposure to anesthetic gases. Since Corbett received no time off from his clinical duties to undertake this research, he had to collect and analyze air samples during his coffee breaks and during those evenings when he was not on call. As a result, the measurements were not completed until the summer of 1971. By then, however, Corbett had come up with some highly significant findings. He was able to demonstrate that during the administration of inhalation anesthetics anesthesiologists were being exposed routinely to concentrations of nitrous oxide ranging from five hundred to a thousand parts per million parts of air, with peak exposures as high as nine thousand seven hundred parts per million. These levels were of

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concern, because higher concentrations of nitrous oxide in human beings were known to limit the ability of bone marrow to produce the white blood cells necessary to counter infection, and because high concentrations of the gas had been shown to cause spontaneous abortion and birth defects in test animals. Corbett also found that anesthesiologists were being routinely exposed to concentrations of halothane and methoxyflurane ranging up to ten parts per million parts of air—levels that he suspected might be hazardous, since in high doses both gases were known to be toxic to the liver and the kidneys. Most alarming of all, however, was the amount of time the gases were remaining in the breath of anesthesiologists and patients after exposure to them had ended. Corbett was able to detect nitrous oxide in the breath of anesthesiologists seven hours after routine occupational exposure, and up to fifty-six hours after in the breath of patients who had undergone nitrous-oxide anesthesia. He was able to detect methoxyflurane in the breath of anesthesiologists up to thirty hours after they had administered the gas, and up to eighteen days after in the breath of patients who had been anesthetized with it. As for halothane, he was able to measure it for up to sixty-four hours in the breath of anesthesiologists, and for as long as three weeks in the breath of patients. Since Corbett was measuring end-expired air—the last portion of breath, coming from the alveolar sacs in the deepest recesses of the lungs—he knew he was recording concentrations of anesthetic gases that, stored in body fat, were slowly being released into the bloodstream. And since he suspected that during the period of storage and release anesthetics were being metabolized into biologically active compounds, his concern about the possible adverse health effects of chronic exposure to the gases was greatly increased.

While Corbett was making these measurements, his suspicions about inhalation anesthetics were augmented by evidence other investigators had collected. Early in 1970, he learned of a study conducted by Dr. Frederick P. Li, Dr. Joseph F. Fraumeni, and some associates at the Epidemiology Branch of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare's National Cancer Institute, who found that members of the American Chemical Society were dying of cancer at a rate significantly higher than that of other professional people, and that almost half of the excess deaths among the chemists were

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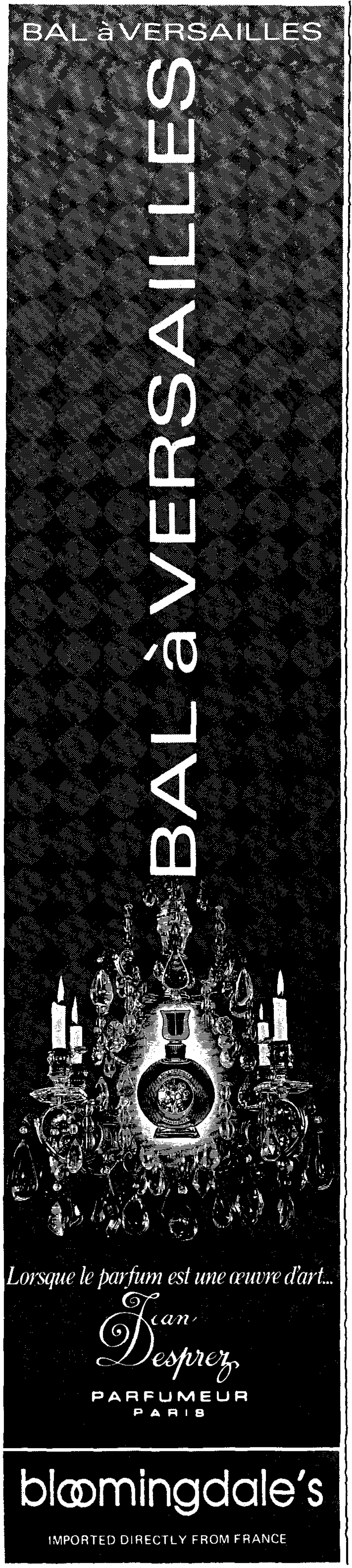

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caused by malignancies of the lymph glands or of the pancreas. "Right off the bat, it occurred to me that chemists and anesthesiologists have one very simple but salient thing in common," Corbett has recalled. "They inhale low concentrations of volatile chemicals and gases during their work."

Later in 1970, Corbett came across two studies from abroad that provided additional evidence that anesthetic gases could be hazardous for pregnant women who inhaled them. The first of these studies was conducted by two Danish scientists, who reported that almost one in five of all pregnancies among a group of anesthetists in Denmark had ended in spontaneous abortion. The second investigation was undertaken by two Hungarian researchers, who studied the pregnancy experience of twenty-four female anesthetists and anesthesiologists in Budapest and found that out of thirty-one pregnancies among these women ten resulted in spontaneous abortion, nine in pathological pregnancy, and two in premature delivery. In the fall of 1971, Corbett read of a survey conducted by Dr. Ellis N. Cohen, professor of anesthesiology at the Stanford University Medical Center, who, together with some colleagues, had studied the pregnancy experience of fifty nurse anesthetists and sixty-seven operating-room nurses in California. Cohen and his associates found that thirty-eight per cent of the pregnancies among the nurse anesthetists had ended in miscarriage, and that the rate of miscarriage among operating-room nurses stood at thirty per cent, while the rate of miscarriage among control groups made up of general-duty nurses and female physicians who did not work in operating rooms was about ten per cent.

"Cohen's study made a total of four separate investigations in four different countries, all of them showing a high incidence of spontaneous abortion among women working in operating rooms," Corbett said recently. "It also came at a crucial time, for by then the measurements that we had taken had left little doubt that operating-room personnel were undergoing continued low-level exposure to inhalation anesthetics such as nitrous oxide, halothane, and methoxyflurane. In addition, I had learned that chemicals which are embryolethal can also be teratogenic, meaning that they can cause birth defects, and that some can be carcinogenic as well. The possibility that anesthetic gases might cause cancer had earlier been suggested in Bruce's study at Northwestern showing a slight increase in death from malignancies among members of the American Society of Anesthesiologists, and it had also occurred to me when I heard about the increase in cancer mortality among the members of the American Chemical Society. But, of course, proof was lacking, because no one had really investigated the matter. For this reason, I decided to study the health experience of female nurse anesthetists in Michigan, with particular emphasis on the incidence of cancer in them."

By then—the autumn of 1971—Corbett had finished his residency at the Medical Center and had become an instructor of anesthesiology there. He had also become chief of the anesthesiology service at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Ann Arbor, and there he was able to spend considerable time investigating the effects of inhalation anesthetics. During the summer of 1971, he and Judy Endres, a research technologist at the hospital, exposed pregnant rats to concentrations of nitrous oxide similar to those normally found in the operating room, and demonstrated for the first time that low-level chronic exposure to the gas could cause embryo deaths in animals. At the same time, he and Dr. Richard Cornell, the chairman of the Department of Biostatistics at the University of Michigan School of Public Health, drew up a questionnaire to elicit information concerning pregnancy, birth defects, and cancer, which they mailed out at the beginning of 1972 to the six hundred and twenty-one currently active female members of the American Association of Nurse Anesthetists who were living in Michigan. After a second mailing and telephone calls to nonrespondents, they received replies from five hundred and twenty-five of the nurse anesthetists, and discovered that the incidence of cancer of all types in these women was three times the rate to be expected on the basis of a comparison with age-adjusted statistics from the Connecticut Tumor Registry, which is considered to be one of the most accurate registries of its kind in the nation. They also learned that the children of those nurse anesthetists who had worked during pregnancy suffered birth defects at a rate three times as great as the children of nurse anesthetists who did not work while pregnant—a finding that was simultaneously confirmed by a study of female nurse anesthetists in Great Britain. Though Corbett's Michigan study was relatively small in scope and did not establish a cause-and-effect relationship between exposure to anesthetic gases and birth defects and cancer, it was enough to convince him that pregnant women should not work in operating rooms unless the rooms were equipped with efficient gas-scavenging devices, and to make him question the safety of administering inhalation anesthetics to pregnant patients. It also caused him to suspect that one or more of the commonly used inhalation anesthetics was a carcinogen. As a result, he wrote several articles in professional journals urging that extensive research be carried out to determine whether the retention of anesthetic agents in the bodies of people who worked in operating rooms was causing harmful metabolic changes in them, and whether chronic exposure to anesthetic gases was impairing their immunological mechanisms and rendering them more susceptible to the development of cancer.

As it happened, Corbett's report of the increased rate of cancer in the Michigan nurse anesthetists came just as he was about to attend a meeting on health problems posed by anesthetic gases, which was held in Salt Lake City in June of 1972 under the auspices of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare's National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health. At the meeting, which was organized by Dr. William M. Johnson and Dr. Joseph K. Wagoner, of the institute's Division of Field Studies and Clinical Investigations, it was decided that an ad-hoc committee of the American Society of Anesthesiologists should conduct a nationwide survey of the effect of anesthetic gases on the health of operating-room personnel. The committee was chaired by Dr. Cohen, of Stanford; among its members were Drs. Bruce and Corbett; and at Corbett's urging the survey, which was financed by the institute, was designed to include the incidence of cancer.

Starting in January of 1973, the committee sent detailed questionnaires to the 49,585 members of the American Society of Anesthesiologists, the American Association of Nurse Anesthetists, and the Associations of Operating Room Nurses and Operating Room Technicians—groups representing virtually all the full-time operating-room personnel in the United States. Questionnaires were also sent out to 23,911 members of the American Academy of Pediatrics and the American Nurses' Association, who served as comparison groups that were

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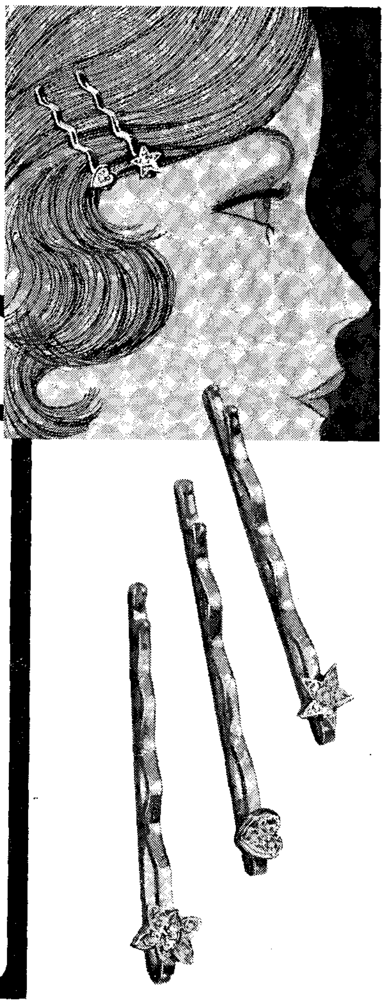

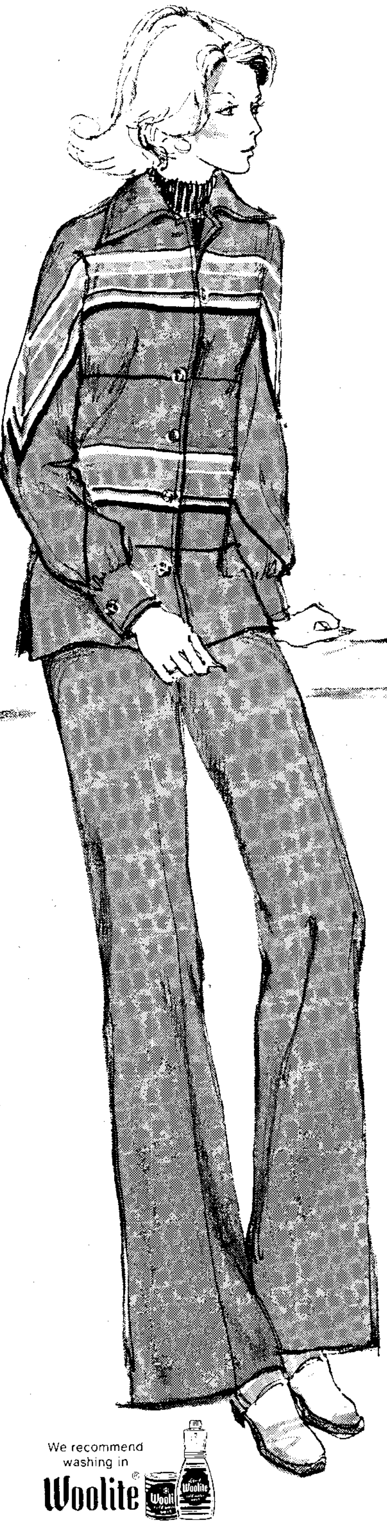

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not exposed to anesthetic gases. When the answers of those who responded to these questionnaires were subsequently analyzed at the computer center at Stanford University, strong evidence emerged to show that chronic exposure to the operating-room environment entailed a variety of health hazards, particularly for women working in operating rooms and for their offspring. The survey found that female anesthesiologists and anesthetists were incurring up to twice as great a risk of spontaneous abortion as women not exposed to anesthetic gases. It found that birth defects were twice as likely to occur among the children of female anesthesiologists as among children born to female physicians who had not been exposed to anesthetic gases, and were more than one and a half times as likely to occur in the children of nurse anesthetists who worked in operating rooms during their pregnancies as in the children of those who did not. The study also indicated a twenty-five-per-cent increase in the risk of birth defects among children born to the wives of male anesthesiologists—a finding that was both unexpected and alarming, for it suggested the possibility that anesthetic gases might be mutagenic, meaning that they could cause genetic damage in the sperm cells of males and that those mutations could be transmitted to their offspring. In addition, up to twice as much liver disease was found to occur in the females exposed to inhalation anesthetics, and a similar increase was observed in the males. As for the incidence of cancer, although it was difficult to evaluate this in a survey directed only to living persons, female anesthesiologists were found to be nearly twice as likely to develop malignancies as female physicians who did not work in operating rooms. Not surprisingly, when the committee published a report of its survey—in the October, 1974, issue of *Anesthesiology*, the official publication of the American Society of Anesthesiologists—its members concluded that there was a significant increase in disease among operating-room personnel, and that their exposure to waste anesthetic gases provided the most reasonable explanation for this. As a result, while calling for further study of the situation, they advised women to avoid working in operating rooms without gas-scavenging devices during the first trimester of pregnancy. They also recommended that gas-scavenging devices be installed in the nation's twenty-five thousand operating

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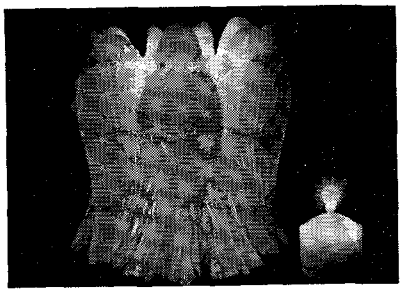

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rooms—less than half of which then contained such equipment—and pointed out that the average cost would amount to less than a hundred dollars per room. During the same month, Dr. Wagoner announced his institute's intention to draft a recommended standard for controlling occupational exposure to anesthetic gases in operating rooms throughout the United States.

WHILE the nationwide survey was being conducted, Corbett continued to investigate inhalation anesthetics at the Veterans Administration Hospital, with the support of V.A. research funds. During the winter of 1972 and 1973, he and Dr. Robert I. Millard, a resident in the Department of Oral Surgery at the University of Michigan Medical Center, found that dentists and dental assistants who administered anesthetic gases to patients were being exposed to even greater concentrations of nitrous oxide than people who worked in hospital operating rooms. In light of the high rate of spontaneous abortion among operating-room personnel, and Corbett's 1971 study with Judy Endres which showed that relatively low-level exposure to nitrous oxide was lethal to embryos in pregnant rats, these findings suggested caution for pregnant dental technicians, and possibly for pregnant women who might undergo nitrous-oxide anesthesia during dental surgery. Moreover, the findings were soon reinforced by other data, for when the nationwide survey of operating-room personnel was expanded to include the 4,797 members of the American Dental Association and the 2,642 members of the American Society of Oral Surgeons it was discovered that, out of the total of 3,593 persons who responded to the survey, the wives of men exposed to inhalation anesthetics were incurring nearly twice as great a risk of spontaneous abortion as other women and that the men were experiencing between two and three times the normal incidence of liver disease.

Later in the year, Corbett studied the toxicity of methoxyflurane and nitrous oxide in pregnant rats and found that high concentrations of the gases caused a delay in the skeletal formation of some of the fetuses. Like most researchers, he recognized that to show the toxicity of a chemical in test animals was not necessarily to prove that it would be toxic in human beings. But he was also mindful that in the case of thalidomide—the tranquillizing drug that caused several thousand serious

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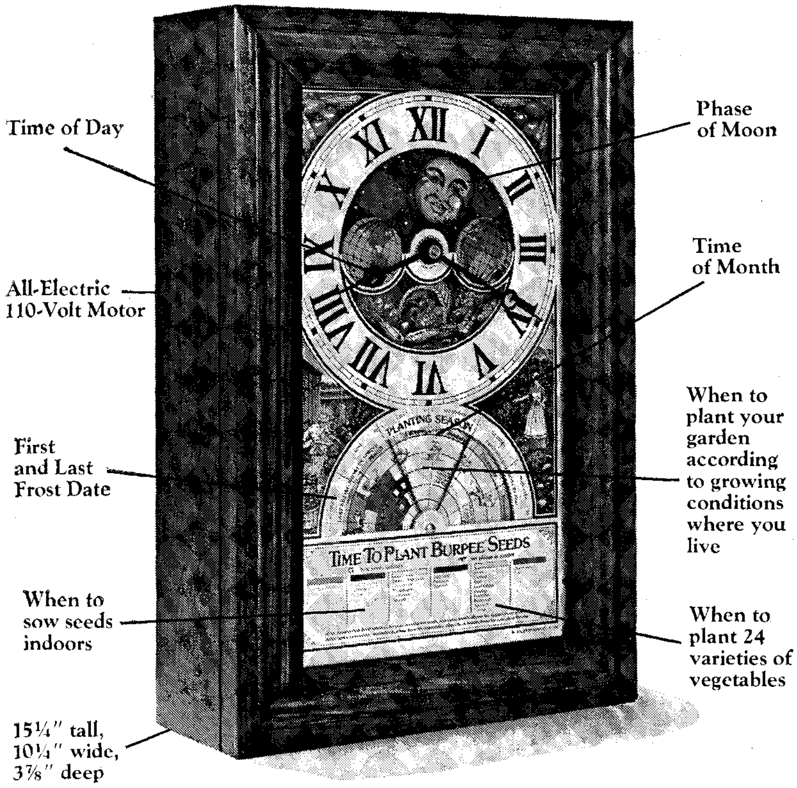
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birth defects in Europe during the late nineteen-fifties—it had taken sixty times the dose that produced the abnormalities in human beings to produce them in mice; a hundred times the dose to produce them in rats; and seven hundred times the dose to produce them in hamsters.

Toward the end of 1973, Corbett's suspicions about the carcinogenicity of anesthetic gases were reinforced by preliminary data gathered in the nationwide survey. At that point, he began spending his free evenings in the medical library, reading everything he could lay his hands on concerning cancer-producing chemicals. In February of 1974, he came across an article describing the carcinogenicity of a pair of halogenated ether compounds—bis(chloromethyl) ether and chloromethyl methyl ether—which had been published in 1968 in the *Archives of Environmental Health* by Dr. Benjamin L. Van Duuren, who is the director of the Laboratory of Organic Chemistry and Carcinogenesis at the New York University Medical Center Institute of Environmental Medicine. Halogenated ethers constitute a large class of compounds that, because of their high chemical reactivity, have found wide use in industry, mostly as intermediates in chemical synthesis. Because they are also highly reactive in terms of their biological effects, they had been under investigation since 1964 by Dr. Van Duuren and his associates at the laboratory, who found bis(chloromethyl) ether and chloromethyl methyl ether to be potent carcinogens when applied to the skin of mice. As a result, they predicted that both chemicals might produce cancer in human beings, and they warned that extreme caution should be exercised in their use in order to avoid skin contact or inhalation. When Corbett read Van Duuren's article, he did not know that the prediction about the two compounds had come true—that dozens of workers across the nation had developed lung cancer after relatively short exposure to them, that bis(chloromethyl) ether had come to be considered one of the most powerful chemical carcinogens ever discovered, and that the United States Department of Labor had just promulgated the occupational-health standard that no worker could be subjected to any detectable exposure to it. He did notice, however, that there was a similarity between the chemical structures of bis(chloromethyl) ether and chloromethyl methyl ether and those of several halogenated ether compounds then

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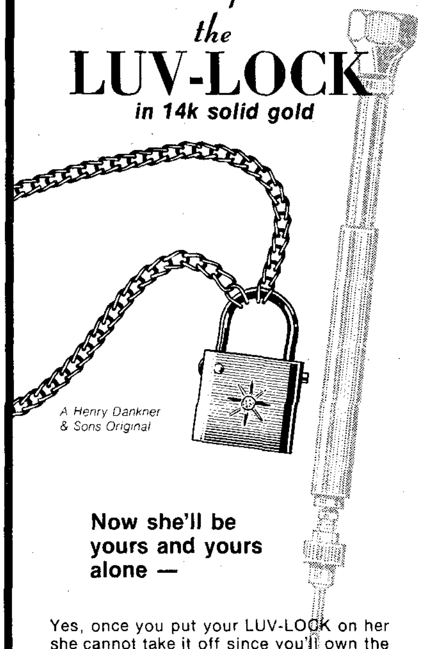

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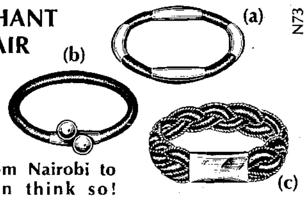

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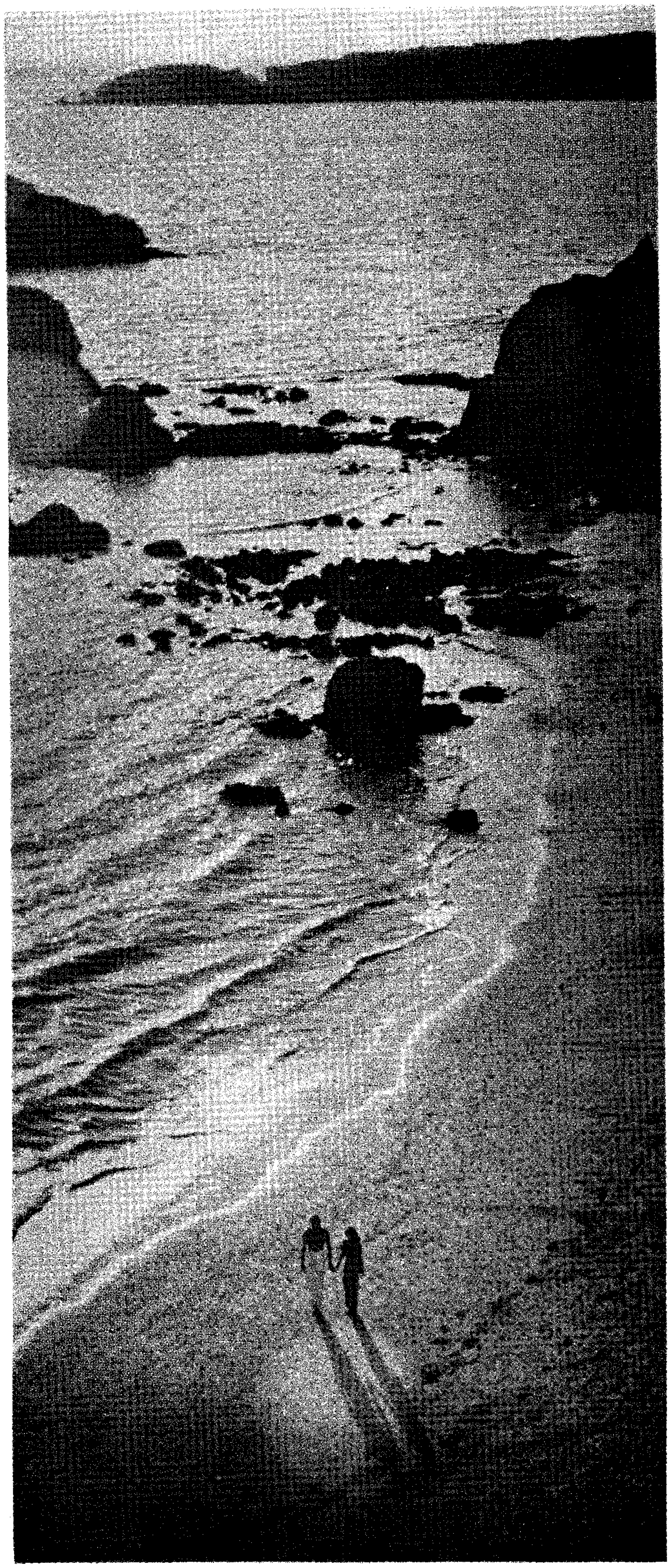

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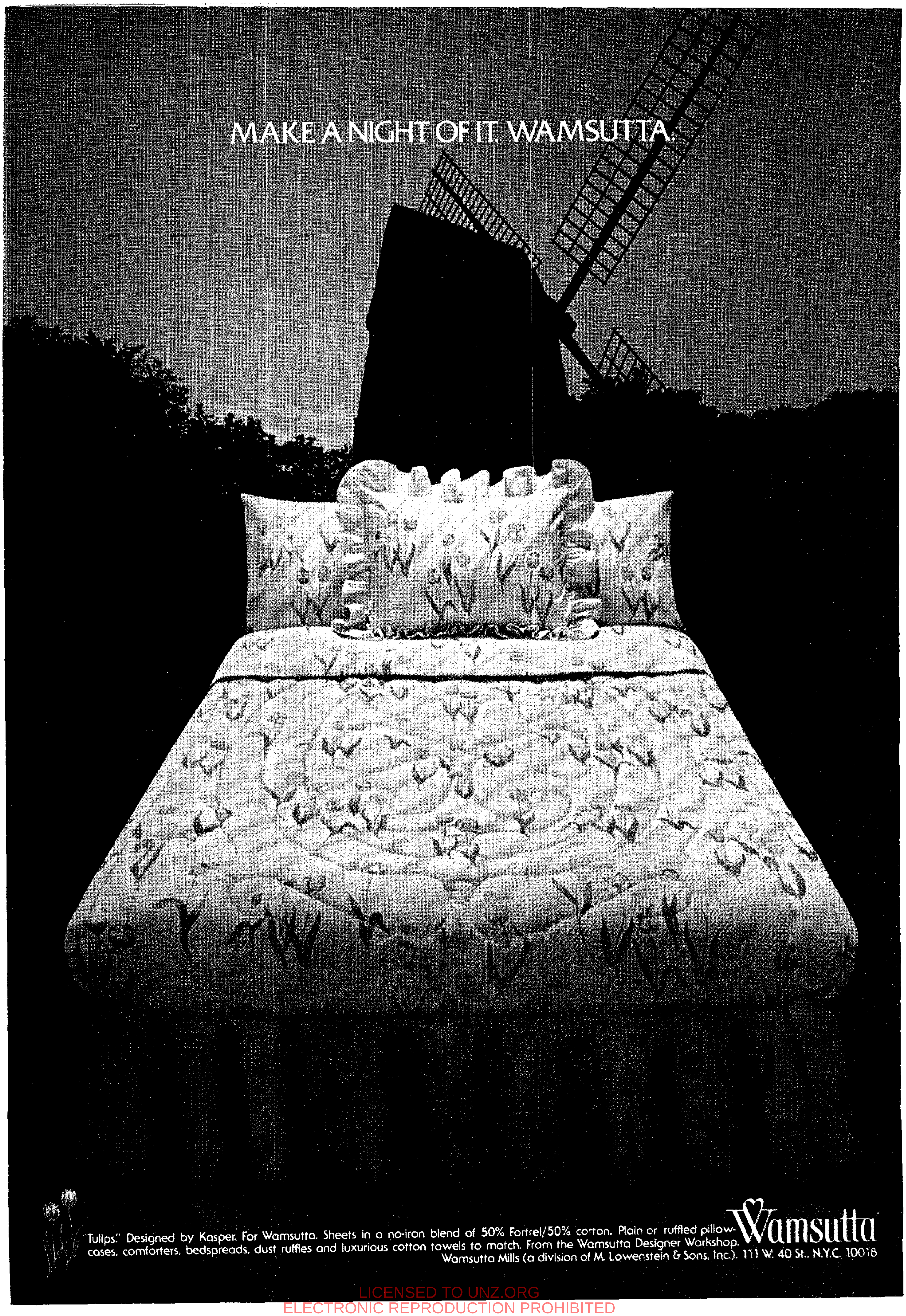
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being used as inhalation anesthetics. The following day, he telephoned Van Duuren in New York and asked him if he was aware of this.

"Do you mean these anesthetics are being used on people?" Van Duuren asked.

"Yes," Corbett replied.

"Oh, my God!" Van Duuren said.

LATER that week, Corbett flew to New York to discuss the situation with Van Duuren, who, upon reviewing the chemical structures of various inhalation anesthetics, pointed out one that he believed would likely prove to be carcinogenic and four that he was suspicious of and felt should also be studied. Corbett and Van Duuren were chiefly concerned about isoflurane—a recently developed anesthetic that, with the approval of the Food and Drug Administration, was being clinically tested on patients—for it had a molecular structure similar to that of bis-(chloromethyl) ether and chloromethyl methyl ether. They were also worried about methoxyflurane and enflurane—already in widespread use as main inhalation agents—which had chemical structures somewhat similar to bis(chloromethyl) ether and chloromethyl methyl ether. In addition, they suspected that halothane—a halogenated hydrocarbon that is the most commonly used of all main agents—might prove to be carcinogenic to the liver. Finally, they noted that trichloroethylene—a chemical widely used in industry for degreasing metals, for dry-cleaning clothes, and for decaffeinating coffee, and routinely employed since 1934 as an inhalation anesthetic in surgical and obstetrical cases—was highly similar in its basic molecular structure to vinyl chloride, the chlorinated-hydrocarbon gas used extensively in the manufacture of plastics and as a propellant in many household aerosol sprays, and recently discovered to be a powerful carcinogen in workers who had inhaled its fumes.

At the conclusion of their meeting, Corbett and Van Duuren decided to undertake an immediate investigation of isoflurane, because they had reason to believe that it might soon be released by the F.D.A. for unrestricted use on patients. Seeking further advice and information, Corbett then visited the National Cancer Institute, in Bethesda, Maryland, where he was told, to his surprise and consternation, that neither isoflurane nor any of the other inhalation anesthetics had ever been tested for carcinogenicity. Upon his return to Ann Arbor, he discussed his

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concern about this situation with various people in the Anesthesiology Department of the Medical Center, but, as in the past, he received little encouragement or support; indeed, when he asked to be reimbursed for his trip the request was turned down, on the ground that he was embarking upon a wild-goose chase.

In April of 1974, using Veterans Administration research funds, Corbett began exposing groups of pregnant mice to relatively low levels of isoflurane inhalation every other day during the last half of their pregnancy. The offspring were then exposed to isoflurane inhalation every other day *until they were two months old.* Groups of these offspring were subsequently killed and examined at three-month, six-month, nine-month, and fifteen-month intervals. When the nine-month examination was made, in January of this year, Corbett found that three out of twenty-two male mice in one of the groups had developed liver tumors—a highly unusual occurrence in mice of *that* age—and *that* one out of seventeen female mice in another group had developed cancer of the uterus. None of these tumors were found in a group of control animals that were not exposed to the anesthetic. In addition, Corbett found that the mice exposed to isoflurane had developed three to five times as many pulmonary adenomas—benign tumors that many scientists consider to be precursors of malignancies—as mice that had not been exposed to the anesthetic.

On February 7th, after consulting with Van Duuren, Corbett called Dr. Edmund I. Eger II, a research anesthesiologist at the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco, who was also a consultant to the Ohio Medical Products Division of Airco—the firm that manufactures isoflurane under the trade name Forane—and told him of the study and his findings. On February 13th, Dr. Eger, accompanied by James F. Vitcha, the manager of Ohio's Chemical Product Development, and Ross Terrell, supervisor of Medical Products Research, visited Corbett in Ann Arbor and spent the afternoon discussing the results of his work. At the conclusion of the meeting, Dr. Eger told Vitcha and Terrell that in light of Corbett's findings more studies of isoflurane should be undertaken, and that the anesthetic could not be released at present. On February 20th, Dr. Eger wrote Vitcha a letter in which he outlined in some detail his recommendations for con-

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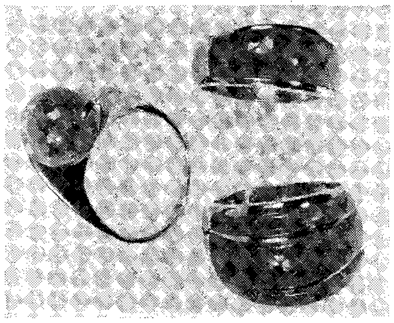

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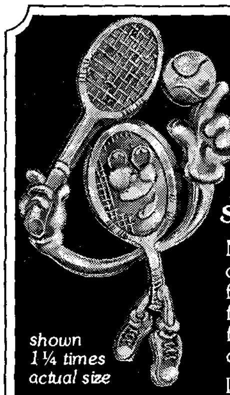

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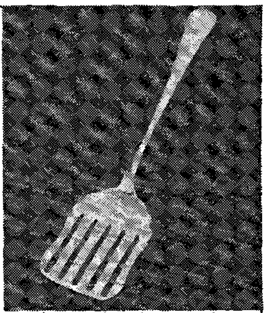

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ducting an additional study. Dr. Eger concluded his letter, "I believe the results will demonstrate that Forane is no more (and perhaps less, because of its lower reactivity) of a carcinogen than the other anesthetics. However, if Forane is significantly more carcinogenic and does not evidence any counterbalancing redeeming feature in this study (e.g., lower mortality, less hepatotoxicity) then Dr. Corbett has done mankind (and, incidentally, Ohio) a service for which we must be thankful."

Although Corbett realized that his findings did not furnish conclusive proof that isoflurane could cause cancer in human beings, they enabled him to "sow some seeds of doubt," as he put it, and to convince many members of the medical and scientific community that his long-held suspicion of the carcinogenicity of inhalation anesthetics warranted prompt further investigation. Among those who were convinced was Dr. Irving J. Selikoff, the director of the Mount Sinai School of Medicine's Environmental Sciences Laboratory, who was a pioneer in the field of asbestos epidemiology and had played a major role in the investigation of the biological effects of vinyl chloride. After hearing Corbett present the results of his isoflurane study, on March 19th, at a meeting of the International Anesthesia Research Society held in Hollywood, Florida, Dr. Selikoff called for full-scale testing of inhalation anesthetics as well as for extensive epidemiological studies of operating-room personnel, pointing out that most environmental carcinogens require at least twenty years after onset of exposure to produce detectable cancer in human beings, and that most of the anesthetics currently used had been employed for less than that.

At the time of the Florida meeting, a spokesman for Ohio Medical Products declared that the company regarded the results of Corbett's study as "very preliminary in nature," and that it was waiting for the F.D.A. to decide if further testing was necessary. However, on March 27th the company sent a letter to at least three (and, presumably, the dozen or so other) hospitals across the nation where isoflurane had been licensed for clinical testing by the F.D.A. and where the anesthetic had been administered since the early nineteen-seventies to several thousand patients who inhaled it in concentrations ranging from twenty-five hundred to twenty thousand parts per million parts of air. The letter informed the hospitals that a recent study had implicated isoflurane as being possibly responsible for

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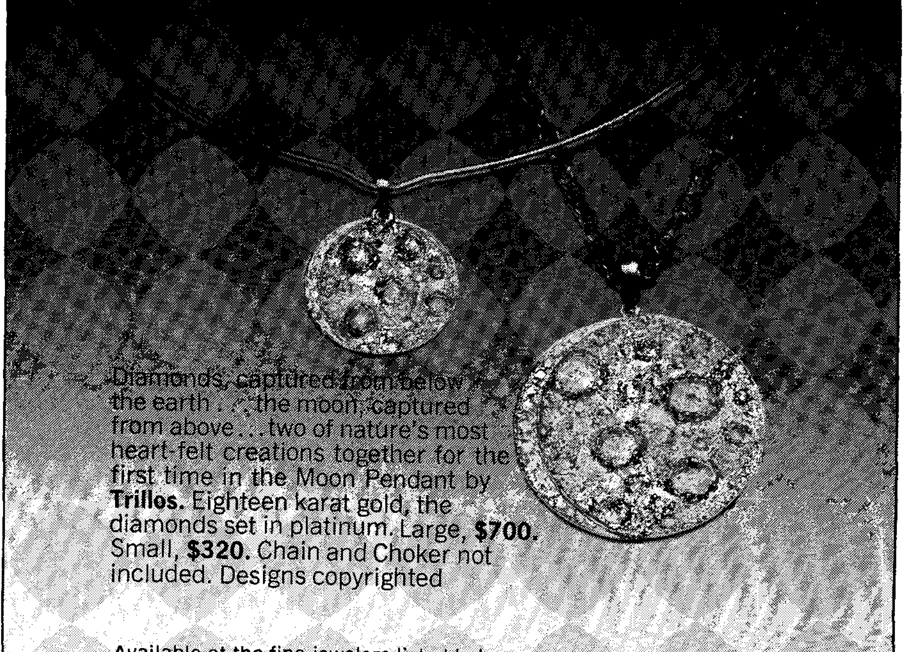

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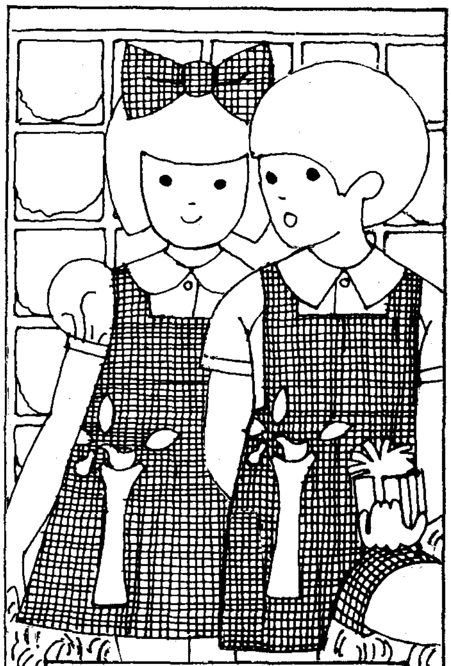
the development of lung tumors in mice, but it did not inform them of the far more important finding that the anesthetic was apparently responsible for inducing liver tumors as well. It did state, however, that "we at Ohio Medical Products cannot ignore the potential hazard which Dr. Corbett's data implies."

On March 25th, at Dr. Wagoner's invitation, Corbett had presented a paper on the carcinogenicity and teratogenicity of anesthetics at a New York Academy of Sciences Conference on Occupational Carcinogenesis, which was co-sponsored by Group Health, Inc., the National Cancer Institute, the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health, and the Society for Occupational and Environmental Health, and was held at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York City. Corbett's paper included the results of his isoflurane study, and was received with considerable interest by the delegates who attended the conference. However, when Corbett presented the same information at the annual meeting of the Association of University Anesthesiologists, in Atlanta, on May 3rd, his data were bitterly attacked by at least a dozen of his fellow-anesthesiologists, including one member of the F.D.A.'s Respiratory and Anesthetic Drug Advisory Committee, on the ground that they were insufficient. Corbett defended his work by pointing out that although the total number of tumors he had observed in the nine-month examination of mice exposed to isoflurane was small, they nonetheless had considerable predictive value, and that two additional mice exposed to the anesthetic had, in fact, died of malignant tumors since then. However, he did not succeed in convincing his critics, several of whom came up to him at the end of the meeting and told him that they were going to request that the editor of *Anesthesia and Analgesia*—the official journal of the International Anesthesia Research Society—not publish the results of the work he had described. Corbett's paper, which had already been scheduled for publication in the July-August issue of the journal, never appeared.

After the meeting in Atlanta, Corbett was understandably discouraged. Moreover, he was worried that the F.D.A.'s advisory committee on anesthetics would now proceed to recommend that isoflurane be approved for marketing. In the middle of June, he telephoned Dr. Emmanuel Farber, chairman and professor of the Department of Pathology at the University of Toronto, who is widely recognized as



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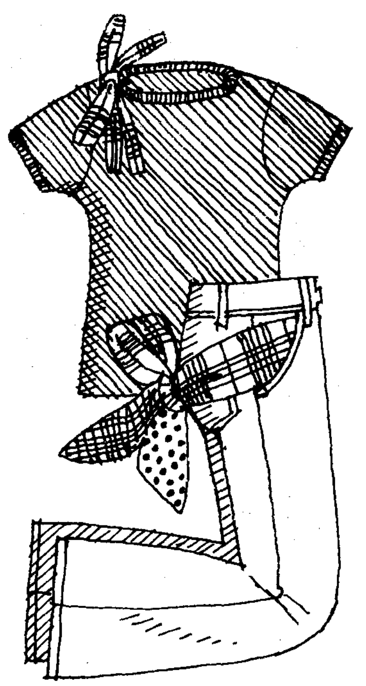

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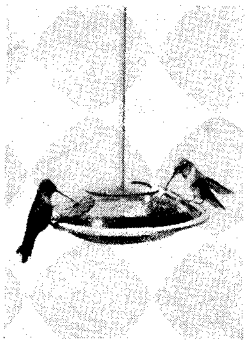

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one of the world's foremost experts on experimentally induced liver cancer, and told him of his concern. Dr. Farber advised Corbett to perform exploratory abdominal surgery on several of the mice exposed to isoflurane to see if more liver tumors had developed, and when Corbett did so he discovered this to be the case in two out of the five mice he operated on. At that point, fearing that time was running short if he was to prevent final approval of isoflurane for use as an anesthetic on human beings, Corbett decided to kill and examine the rest of the mice in his experiment, even though he would have preferred to wait three more months, until the animals were eighteen months old.

Corbett and his assistants began examining the rest of the animals during the second week in July. When they finished, they found that ten out of thirty-seven male animals in the group most heavily exposed to isoflurane had developed liver tumors, and that five out of thirty male animals in a group less heavily exposed had developed liver tumors. There were no liver tumors in the group of control animals, which had not been exposed to the anesthetic. On July 14th, Corbett called Dr. Eger to inform him of these findings, and on July 21st Eger and Terrell, who had since succeeded Vitcha as manager of Ohio's Chemical Product Development, paid a second visit to Corbett's laboratory. In order to demonstrate his autopsy procedures, Corbett had kept two of the mice exposed to isoflurane alive. He now killed and examined them in the presence of his visitors. One of the animals had developed no fewer than five separate liver tumors.

At the time, Corbett told Eger and Terrell that pressing commitments would prevent him from completing and sending a comprehensive report on his findings to the F.D.A. for several months. Since Terrell seemed to be impressed with the latest data, Corbett felt sure that Ohio Medical Products would now cancel any plans it might have to seek permission to put isoflurane on the market in the near future. On September 3rd, however, a fellow-anesthesiologist at the University of Michigan Medical Center informed Corbett that a man from Ohio Medical Products had told him that the company hoped isoflurane was going to be released by the F.D.A. in time for the annual meeting of the American Society of Anesthesiologists, which was to be held in Chicago in mid-October, and that it had scheduled a salesmen's meeting to prepare the promotional cam-

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paign for this event. Corbett immediately telephoned Terrell to find out if this was so, and was astonished to hear Terrell say that the company had indeed applied for final F.D.A. approval of isoflurane, and that it expected this approval to be granted in time to promote the sale of the anesthetic at the October meeting. The next morning, Corbett flew to Toronto, where Dr. Farber had agreed to meet with him and to examine tissue slides of the tumors that had been found in the mice exposed to isoflurane. At the end of the meeting, Dr. Farber told Corbett that his data were sufficient to cast considerable suspicion on isoflurane, and that full tests for its carcinogenicity must be conducted before allowing any further human exposure to it.

Upon his return to Ann Arbor, Corbett telephoned Dr. Margaret A. Clark, director of the F.D.A.'s Division of Surgical and Dental Drug Products, and notified her of the results of his isoflurane study. He sent Dr. Clark a complete written report of his findings on September 17th, and on September 28th he sent her a copy of a report that Dr. Farber had sent him on September 23rd. In his letter to Corbett, Dr. Farber stated his opinion that the lesions in the tissue slides "are sufficiently suspicious to warrant proscription of the use of this compound until further tests with a larger number of animals can be made." After suggesting how Corbett might proceed to conduct such tests, Dr. Farber stated, "In the meantime, in my opinion, the drug should not be allowed to be marketed under any circumstances." Corbett sent copies of Dr. Farber's letter to Dr. Eger and to Terrell.

As a result, the F.D.A. ended up withholding approval for the marketing of isoflurane, and Dr. Clark subsequently told Corbett that the agency would delay its final decision on the anesthetic until a meeting of its advisory committee could be convened to study the matter. Dr. Clark also informed Corbett that she was attempting to establish a program of mandatory testing of all anesthetic gases for carcinogenicity but that this was a time-consuming procedure. Meanwhile, because F.D.A. regulations expressly forbid the advertising of any drug that has not received final approval for marketing, the Ohio Medical Products people were forced to cancel their promotional campaign for isoflurane, thus depriving the several thousand members of the American Society of Anesthesiologists, who convened for their annual meeting at the Palmer House in

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Chicago from October 11th to October 15th, of the opportunity to parade about wearing party hats emblazoned with the word "Forane," which the company had printed up especially for the occasion.

JUST as alarming as the situation that developed with isoflurane was the disclosure last winter that tests conducted under the sponsorship of the National Cancer Institute had shown that trichloroethylene is, as Corbett and Van Duuren suspected it might be, carcinogenic in mice. As a result, a "Memorandum of Alert" to this effect was transmitted on March 21st to appropriate government agencies by Dr. Umberto Saffiotti, the institute's associate director for carcinogenesis. Since it is estimated that more than 280,000 American workers are occupationally exposed to trichloroethylene, it seemed likely last spring that the Department of Labor's occupational-health standard of an average of one hundred parts of the chemical per million parts of air for an eight-hour working day would be drastically lowered—perhaps even to the one-part-per-million level currently mandated for vinyl chloride. (This prospect caused the five major manufacturers of trichloroethylene in the United States—PPG Industries, the Dow Chemical Company, the Diamond Shamrock Corporation, the Ethyl Corporation, and the Hooker Chemicals & Plastics Corporation—to meet in Washington, D.C., during May, under the auspices of the Manufacturing Chemists Association, a trade group, to outline proposals for industry-sponsored research into the health effects of trichloroethylene.) On October 20th, however, the Department of Labor's Occupational Safety and Health Administration published in the Federal Register a proposed new standard for trichloroethylene that could scarcely be considered new, and could scarcely reflect concern for the problem of cancer, since it retained the average of one hundred parts per million over an eight-hour working day, while merely reducing the highest allowable concentration within that average from two hundred to one hundred and fifty parts per million and eliminating the highest allowable five-minute peak concentration of three hundred parts per million.

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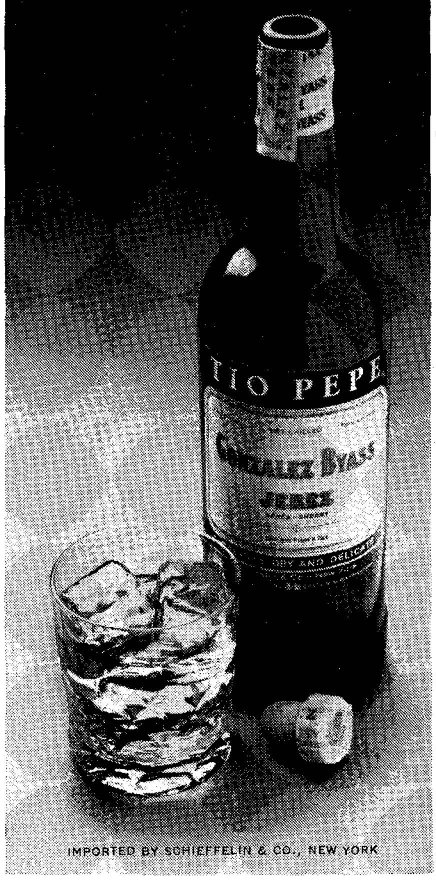

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propriate for the evaluation of the safety of food additives, to induce cancer in man or animal," it also seemed likely last spring that the F.D.A. would revoke its food-additive tolerances for trichloroethylene—twenty-five parts per million in decaffeinated coffee, *ten parts per million* in decaffeinated instant coffee, and thirty parts per million in concentrated spice oils. But in spite of a citizen petition for such a ban, which was filed with the hearing clerk of the F.D.A. on June 25th by Dr. Sidney M. Wolfe, director of Ralph Nader's Health Research Group, and Anita Johnson, the group's attorney, the *agency has taken no action as yet* to change the food-additive tolerances for trichloroethylene. Meanwhile, the General Foods Corporation—maker of Sanka and Brim, and the only major manufacturer of decaffeinated coffee that was using trichloroethylene in its extraction processes—felt itself compelled to respond to the situation. At the time of the Health Research Group's petition, a spokesman for General Foods said that lifetime animal-feeding studies conducted by the company and by an independent research organization showed no adverse effects when the animals were given doses of trichloroethylene roughly equivalent to the amount of trichloroethylene that would be consumed by a human being drinking a hundred cups of decaffeinated coffee daily. The spokesman went on to claim that to approximate the doses of trichloroethylene given to the mice in the tests conducted under the sponsorship of the National Cancer Institute a human being would have to drink about fifty million cups of decaffeinated coffee daily for his entire lifetime. A few days later, on June 30th, Dr. G. Robert DiMarco, director of the company's Basic & Health Sciences division, sent a form letter containing these claims to doctors all across the nation warning them of "possibly misleading reports based on preliminary research findings of the National Cancer Institute," and urging them to continue recommending Sanka and Brim to patients who must restrict their intake of caffeine. Nonetheless, at the fifty-third annual meeting of General Foods' stockholders, which was held on July 16th, James L. Ferguson, who is chairman, president, and chief executive officer of the company, told an audience of some five hundred people that "we have used trichloroethylene since the introduction of Sanka forty-three years ago," that "we remain convinced that Sanka and

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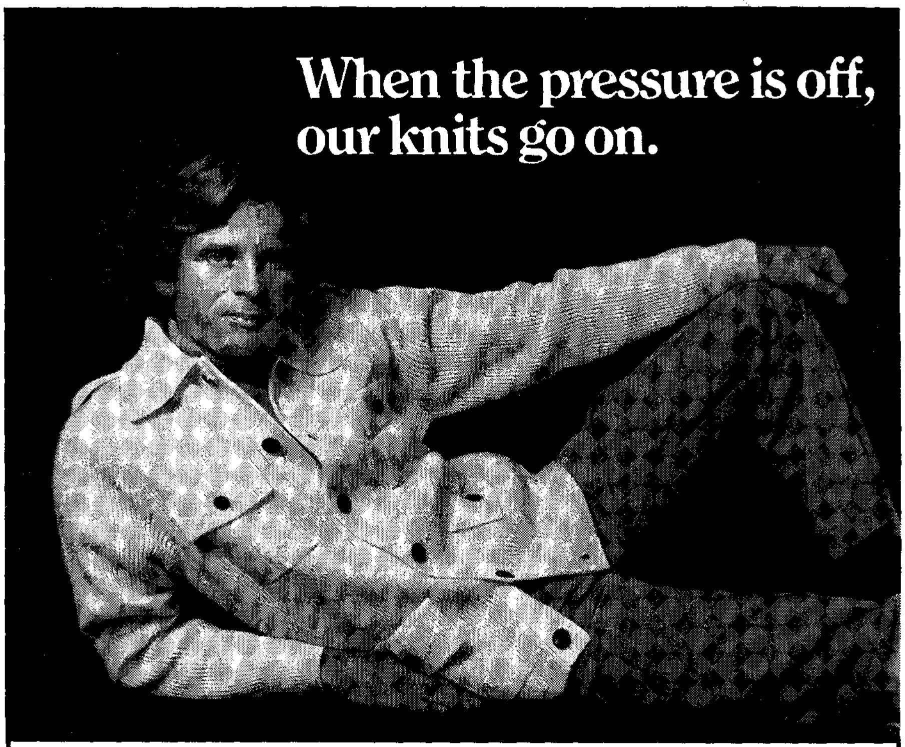
Brim are safe," that "we realize, however, that there is no way we can easily and quickly explain the facts," and that, because of the company's desire to minimize the confusion created by the vast differences between the levels of trichloroethylene in the animal studies and the minute residues in its products, "we have proceeded to convert our decaffeination processes entirely to methylene chloride, the solvent that was not involved in the National Cancer Institute study."

Since a person undergoing trichloroethylene anesthesia will inhale the chemical in concentrations ranging from about one thousand to ten thousand parts per million parts of air, it appeared more than likely, last spring, that trichloroethylene anesthesia would be banned by the F.D.A. Incredible as it may seem, however, no such action has been forthcoming. Nor, of course, will it be of much use to the tens of thousands of patients, mostly women in childbirth, who have already undergone trichloroethylene anesthesia, for these women and their offspring have been exposed to strong concentrations of a chemical that produces cancer in mice and that is highly similar in chemical structure to vinyl chloride, which, because it passes readily through the placenta to the fetus, as many chemicals do, has been demonstrated to cause cancer in the offspring of rats when the mothers are exposed to it during pregnancy. A tragic example of transplacental chemical carcinogenesis came to light not long ago, when it was discovered that dozens of young women have developed cancer of the vagina as a result of their mothers' having been given early in pregnancy, in the nineteen-fifties, the synthetic hormone diethylstilbestrol, in order to prevent threatened miscarriage.

Presumably, the F.D.A. will soon change its policy of requiring that inhalation anesthetics be tested only for acute high-dose toxicity and birth defects, and will order that they be tested for such possible long-term effects as genetic damage and carcinogenicity. Whether the F.D.A. should be entrusted with this responsibility is, however, another matter. It has recently come to light that Dr. Alexander M. Schmidt, the present administrator of the agency, was warned of the possible carcinogenicity of trichloroethylene in a copy of a letter that was sent to him on June 18, 1974, by Dr. John F. Finklea, who was then director of the Environmental Protection Agency's National Environmental Research Center and has since become the di-



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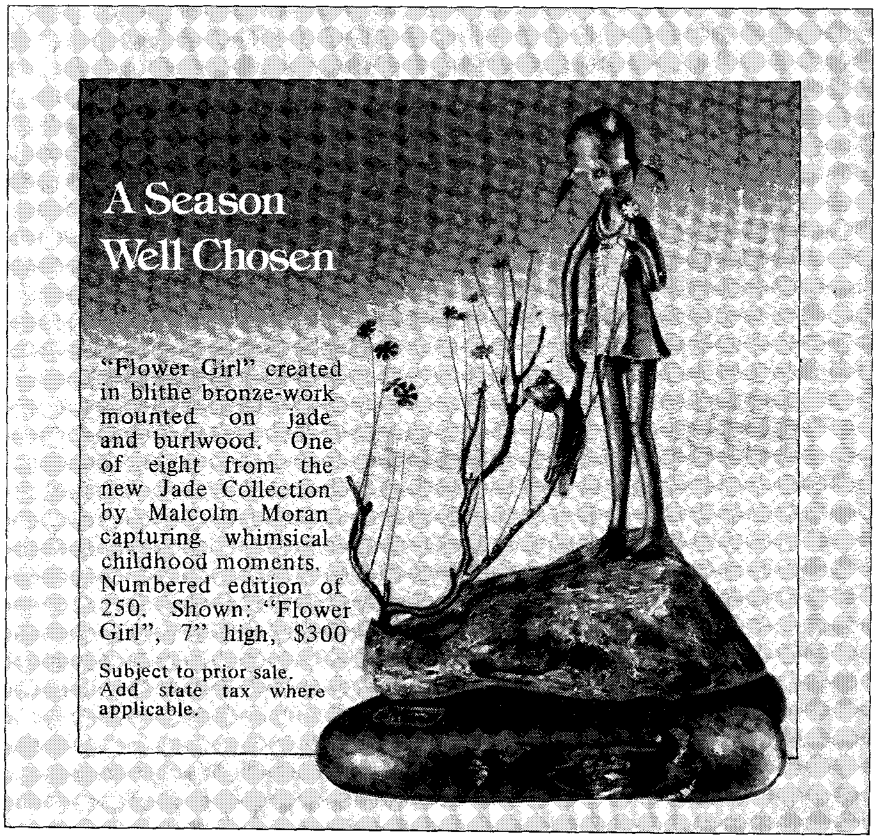

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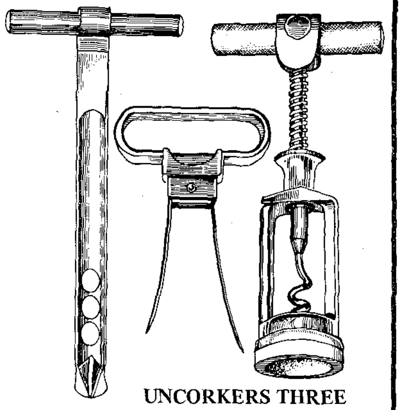
rector of the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health, and Dr. Kenneth Bridbord, of the Epidemiology Branch of the E.P.A.'s Human Studies Laboratory. The letter, which was addressed to Dr. Lionel Bernstein, director of the Office of Program Operations of the Public Health Service, stated that there was a close similarity in chemical structure between trichloroethylene and vinyl chloride, and that vinyl chloride was known to produce angiosarcoma—an invariably fatal cancer of the liver—in human beings. For this reason, Drs. Finklea and Bridbord wrote, they and their colleagues at the research center felt that "the continued use of trichloroethylene as an anesthetic [might] pose a potential risk to the health of patients as well as medical personnel involved in the administration of this agent." After pointing out that there was a current recommendation for a nondetectable level of exposure to vinyl chloride on the part of workers, they urged that the F.D.A. "give high priority to considering the health implications associated with continued use of trichloroethylene," which is routinely administered at levels of five thousand parts per million. In conclusion, they went so far as to tell Dr. Bernstein and Dr. Schmidt that "our own feeling is that trichloroethylene should not continue in unrestricted use as an anesthetic while more definitive studies are undertaken to assure the safety of this compound." In October, when the F.D.A.'s Respiratory and Anesthetic Drugs Advisory Committee got around to considering the warning of Drs. Finklea and Bridbord, its nine members (eight of whom are anesthesiologists) decided unanimously not to take any action regarding trichloroethylene anesthesia, on the ground that its use was relatively rare, in that the gas was being administered to no more than sixty thousand patients a year. (This judgment was based upon the number of bottles of trichloroethylene anesthetic sold annually by Ayerst Laboratories, which is a division of the American Home Products Corporation, and the only firm that markets the chemical for anesthetic use.) It is not known just how many patients would have to be exposed to trichloroethylene anesthesia each year before the Respiratory and Anesthetic Drugs Advisory Committee considered its use relatively frequent. It is known, however, that trichloroethylene is still being administered to women in childbirth and to children undergoing dental surgery.



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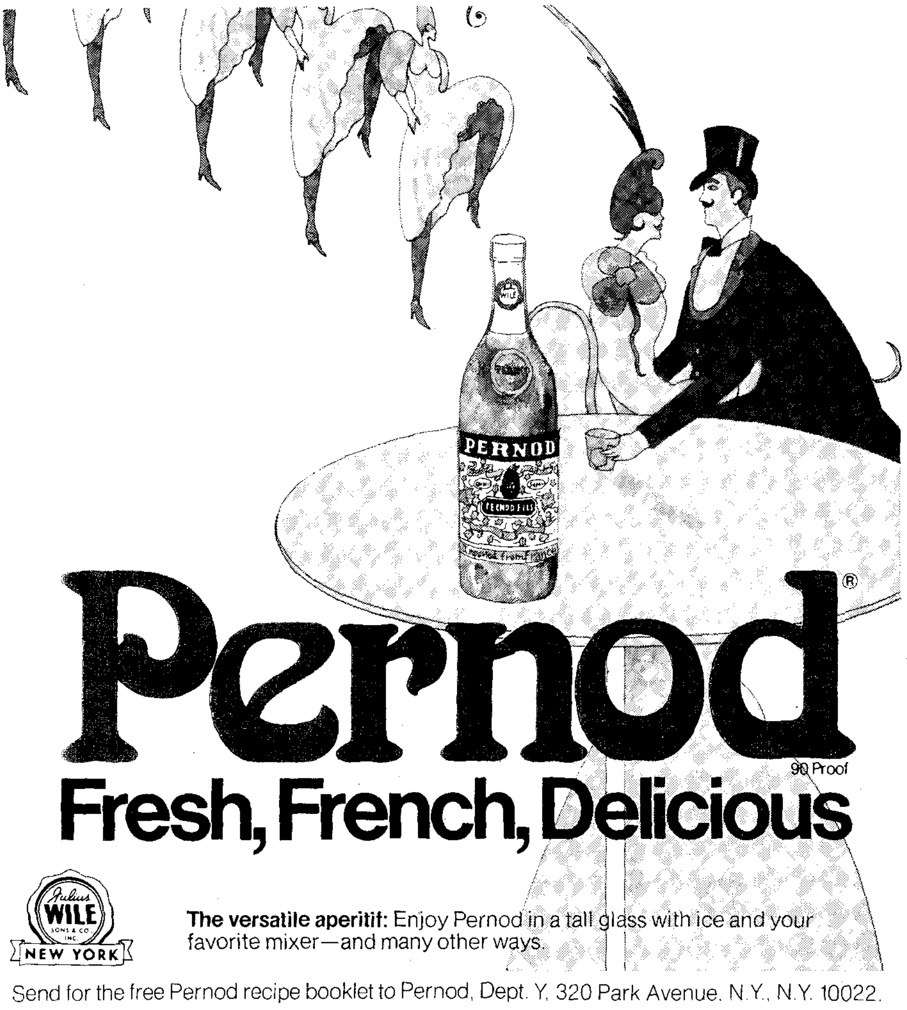
It happens that vinyl chloride itself was used as an inhalation anesthetic during the nineteen-forties, and was abandoned only because it proved to be irritating to the heart. Vinyl chloride was not known to be a liver carcinogen until just three years ago, when Professor Cesare Maltoni, of the Istituto di Oncologia, in Bologna, found that it produced angiosarcoma in rats as well as hepatocellular tumors like those now being found in more than sixty per cent of the male mice exposed to trichloroethylene. Vinyl chloride was not known to cause genetic damage until a year and a half ago, when Dr. Ulf Rannug, of the University of Stockholm, found that it produced mutations in micro-organisms. The fact that cases of angiosarcoma were eventually observed in workers who had been exposed to vinyl chloride, just as lung cancer was eventually found in workers exposed to bis(chloromethyl) ether and to chloromethyl methyl ether; the fact that several studies have shown significant damage to chromosomes in the blood cells of vinyl-chloride workers; and the fact that increased fetal deaths have been observed in wives of workers who had been exposed to vinyl chloride show the predictive value of testing potentially harmful chemicals on animals and micro-organisms before introducing them into the workplace and the marketplace. The fact that the findings of Maltoni and Van Duuren were ignored by the chemical industry in the United States until the results of their animal studies were confirmed in human beings and the fact that the F.D.A. has not acted on a warning about the possible carcinogenicity of trichloroethylene for a year and a half point up the urgent need for legislation to make testing for carcinogenicity, mutagenicity, teratogenicity, and other toxic effects mandatory. There now seems little excuse for Congress to further delay agreement upon a final version of the Toxic Substances Control Act. A bill that was designed to accomplish this very purpose, it was introduced in 1971, has twice passed both houses and been allowed to die in conference, and is being strongly opposed by the Manufacturing Chemists Association and other industry groups. Indeed, now that the intuition and perseverance of a handful of researchers like Thomas Corbett have cast suspicion upon chemicals that are as indispensable to society as inhalation anesthetics, it is only too clear that the alternative will continue to make test animals of us all.

—PAUL BRODEUR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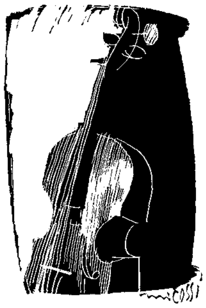
MUSICAL EVENTS

Ladies' Night

THE Philharmonic played an unusually interesting program at its Pension Fund Benefit concert last week, conducted by Sarah Caldwell. Three generations, roughly, of Nadia Boulanger pupils were represented, in works by Lili Boulanger (born 1893), Grażyna Bacewicz (born 1913), and Thea Musgrave (born 1928). Lili Boulanger's cantata "Faust et Hélène" was an entry for the 1913 Prix de Rome competition, and since it won, it must be considered almost by definition an academic work—the prize is awarded by the Académie des Beaux-Arts—conforming to conservative taste of the time. (Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue" is the only other unforgotten Prix de Rome piece.) In a game of guess-the-composer, "Faust et Hélène" would probably be placed in the ambit of Ernest Chausson's "Viviane" (1882); Boulanger wrote more distinctive music later. Yet her early cantata is a substantial and attractive product of *wagnérisme*—at once delicate, sensuous, and intellectual. The Philharmonic spared a hap'orth of tar by failing to provide a text. The romantic appeal of the music and its strong, fine working were evident, and Gwendolyn Killebrew as Helen, Joseph Evans as Faust, and Lenus Carlson as Mephisto sang sweetly. But a closely typed synopsis of Eugène Adenis's libretto proved insufficient guide to the drama of this archetypal dream encounter. The Philharmonic must do "Faust et Hélène" again—with words.



Bacewicz's Overture for Orchestra (1943), composed during the siege of Warsaw, was announced as "a musical summary of the war," but it proved to be one of those bright, undemanding eight-minute pieces for full orchestra which make a good start to a concert—a work much in the vein of the "Capriccio Burlesco" that William Walton wrote for the hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary of the Philharmonic. The "Capriccio," one possible example among many, comes to my mind because it was introduced to London at the Royal Philharmonic concert in 1969 at which Thea Musgrave's Clarinet Concerto had its first performance. This Concerto, which closed the Philharmonic bill and won a standing ovation, is a large and exhilarating composition. The germ of it is the moment in Musgrave's Concerto for Orchestra (1967; influenced by Charles Ives) when the first clarinet rises to challenge the conductor's authority and, with brilliantly subversive music, incites other players to join his rebellion. It is one of a group of works in which Musgrave has devised such concert-platform dramas. In her Horn Concerto (1971), the soloist summons horn calls from colleagues placed about the hall. In her Viola Concerto, the soloist enlists the orchestral violas on his side; they stand up in his cause—and then almost overwhelm him. Subscribing to a disputed etymology of "concerto"—deriving it from a root of contest rather than concord—Musgrave writes of a "struggle or conflict in the sense of balancing unequal forces." A concerto soloist in Mozart's day directed the performance; Musgrave's Clarinet Concerto has two directors: the conductor on his or her platform, and the soloist. The latter—at the Philharmonic performance it was a he, Stanley Drucker—is peripatetic. He attaches himself to different sections of the orchestra in turn, sometimes attracting from them subsidiary soloists to form a concertante group in dialogue with, or prominent against a background of, the rest of the orchestra, which remains firmly under the main conductor's control. There are free rhythms against formal, and some elaborate, many-voiced cadenzas rhapsodically uttered within a carefully plotted harmonic field. The work, which lasts twenty-two minutes, is in a single movement with defined paragraphs. The basic materials are a rat-a-tat repeated-note theme and a more lyrical curving melody, which audibly maintains its identity even while its outlines shift and stretch. Each of the paragraphs has a definite and individual character; the contrasts between them are effective but not obvious. A *sensuoso* episode launched by the clarinet, harp, and vibraphone is particularly attractive.

These devices—the spatial deployment of players, the unmeasured rhapsody freed from bar lines, the standing up for emphasis—are not new, of course, but Musgrave has made them her own. From the start of her career (which dates, effectively, from the "Cantata for a Summer's Day," performed at the Edinburgh Festival in 1955), her music has evinced good sense, intelligence, resolution, and clarity of purpose. She has been always a thoroughly practical composer, eager to try out things that strike her as new, good, and manageable, and prompt to reject those that are new and silly, merely modish, or not for her. Ten years ago, in *The Musical Quarterly*, I wrote that "it is as if she has regarded each new discovery of our times with a coolly appraising eye, and then taken possession of such elements of it as can enhance her already considerable skills." Her very capableness may have obscured, for a while, the veins of adventure and of romance that became so evident in her compositions of the last decade. Ives helped to bring them out. His music first assumed prominence in British programs in the early sixties. The effect on Musgrave's Concerto for Orchestra I have mentioned; before that, in her Second Chamber Concerto, she cast the viola as Rollo, the personification of a musical plodder who turns up throughout Ives' "Memos." Two instances of her borrowing good ideas and developing them can be documented. First: when she heard the Moscow Chamber Orchestra play, she was—she wrote—"struck by the freedom of the string tone, due in part to the fact that all the violins and violas played standing up." And "the effect of standing was interesting: not only does it highlight the solo player visually for the audience, but also one plays *differently* when standing—more freely, more solistically." She tried that effect in her Third Chamber Concerto (1966), found it good, and has often employed it since—most recently in "Space Play," a work I reviewed earlier this month. Second: nearly a quarter-century ago, during a performance by a Yugoslav folk-dance company in Paris, Musgrave heard a colorful duet between a clarinet and a piano accordion; the sound of it remained with her; in 1967, she used the combination in some incidental music for a television play, again found it good, and then used it prominently—with delightful consequence—in the Clarinet Concerto. Sometimes the accordion holds cluster chords; in a scherzo episode, with deliciously humorous effect, it plays impudent canons with the soloist.

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first, minatory entries, fortissimo in a low register. It cries in shrill clarion with the trumpets, spins opaline romance with vibraphone and harp, darts like a grayling through the prestissimo central section. In his musical role, Mr. Drucker was masterly. As master of the score's alternative ceremonies, as co-conductor, he was a shade less dashing and debonair than the work's dedicatee and first soloist, Gervase De Peyer. Perhaps another production rehearsal was needed. But in any case the Fisher Hall platform is a rather cramped stage for the musical drama, and the seating plan suggested in the score had been altered; the work's structure-in-space was not made ideally clear. Nevertheless, the playing and Miss Caldwell's conducting were so spirited that what resulted was an even brighter, more dramatic, more rousing performance than one that has just appeared on an Argo disc—recorded in association with the British Council—which has Mr. De Peyer in his original role. A study score of the Concerto, published by J. & W. Chester, is distributed here by G. Schirmer.

There were two other works on the program—the Andante of Ruth Crawford Seeger's Quartet, and Pozzi Escot's "Sands . . ." Seeger's prophetic Quartet (1931) is familiar in its string-quartet form; the program note referred, puzzlingly, to an "original version" for string orchestra, but it is hard to imagine an orchestra's doing justice to the flexible, rhythmically difficult lines of the Rubato-assai, the Leggiero, and the Allegro-possibile movements. For the Andante there is an optional double-bass part, and the slow, urgent swell of the sonorities and the shifting dynamic balances within sustained chords lent themselves to orchestral treatment.

Escot, a Peruvian-born composer living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, is new to me, and I hope to hear more of her work. Although things she says in reference to it may be forbidding ("Music is a mathematical discipline"), untrue ("All music is highly rationalized, just as life is highly rationalized"), or simply hard to understand ("The title . . . has no illustrative implications but simply stands as it sounds, an integral part of the music itself"), and although a computer was called in to insure that in the second movement "the time-lapse between the entrance of one pitch and the next is never duplicated," "Sands . . ." turned out to be an arresting and accessible composition, as direct as some of Iannis Xenakis's

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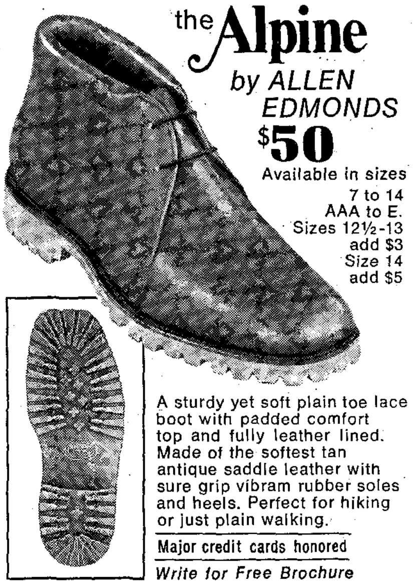

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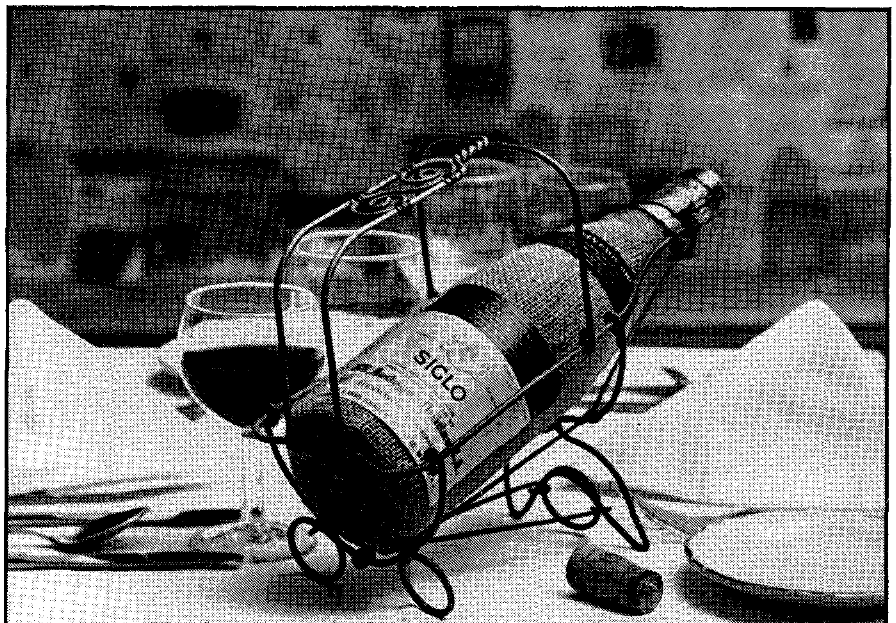
most formidably mathematical constructions. As Messiaen once observed of Xenakis's early "Achorripsis," "*Les calculs préalables s'oublient complètement à l'audition. . . . Le résultat sonore est une agitation, delicatement poétique, ou violemment brutale.*" The work lasts fourteen minutes, is scored for violins and double basses, drums, saxophones, and a drastically amplified electric guitar, was commissioned by the Venezuelan government, and was first performed, in Caracas, in 1966.

It was not by chance that the five composers in this program were female. The concert, given in association with *Ms.*, was billed as "A Celebration of Women Composers." Gloria Steinem, an editress of that magazine, introduced the program notes with the question "Why are there no women composers?"—a question with a false premise, as the concert itself soon revealed, but in any case one that need not be asked in Australia (where Anne Boyd and Alison Bauld would be high on any list of leading musical creators), in France (Betsy Jolas, ditto), or in Britain (Elisabeth Lutyens, Thea Musgrave, Priaulx Rainier). In fact, it had not occurred to me before to distinguish composers by sex. Doing so now, I glance through the programs of the South Bank—London's "Lincoln Center"—for this month and see that the Birmingham Orchestra is introducing a large orchestral work by Nicola LeFanu, that the New Philharmonia is playing Lutyens' "Music for Orchestra II," that Phyllis Tate has a première and Lutyens another performance in the Purcell Room. Internationally, women play so important and so unquestioned a role in music that to devote a special concert to their works must smack a little of Ladies' Nights in an Oxford college—those special occasions when women are allowed to dine in hall and enter the common room. On the other hand, since in the regular Philharmonic programs for the season I find as the only composeress Barbara Kolb, whose "Soundings" is being played next month, Miss Steinem may have a point when she says that "it will take many, many more such concerts . . . before all our human dreams and talents are set free." Such concerts will always be welcome when, like this one, they provide adventurous and excellent fare. And when they are played in so spirited a fashion. With its usual four rehearsals, the Philharmonic often has difficulty in bringing a single new piece up



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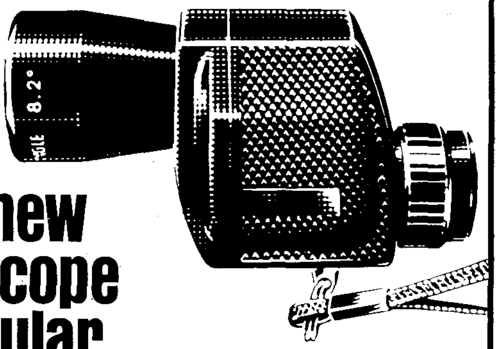

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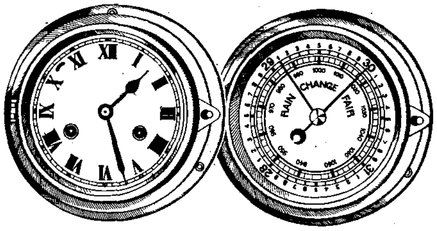

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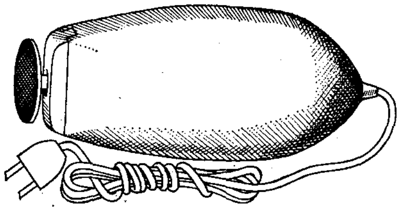

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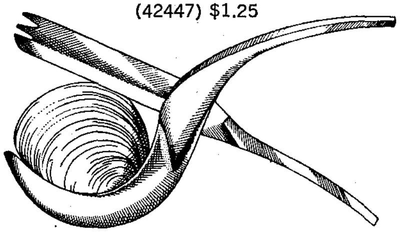

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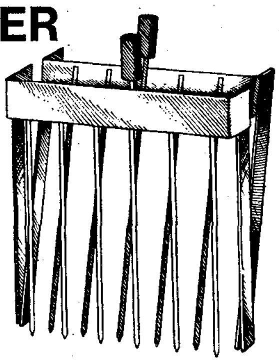

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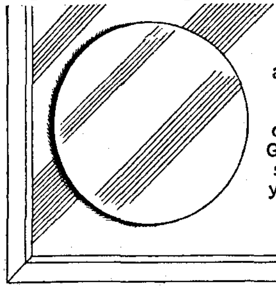

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to a decent performance level. Here, after only three rehearsals, it did five unfamiliar pieces, and did them well. That Miss Caldwell is a genius needed no further proof. That (given players so expert as the Philharmonic's but little rehearsal time) inspiration, a swift, sure grasp of a work's particular character, and a passion to communicate it, to share insights and understanding, are a conductor's largest assets was amply demonstrated at this, her Philharmonic début. Some details were imprecise, but all that is most important about the pieces was vividly realized.

AT Alice Tully Hall the day before, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach's Piano Quintet in F-Sharp Minor was played by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. Although it bears the opus number 67, the Quintet, published in 1909, must count as a fairly early work of hers. (Her Piano Trio of 1938 is Opus 150; she died in 1944.) The Adagio is distinguished by a scrumptiously Straussian melody, but otherwise the piece (available on a Turnabout record, coupled with the A-Minor Piano Quintet of Arthur Foote, another New Englander who wrote blameless Germanic music) is dull. Yet Mrs. Beach has her place in history; her "Gaelic Symphony," played by the Boston Symphony in 1896, is claimed as the first symphonic work written by an American woman. There followed at Tully Hall Benjamin Britten's "Canticle V: The Death of Saint Narcissus," one of T. S. Eliot's "Poems Written in Early Youth" set for tenor and harp. It is drawn with a thinner pencil than are the earlier canticles. The mannerism of quirky word repetition—so noticeable in the opera "Owen Wingrave"—is sometimes disturbing. ("When he walked over the meadows, over the meadows / He was stifled and soothed, stifled and soothed by his own rhythm, own rhythm, own own rhythm.") But in point of rhythmic finesse this is one of the most fascinating and subtle things Britten has done. The central strophes, dealing with Narcissus's imagined metamorphoses (tree, fish, maiden), flicker and dart from a base of flowing eighth notes. Sections on either side move to a slow, marked beat in quarter notes, grouped into irregular measures that convey a sensation of walking onward with a light, graceful stride while thoughts go wheeling and images come winging in rhythms of their own. The introduction and envoy are recitatives. The more I contemplate the piece, the more it seems

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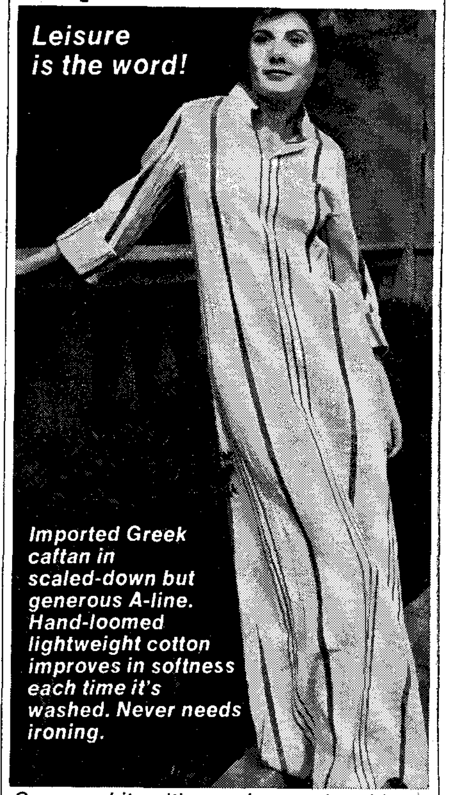

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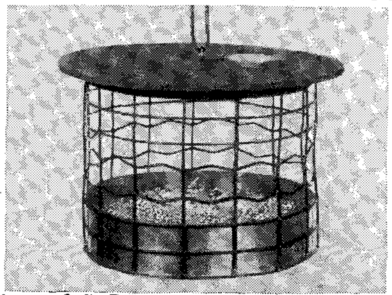

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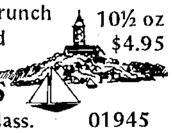

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to me a small miracle of sensitivity to the speeds and stresses of Eliot's lines. It was performed, superbly well, by Peter Pears and Osian Ellis. At the close of the concert, Mr. Pears sang Vaughan Williams' "On Wenlock Edge," for tenor, piano, and string quartet. And one could not hope to hear words more beautifully uttered along a musical line.

In two public master classes at the Juilliard School, Mr. Pears strove to impart some of the lore that marks his singing. Join notes into a line; carry the whole of a phrase on one seamless thread of tone; in legato phrases, sing "through" the consonants; don't spit words, except when some special effect is required; rubato, always rubato—these were the burdens of his instruction, amid the individual points brought up by each song. When singing in English, cultivate a clean, forward tone. (Mr. Pears kept indicating the forehead as a place to aim for.) Think of clear, carrying French vowels when faced with those toneless English "neutral" syllables. One class was devoted to Handel and Britten, the other to Schubert and Schumann. The students who turned up at the latter were the more accomplished—less metronomic, more responsive to the color of words. To the obvious moral—that German is on the whole a more vivid singing language—Mr. Pears by practice and precepts added another: that English can be equally vivid, and means more to English-speaking listeners, when it is handled as it should be.

—Andrew Porter

•

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Beware the bones, the bones.

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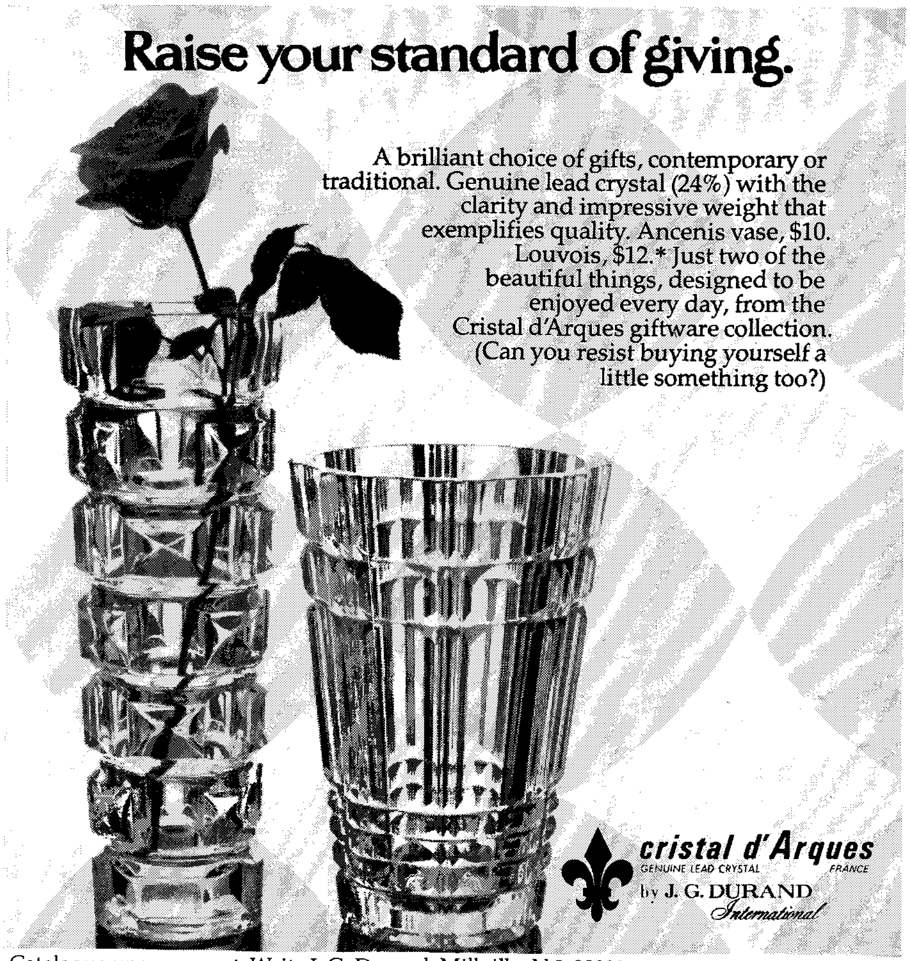
when one false step
can strip you like a knife
down to the bone, the bone.

Where maps show arteries
the big rigs rumble. You laugh
when the walls tremble
through your teeth, your teeth.

The fault runs north and south.
We live on the lip,
and know it in our sleep:
The mouth, the mouth.

—Gerald Jonas



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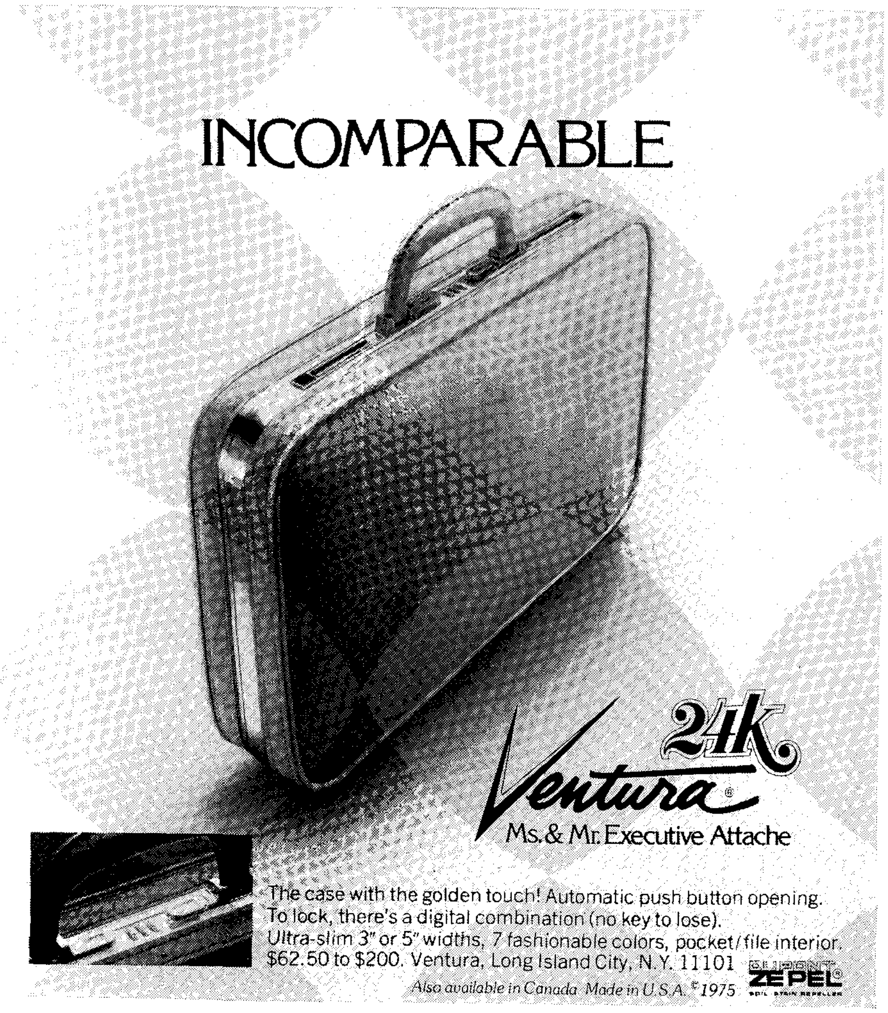

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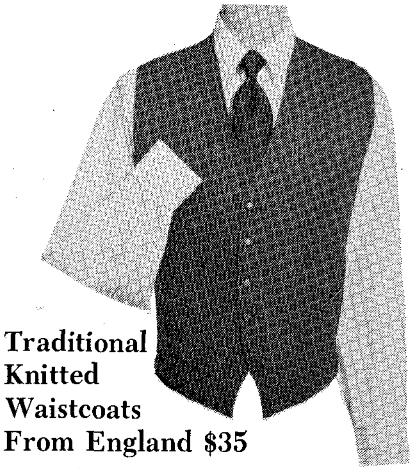

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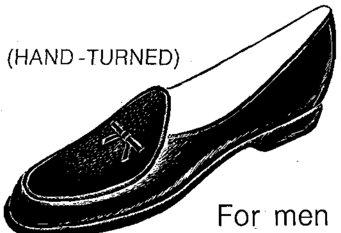

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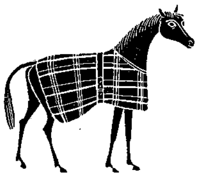
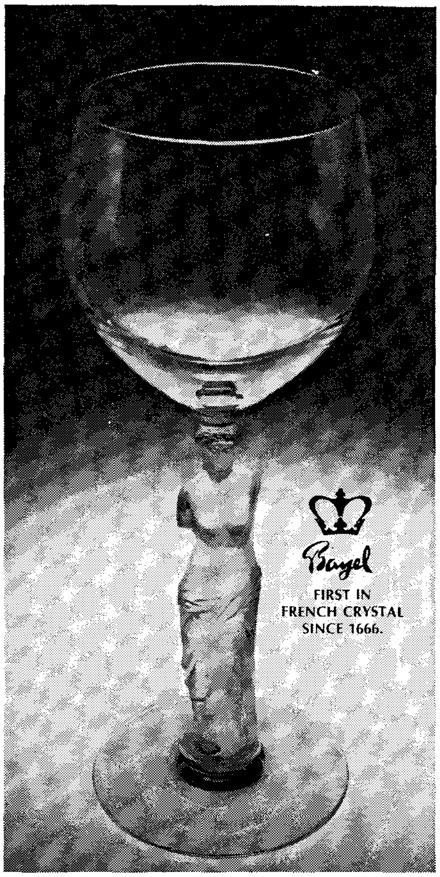


HISTORY repeats itself in racing, too—with variations. It was Susan's Girl, Tizna, and Pass a Glance in the Beldame Stakes at Belmont Park a few weeks ago, and it was Tizna, Pass a Glance, and Susan's Girl in the Ladies Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday. The Ladies Handicap was a furlong farther than the Beldame, and Susan's Girl, top weight at 126 pounds, gave Tizna two pounds and Pass a Glance thirteen, and was beaten by two necks for all the money. Many people thought it would be her final appearance before her retirement to the breeding farm, but it probably wasn't. Fred Hooper, who owns her and delights in seeing her run, says he is sure she enjoys running as much as he does watching her, so I'd guess that she will have at least one more good gallop before she keeps a date she has with Secretariat next spring.

Except for the all-weather course that has replaced one of the two turf courses inside the main track, the Big A looked about the same to the 19,000 racegoers who came out for opening day as it did when they left it last May. And, to make them feel at home, only three of the nine favorites won. In the main event, the Cicada Stakes, for two-year-old fillies at six furlongs, nine ran, and a 31–1 shot, the Hickory Tree Stable's Cast the Die, came out of the fog blanketing the turn for home to win by a neck from Artfully, the 11–10 choice. Veroom Maid, also a long shot, was third. After it was all over, horseplayers taking a second look at their *Daily Racing Forms*, as they usually do, discovered that although Cast the Die had started only twice, she had won her first one at Laurel a few weeks ago by ten lengths and her second comfortably in much better company.

IF Whatsyourpleasure ever heard the old saying "Always a bridesmaid, never a bride," I'm sure he'd believe there was something in it. He was second again last weekend. This time it was in the Heritage Stakes, the last important—and the richest—race of the season for two-year-olds at Keystone Park, the track near Philadelphia. Before that, he had finished sec-



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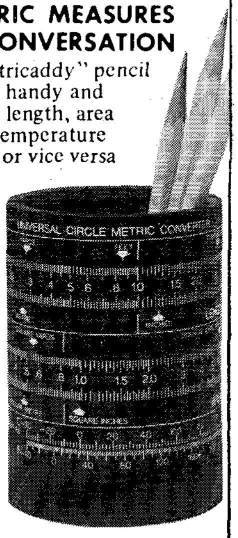

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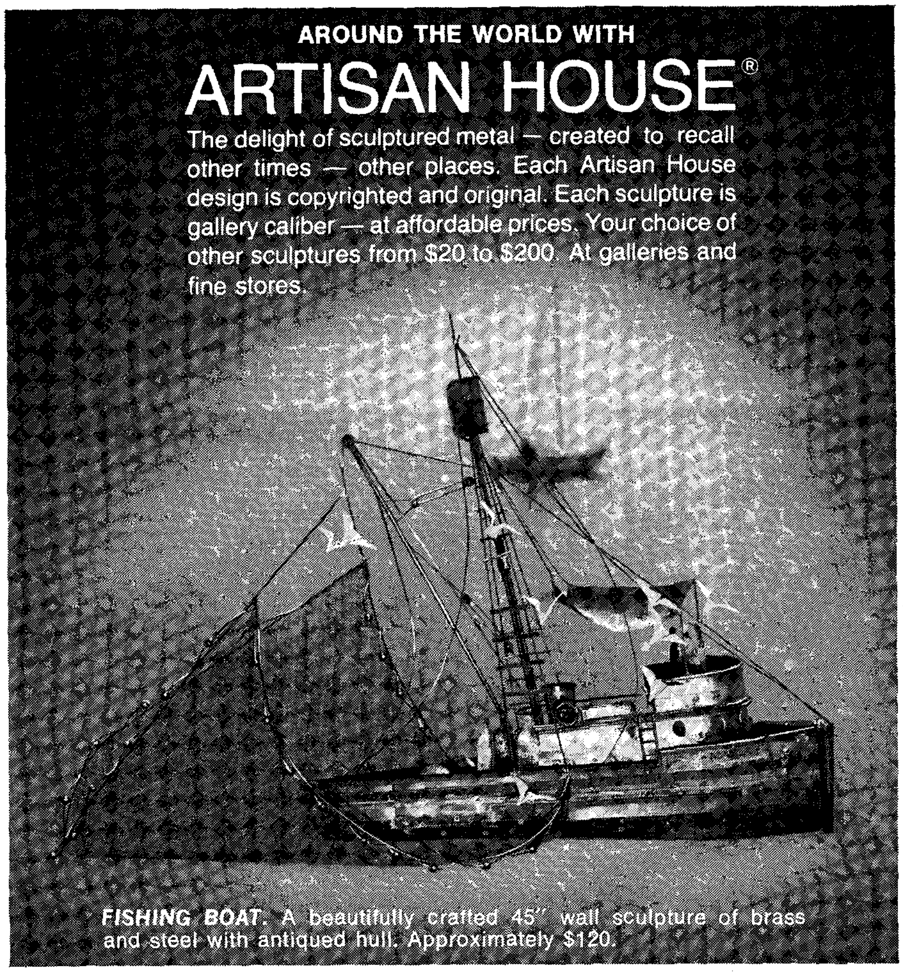
ond to Honest Pleasure in the Laurel Futurity and the Cowdin Stakes, and had been third to him in the Champagne. In the Heritage, All the More, who came up fast on the rails, overtook Whatsyourpleasure in the stretch and won by half a length. Teddy's Courage was third. All the More, who is by I'm for More out of Percussion and is owned by Frank Cullerton, picked up $90,000 in prize money.

EIGHTEEN jumpers, the largest field ever, came out last Saturday for the $50,000 Colonial Cup, at two miles six and a half furlongs, over the Springdale Course on Mrs. Marion duPont Scott's estate in Camden, South Carolina, and the Augustin Stable's Café Prince, a 16–1 shot, led them home after one of the liveliest steeplechases of the season. Augustus Bay, the winner last year, beat Mrs. Scott's Soothsayer by half a length for the place. The 9–5 favorite, Captain Christy, a noted Irish lepper (as they call a jumper over there), was fourth. He led over the final fence but couldn't hold his lead.

AS everyone expected, a colt and a filly by Secretariat—they were the first of his get—brought a high dollar at Keeneland's autumn breeding-stock vendue in Lexington last week. The colt, out of the Eclipse Award winner Chou Croute, went for a quarter of a million dollars—the world-record price for a thoroughbred less than a year old—to Ben Walden, a Kentucky horseman, and Wells Hardesty, a Chicago businessman, who are partners in a stock farm. The filly, out of Zest II, was bought by Bunker Hunt for $200,000. Bidding started at $100,000, and within seconds a man later identified as Nick Sacco, of Dalton, Pennsylvania, raised two fingers, indicating a bid of $200,000. Just as quickly, Walden raised it $50,000, and the sale was over. Later, Walden said the colt would be syndicated. Next day, he was returned to Walden's farm, near Midway, Kentucky, where he will remain until he comes to the races, in 1977. The filly will go to Hunt's establishment in France. This department wishes them both the best of luck but can't help recalling that E. R. Bradley, who raced the well-remembered Idle Hour Farm horses, would bet you even money for as much as you liked that any high-priced yearling you cared to name would not win one race the following season. He won most of his bets.

—AUDAX MINOR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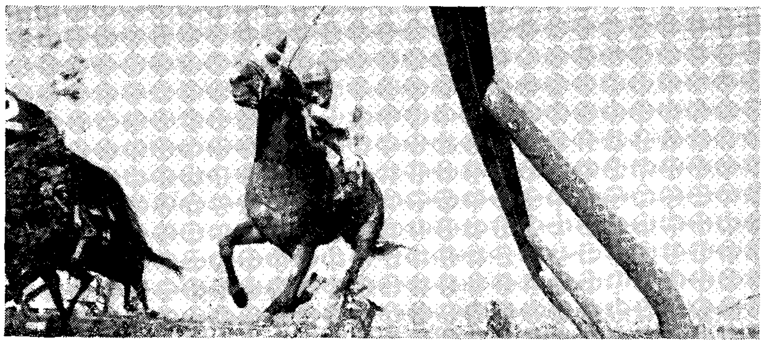
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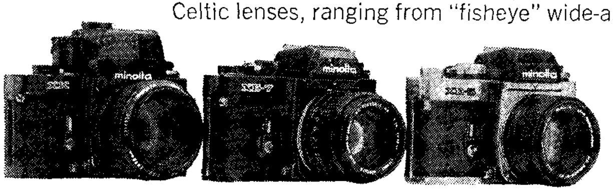
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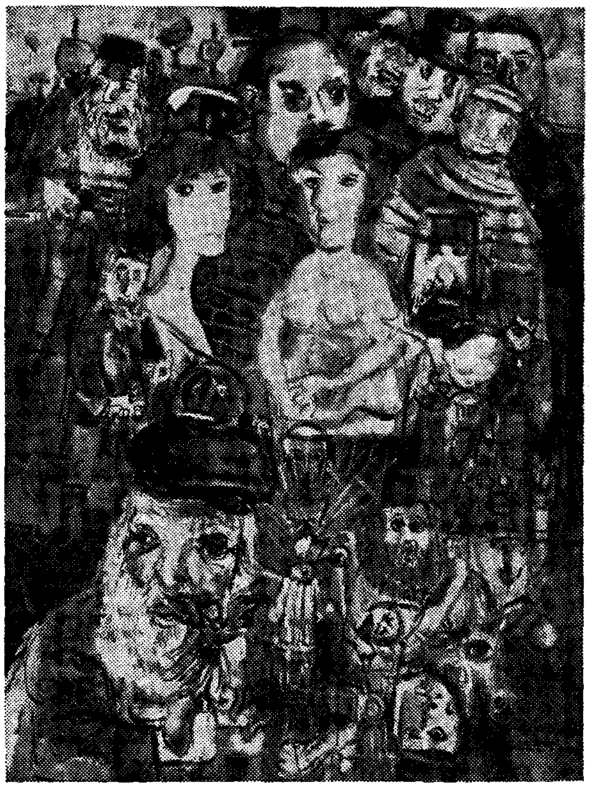
During this time he rejected an offer of $30,000 because he regarded the painting as unfinished. Not until the summer of 1975 did he finally complete the work and sign it.

Mostel, after what he describes as "careful consultation with both Tevye and Sholom Aleichem", titled his canvas with the wry smile of the dairyman, "See You Again, Sholom Aleichem."

It is a reflection of the little Russian village in the Ukraine, at the century's turn, immortalized by the great writer. There is Tevye. There are the other unforgettable characters—his wife, his daughters, the tailor, the butcher, the rabbi, the rich man, the broken-down carthorse—all lit by the Sabbath Candle shining across the canvas, capturing the sorrow of a people living under the Czarist threat of violence, the ravages of prejudice and hatred.

Yet the flame of Tevye/Mostel casts a light of hope and humor; the light the Jewish people have carried across the world; the light which sustained them through the terror of their darkest days.



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Purchasers will also receive, with "See You Again, Sholom Aleichem", two other prints. It has always been Mr. Mostel's practice, during rehearsal, to make fine line drawings and sketches of all the characters he has played, and he requested us to include two finished drawings. He will thus personally autograph a reproduction of his "Three Images of Tevye" and a further line drawing—both to accompany each print of "See You Again, Sholom Aleichem."

The set of three is priced at $325. The investment value is protected forever since the printing plates were destroyed at the conclusion of the edition. No further prints of this painting by Zero Mostel will ever be made again.

Mr. Mostel was, of course, a painter long before he became an actor. During the past forty years his work has hung in many collections and major museums in this country. Five of his paintings, "Tales of Sholom Aleichem", hang in museums in Israel. He has also lectured on fine art—at the Metropolitan, the Museum of Modern Art and the Frick in New York.

The Newmarket Gallery cannot guarantee the availability of the edition beyond the end of this month. Framed together, the three prints will form a striking display, and, in a sense, an inspiring symbol ...... pure Sholom Aleichem ...... *pure Tevye ...... pure Mostel.*

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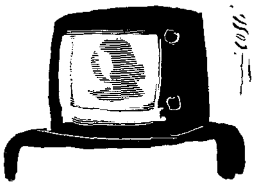
THE AIR

A Crack in the Greasepaint

THIS is probably as good a time as any to say a few words about an appealing new comedy program called "Saturday Night," which is broadcast at eleven-thirty each Saturday night by NBC and is definitely not to be confused with "Saturday Night Live with Howard Cosell," which comes on earlier in the evening on ABC. The Cosell show and NBC's "Saturday Night" are both mainly live, but there is a crucial difference between the two programs. Cosell's show (as is the case with nearly all entertainment on commercial television), for all its "liveness," is based on and defined by the standard vocabulary of American show business. Some of the acts are well done, others are not so well done. The essential texture of the show, however, depends on that strange fantasy language of celebrity public relations which has been concocted for the public by mass-entertainment producers and stars and in recent years has become almost formalized as a kind of national version of a modern courtier style. It is the language of kisses blown, of "God bless you"s, of "this wonderful human being," of "a sensational performer and my *very dear* personal friend," and of "You're just a beautiful audience!"—in short, the language of celebrity "hype" or, alternatively (though it amounts to the same thing), of celebrity "roast." It is the language of not daring to let anything alone to stand by itself, the language of bored artifice—perhaps a contemporary equivalent of dandyism and powdered wigs.



Much of the appeal of "Saturday Night" lies in its contrast with this ubiquitous show-business language. Its format, like that of most comedy programs, consists of a familiar assembly of skits, songs, and monologues, but the spirit of the material is in opposition to conventional show business—especially to the rituals of mass-entertainment television. To begin with, the physical presentation of the program is deliberately untidy and informal. The shows are broadcast from a cavernous, undecorated NBC working studio that has been filled largely with young people. In contrast to most studio-audience programs, in which the audience setup is rigid and theatrelike, the effect here is that of a huge, darkened, lively TV cabaret. Each Saturday night, the program has a different host (though neither "host" nor "m.c." seems quite the right word for the part)—for instance, George Carlin, the comedian, or Paul Simon (formerly of Simon and Garfunkel), or Candice Bergen. The hosts don't do very much in the way of "hosting"—in the conventional TV manner of promoting themselves or the guests—but are content mainly to sit around, providing a periodic focus for the loosely tied together skits and sometimes telling a story or two or, as in Paul Simon's case, singing a few songs. As you might guess, the feel of the show is decidedly loose—loose but with generally able performances.

Skit humor usually defies cold description, so I won't try much of it here. On the recent Saturday with Candice Bergen as host, the show began with a not very brilliant takeoff of a Presidential news conference, which showed the actor impersonating President Ford bumping his head on the lectern, spilling his drinking water, and repeatedly falling down. But then there was a crisply done parody of a TV news program, with the President once again featured ("President Ford has just asked for the resignation of his son Jack"), concluding with a lunatic "News for the Hard of Hearing," which consisted of a newsman yelling items of news very loud. There was also a funny takeoff of one of the local-TV-station counter-editorials. Also a takeoff of a "Black Perspective" program, with the black host attempting to interview a harebrained suburban white girl on the subject of a book she had just written about black ghetto life. Also an amiable but fairly juvenile parody of "Jaws." Also some funny parodies of TV commercials, and some filmed parodies of TV serials: "Medical Season," about a heartless, incompetent old doctor; and "The Three of Us," about an ineptly arranged girl-boy-girl modern living arrangement. Also a freewheeling talk-show interview with a couple of demented kiwi trappers. Also a skit by a fine young comedian, Andy Kaufman, about a TV "guest" who couldn't manage to perform properly, or at all. And so forth.

As I said, you can't convey much of anything about comedy skits by describing them. The truth is that it's a funny show and has enough comic spirit behind it so that even an actress of no notable comic expertise, such as Candice Bergen, can work along easily with the program. Still, it's not really the gross tonnage of jokes in the skits which makes "Saturday Night" worth looking at. What is attractive and unusual about the program is that it is an attempt, finally, to provide entertainment on television in a recognizable, human, non-celebrity voice—and in a voice, too, that tries to deal with the morass of media-induced show-business culture that increasingly pervades American life.

I was going to add that the show is topical, but "topical" has become another of those contemporary vogue words, and, as an automatic value-enhancing adjective, it no longer means what it used to mean. In mass entertainment nowadays, just about everyone is topical. Hardly anyone tells mother-in-law jokes anymore. Mary Tyler Moore is topical. Howard Cosell is topical. Even Dean Martin is topical. Any comedian within twelve feet of a microphone makes jokes about government, politicians, even Presidents. Last year, when President Ford dispensed WIN buttons, the airwaves crackled with professional show-business jokes on the subject. Bob Hope, for one, has consistently made jokes on subjects drawn from the news pages of the newspapers—many of them funny jokes. But Bob Hope (as is true of most of his colleagues) is primarily a joke machine. Jokes are rattled off almost promiscuously: some are about the C.I.A., others about golf—or the energy crisis or football or the White House swimming pool or Bing Crosby. These jokes are topical in the contemporary sense of being about everyday, or "relevant," topics, but they have no center. What does the person telling the joke really think? Bob Hope, for one, rigorously plays the part of a man who doesn't think. He is the conventional professional entertainer. From the audience's vantage point, he had no political sensibility and no personal life. In a way, there is a certain purity to the Hope approach. Everything in the world becomes a potential joke, which can be fashioned crisply, neatly, with detached expertise, and then told *purely*, unmarred by the kind of synthetic personality ("My wife is the kind of woman who . . .") that lesser comedians attempt to inject into their routines. The Hope style (like that of his professional heirs, such as Rowan and Martin, and even Johnny Carson) is basically a triumph of technological comedy. There is a

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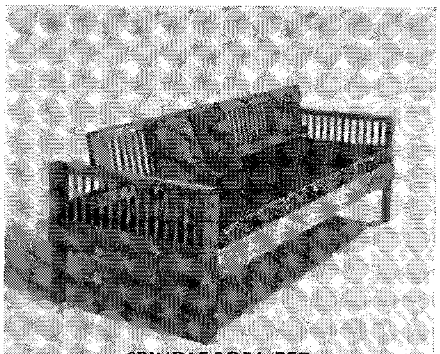
laugh in anything, but the comedian is not necessarily connected to, or disconnected from, the source of laughter. He is a processor of jokes. He stands apart.

This technological approach to humor is difficult to carry off, because each of the isolated, impersonal jokes has to work right. Most conventional mass-entertainment comedians have neither the established presence nor the timing nor the joke writers of a Bob Hope, and so they are usually compelled to create half-realized and synthetic dramatic personalities for themselves: Red Skelton's punch-drunk prizefighter, or Jackie Gleason's roguish fat man, or Lucille Ball's zany housewife, or Milton Berle's life of the party, or Carol Burnett's hysterical wallflower, and so on. Indeed, for years most television comedy has been frozen in these ancient and synthetic molds: of a playacted dramatic "personality" (where part of the fun, supposedly, lies in knowing that Carroll O'Connor isn't really a bigot, or that Carol Burnett isn't really demented) or else of the detached, technical precision of mass-entertainment topical joke-telling (where the comedian appears to be talking about a topic of current interest but a personally felt texture of concern is rarely acknowledged). This isn't to say that a number of conventional mass-entertainment comedy routines aren't funny, or that there won't always be a place, or a need, for a clown simply to play a clown. But during all the years that commercial television (with a few exceptions, notably Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca) has remained stuck in its conventional postures of synthetic comedy several wholly new approaches to popular humor have been evolving, which network television (ever the guardian of the Public Weal) has resolutely ignored.

In a sense, there have been two key modern developments in comedy. One originated in America in the postwar period, and on the small, peripheral stages of Chicago and San Francisco: Nichols and May with Chicago's Compass Players (some of whose members evolved into the Second City troupe), Mort Sahl, Shelley Berman, and Lenny Bruce at the "hungry i" in San Francisco. These performers were first acclaimed by the young, and for their qualities of "topicality" and "relevance." Their style was loose, conversational, personal. That was a period when middle-class America was beginning a nearly mass communion with psychiatry, or, certainly, with the forms or language of the psychiatric experi-



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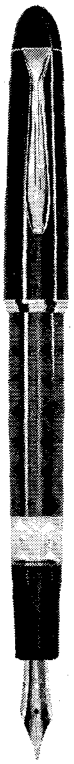

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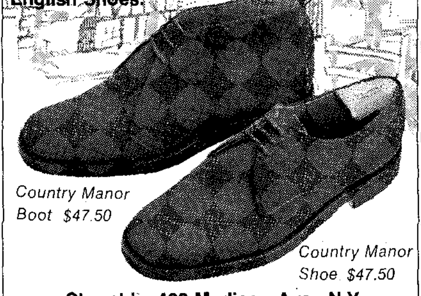
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ence, and it was the personal gropings of the psychiatric patient—the stumbling, sensibility-prone, identity-obsessed assertions—that formed both the underpinning of the new humor and the material to play off on. Many Americans were attempting to find their "real selves." The new entertainers, in addition to playing off on these searches after identity, attempted to gain the good will and regard of their audiences by revealing—or, anyway, acknowledging—*their* "real selves." One could almost say that the basis for the new comedy routines was an absence of detachment, an absence of conventional professionalism—an absence of the traditional notions of compartmentalization. Much of the American public was trying to deal with new concepts of "wholeness" and "relatedness" in private life and public life: public officials and ordinary men and women were to be accountable for their whole and interconnected lives—not just for one visible corner of them. The new American comedians seemed to be saying that they would now be accountable for their jokes. For instance, an old-style comedian might make a joke about the C.I.A.: "The C.I.A. is in plenty of hot water lately. Why, things are so bad down there they sent a self-destructing letter to one of their agents and it came back 'Opened by Mistake.'" Superficially, this might be termed a topical joke, but its topicality is virtually meaningless, being buried in traditional show-business paraphernalia. The comedian *uses* the C.I.A. as a fashionable topic, but he doesn't touch it or connect to it. And the audience (which nonetheless thinks for itself) is left out in the cold except for the automatic ha-haing at the punch line. Nor is it true to say that the old-style comedian would spoil the simple clownlike purity of his position if he were to take a personal point of view—by admitting to his own reality. For the fact is that by claiming to view the "topic" of the C.I.A. only as the detached subject of a disconnected wisecrack he is already being "political." A new-style comedian—for example, Mort Sahl—not only would connect a topic such as the C.I.A. to his own point of view but, by cumulatively and publicly uncovering his various points of view on various topics, would unfold his own "real self" and present *that* to the audience. Whatever else it might feel in the grip of the new humorous self-consciousness, the growing audience for the new comedians was not being left out in the cold.

The other key trend or tributary which fed into modern comedy devel-

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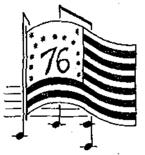

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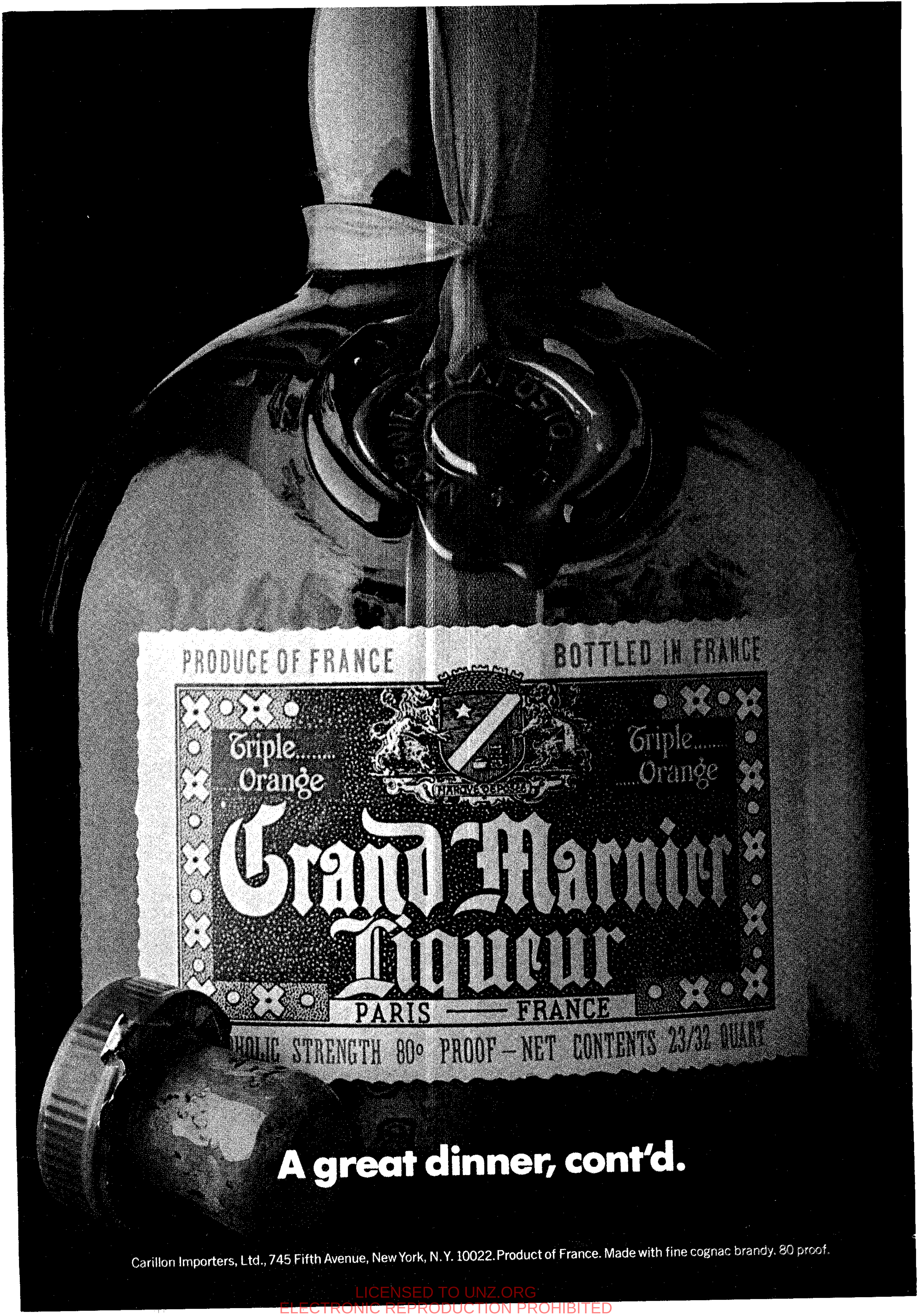
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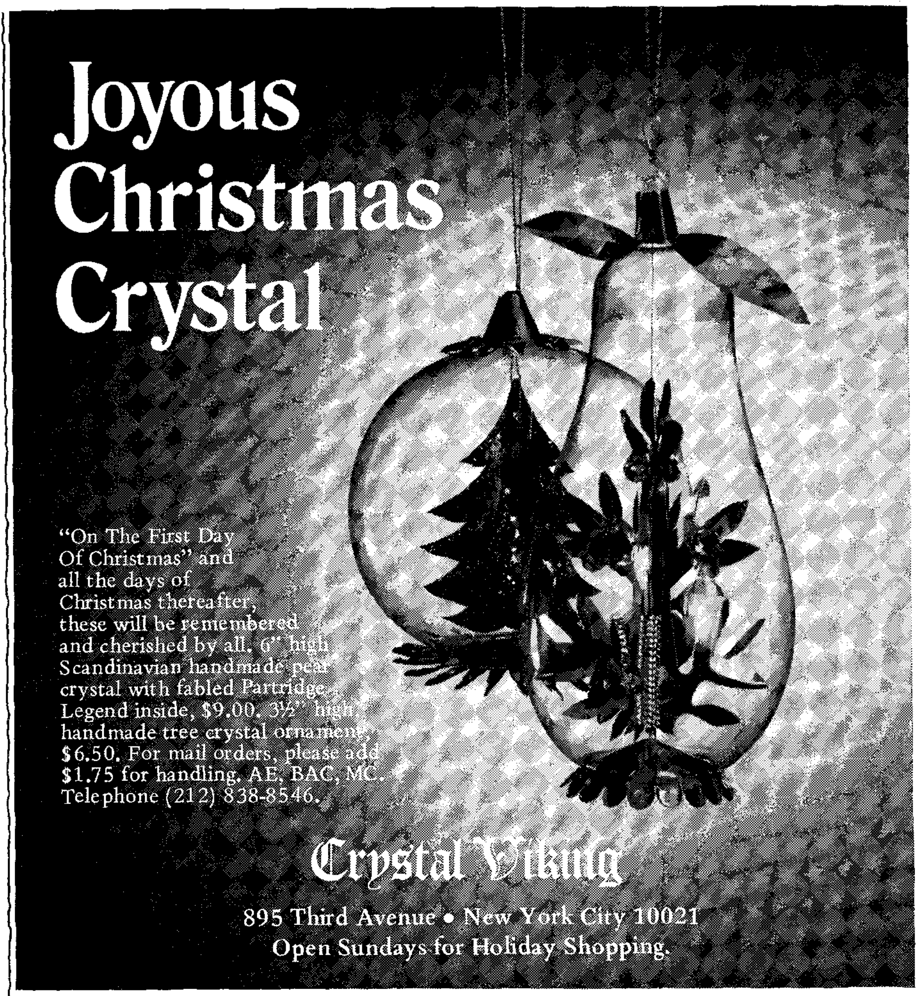
oped mainly in England, also in the postwar period—first in the radio "Goon Show" routines of Peter Sellers and Spike Milligan, then with such educated lunacies as "Beyond the Fringe," and more recently with "Monty Python's Flying Circus." Superficially, the humor of these English actor-comedians seemed to be based largely, and restrictively, on English concepts and English culture. But their considerable success in America has shown that what was actually being exported was two other ingredients. The first was a fairly ancient English comic standby: the eccentric, and the concept of eccentricity. For some time, American Anglophiles had been fond of remarking affectionately, and perhaps a trifle condescendingly, on "the English eccentric." Since Dickens, eccentricity had been regarded as an approved, even a unique, feature of English life and literature. American eccentricity was not thought to properly exist as such. Except for a handful of absentminded college professors and an occasional inventor, American literature had a rather scant record of American eccentricity. Important or established Americans were thought to be too busy, or too important or established, to serve as suitable vessels for eccentricity. Times changed, however, and, with them, national assertions and national self-knowledge. As a result, in recent years American films and literature have fairly teemed with examples of American eccentricity, and what was once thought of as a uniquely English habit of detecting lunacy in seemingly stable Englishmen has turned out to be an extremely successful export item—applicable equally to Foreign Office and State Department, to addled noble lords and demented Pentagon generals. Indeed, it was one of the original Goons, Peter Sellers, who played that quintessential Cold War warrior Dr. Strangelove. The other ingredient originally exported by the new English comedians can perhaps best be described as a comedy of surplus education. In England, for generations (such being the dutifulness of the English school systems), a major part of the population has consistently been taught vast quantities of useless knowledge. In America, the mass acquisition of useless knowledge didn't really come into its own until the great surge in "humanist" college studies after the Second World War, but since then it has been proceeding apace. When Nichols and May used to do improvised parodies of Pirandello, they were connecting to this subterranean pool of expensively acquired surplus in-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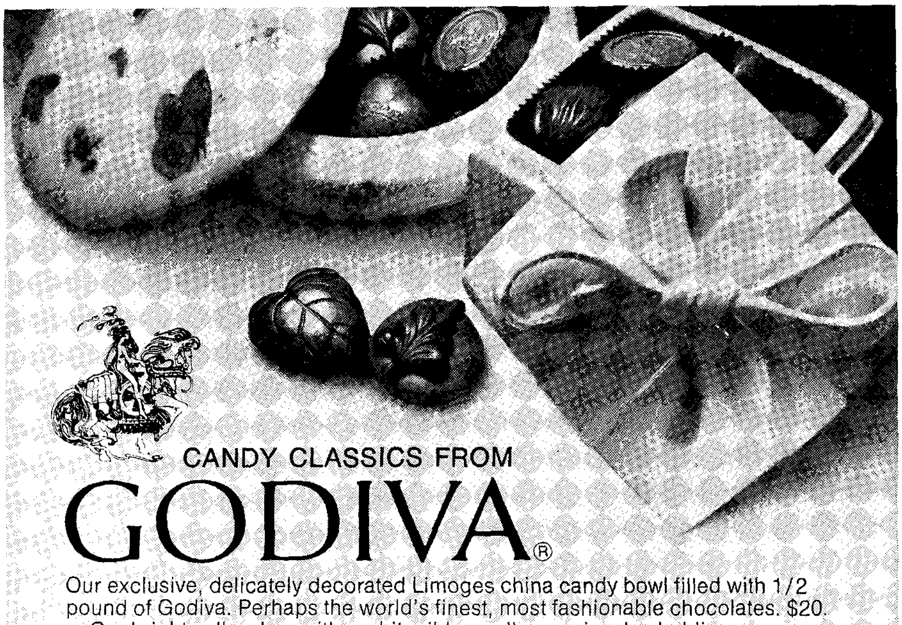
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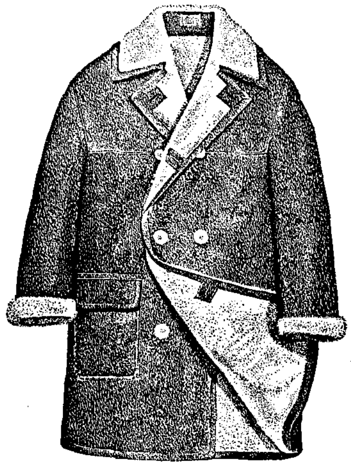

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formation, in the same way that "Monty Python" has appealed to a randomly overinformed audience with its film about the Holy Grail.

What all this has to do with NBC's "Saturday Night" is simply this. For the most part, in the past twenty years commercial television has largely ignored the important new trends in modern comedy—which are important not as trends but as basic ways of trying to view and organize experience. To deny the public a consistent view of modern art, say, would be to deny people an important way of looking at and identifying with their world. The same is true (perhaps on a different plane) with comedy—the so-called "comic vision." Whether as a result of the caution of advertisers or of the personal prejudices of network bosses, mass-entertainment television comedy has been firmly rooted in the past—a synthetic, Hollywood-style, show-business past—despite the fact that the new forms of comedy have demonstrated a considerable popular appeal. It is not a matter of wishing to replace Bob Hope with an "élitist," in-group kind of humor. The popular audience continues to adore Bob Hope, but it is also true that for years substantial segments of this same popular audience have been sneaking away in droves from its Hoopla Show Business Comedy Hours in order to commune with the rising number of lesser-known, more personal, more political, more sexual, more connectively humorous comedians who for the most part have existed outside the carefully patrolled guard fence of network-television entertainment.

Thus, what is noteworthy about "Saturday Night," and why I commend it, is not the result of any spectacular, star-studded brilliance on its part; indeed, it has no real stars, though I hope that the ensemble of actor-comics who perform most of the skits will make individual names for themselves. It is, as the saying goes, an *uneven* program, with ups and downs and too many commercial breaks. But it is a direct and funny show, which seems to speak out of the real, non-show-business world that most people inhabit—and it exists. One wonders (without expecting an answer) what took it so long. One wonders, too, what simple human pleasures the simple, human TV viewer might some day conceivably experience if network television—that grinning, gun-toting, wisecracking ("You're just a *beautiful* audience!"), still youthful courtesan—should ever start peeling off the rest of the cosmetics. —MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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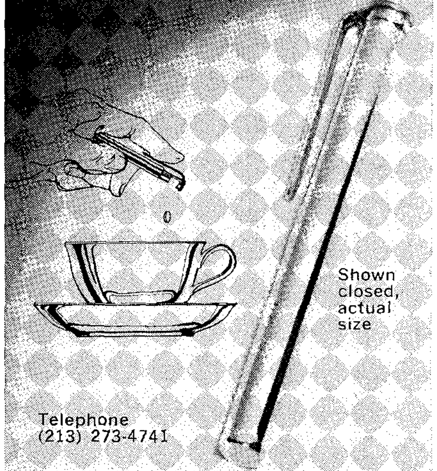

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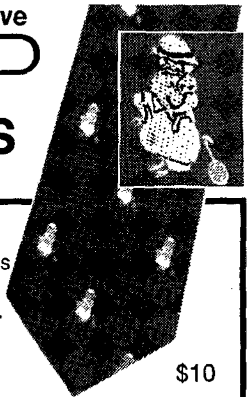

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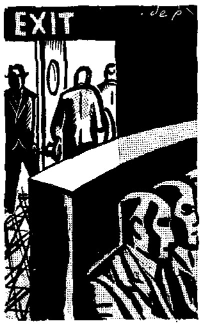
LIKE Czech movies of the mid-sixties ("Loves of a Blonde," "Intimate Lighting"), the independently produced American film "Hester Street" is essentially an anecdote—a small, ironic story told without much attempt at depth of characterization. Adapted from a story by Abraham Cahan, the movie is about the assimilation process among a group of Russian Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. When Jake (Steven Keats), who works at a sewing machine in a sweatshop, has been in New York for three years, his wan little wife, Gitl (Carol Kane), comes to join him with their tiny, bird-faced son, who looks just like her—a silent, watchful child, with a promising gleam. But Jake wears his saloon sport's derby with his prayer shawl; he has fallen for Mamie (Dorrie Kavanaugh), a flashy dresser, who works at a dancing academy that is a social center for the greenhorn Jews trying to become more "American." Jake doesn't want anything to do with Gitl; a pious waif in drab clothes and an Orthodox wig, speaking only Yiddish, she reminds him of everything he's trying to break away from. The film begins lamely; most of the performers—Steven Keats especially—have a terrible time with their accents, and he and Dorrie Kavanaugh are awkward in their shallow roles. It takes a little while for the picture to get under way and to win one over.

Carol Kane's shy, tentative Gitl gives the film an unusually quiet center; perhaps she is too slow in her responses at first, a shade too expressionless, but she has a lovely pale-eyelashed bewilderment. And as Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who sleeps in Jake's and Gitl's kitchen, Mel Howard manages to make stillness rather sexy. The writer-director Joan Micklin Silver handles the anecdote form very well: she has an instinct for how long a scene should run, and though she filters folk-tale material through current attitudes too pointedly, the scenes are underdramatized in a likable way. The narrative simplicity is defenselessly appealing. Joan Silver may not have a very large talent (at least, in this first feature there's no evidence of shattering vitality), but she *is* gifted. The black-and-white cinematography and the simple characterizations recall Hollywood's early talkies in which the city bad girl lured the hero away from the ingenuous country girl, and bumptious Irish immigrants got into brawls at wakes. But "Hester Street" is without the melodramatic elements of those films; it's less practiced, more pure.



The slightness of the film comes out of its condescension to Jake; he has been made to stand for vulgar American materialism, and he speaks such lines as "I don't care for nobody. I'm an American fella." The audience can laugh knowingly. Jake's best scene—his animal high spirits at a picnic, playing ball with his son—suggests what is missing from his character elsewhere. It's what the freedom to enjoy sports, to enjoy oneself physically, to play at *anything*, must have meant to a semi-literate Jewish peasant who grew up in a tradition that valued learning above all. A rawboned, long-jawed worker like Jake was escaping not only from persecution by the Russians but also from that oppressive messianic Jewish tradition, with its stress on worthwhile activities. Mamie, in her coarseness, would represent freedom and gaiety to him; Gitl, passive, superstitious, impressed to have Bernstein mumbling over his book at their table, would recall him to a world in which he would never be respected. The film—nostalgic for what the immigrants lost—never shows us that there are grounds for Jake's wanting to be Americanized. Instead, he's a fool, abandoning a jewel for a flashy paste-work imitation of "class." Mamie is done up as if she were a woman of the world—practically a madam. A young shyster lawyer hired by Jake to offer Gitl a cash settlement if she'll agree to a divorce is an amateurishly acted cartoon. The aggressive characters don't have enough sensitivity—or juice—to come to life; the problem appears to be in the casting, in the director's not knowing how to bring more out of the performers, and in her own feelings.

Joan Silver's modest, restrained directing style is in tune with Gitl and Bernstein. The movie is on their side; that's probably part of the secret of its commercial success. (Blue-collar people might react to this film very differently from the audiences who are seeing it now, because there is an element of class putdown in it.) Gitl's peasant docility may seem pensive and sweet to us, and refined, but that's because Joan Silver presents her as we might see her, not as Jake experiences her. Gitl's slender body and her Pre-Raphaelite face are beautiful in modern counterculture terms, while Mamie's buxom, hourglass-figure flirtatiousness went out a long time ago. And while Jake is a bullying, dumb jock, Mel Howard's gentle, bearded Bernstein is the classic Jewish type that has come back into fashion in recent years—a Talmudic flower child. Gitl, who learns English practically in front of our eyes, has our good will, and her accented speech is soft and doesn't sound coarse. Mel Howard, who speaks Yiddish with ease, is even more fortunate. Bernstein's sarcasm and defeatism, which might have been considered reactionary a few decades ago—the mark of an embittered man who couldn't adapt—sound hip now. Howard underplays quietly, with enough authority to get by with the lines that cue the audience to the derisive view of the immigrant experience that is expected of them. He curses Columbus and complains, "When you get on the boat, you should say, 'Goodbye, O Lord. I'm going to America.' "

It is to the director's credit that she manages to hold down Doris Roberts' performance as the *yente;* Joan Silver allows herself such audience-pleasers as the *yente's* lacing Gitl into a merry-widow corset with the words "If you want to be an American, you gotta hurt," but at least she doesn't linger—she gets the ironic laugh without squeezing for it. At the end, the go-getters are left to a graceless, yokels' future; we see that Mamie has accumulated her capital by penny-pinching, and that life with her won't be the good times Jake had expected. The timid Gitl, who has been betrayed and humiliated, comes out with everything—even with the better man, Bernstein. Has ever woman won so much by doing so little? Gitl even gets Mamie's money, and without having to raise her voice.

As a commentary on the American experience—the materialist loses the real prizes, etc.—the film has the pedagogic folk humor and the appreciation of the "old ways" which had me wriggling in discomfort at school whenever a story was presented as a fable. I feel measly-minded when I'm put in the position of identifying with Bernstein's view—his traditionalist's suspiciousness about the New World, which blends all too neatly with late-sixties counterculture cynicism. But

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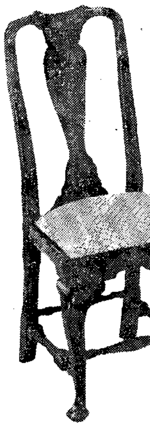

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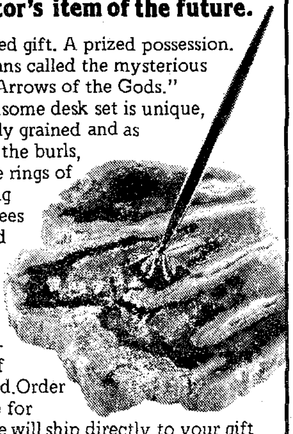

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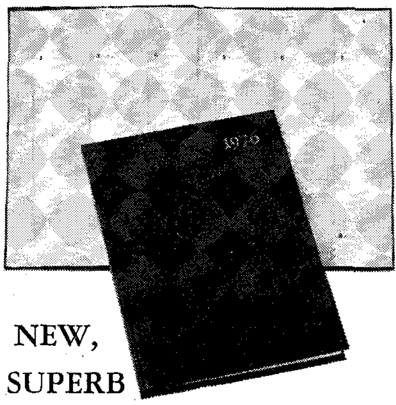
within the limited terms that Joan Silver has set she's brought the movie off—and, by the end, with a flourish. When Gitl slowly flowers, we don't get the sense that she has been transformed; rather, we see that she was so uprooted, and was so hurt by Jake's rejection of her, that she was almost paralyzed—her character is only now being revealed. And Bernstein's rueful wisdom—the eyes on the ready for lamentation, the praying head that nods in recognition of thousands of years of folly—is a fragrant conceit.

SOMETIMES you can tell from the very first shot that a movie is going wrong. Louis Malle's "Black Moon" opens with a badger snuffling along a road; the image is ominous, as a speeding car approaches and you wait for the animal to be smashed. There isn't anywhere for a movie to go after a deadpan zinger like this, and "Black Moon" is a collection of such wayward effects, set in a future war between men and women, which is also no more than a whammy. Louis Malle is a director in search of new stimulation; his projects are often so different from each other that, seeing a new Malle film, one can't quite tell how he got to that. (It's as if he were trying to astonish himself.) With "Black Moon," he appears to be travelling with the sixties zeitgeist, trying to loosen up and become an American underground man. This is a post-apocalypse film, in which the few characters in the scarred landscape speak mainly by body language and gibberish—a Warholian view of the future that's reminiscent of Jim McBride's "Glen and Randa" and Jodorowsky's druggy "El Topo."

But Malle is a sane man trying to make a crazy man's film. He's temperamentally unsuited to the disordered, meandering vision he's aiming for, and his meticulously planned chaos has no visionary compulsion. You can feel that this is a cultivated, rational artist striving for perverse, enigmatic innocence. Talented directors often have bad ideas—Altman with "Brewster McCloud" and "Images," Coppola with "The Rain People," Truffaut trying to be Hitchcock—but there's generally an obsessive quality in the films, a sign of something the director is trying to work out. That isn't the case with "Black Moon." The surreal effects Malle uses don't connect with anything in his imagination, so there's no instinctive wit in them, no ambivalence, no friction. It's deadly. Fifteen-year-old Cathryn Harrison plays Alice in this



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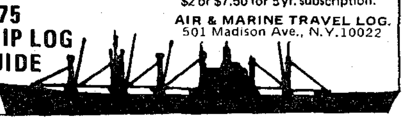

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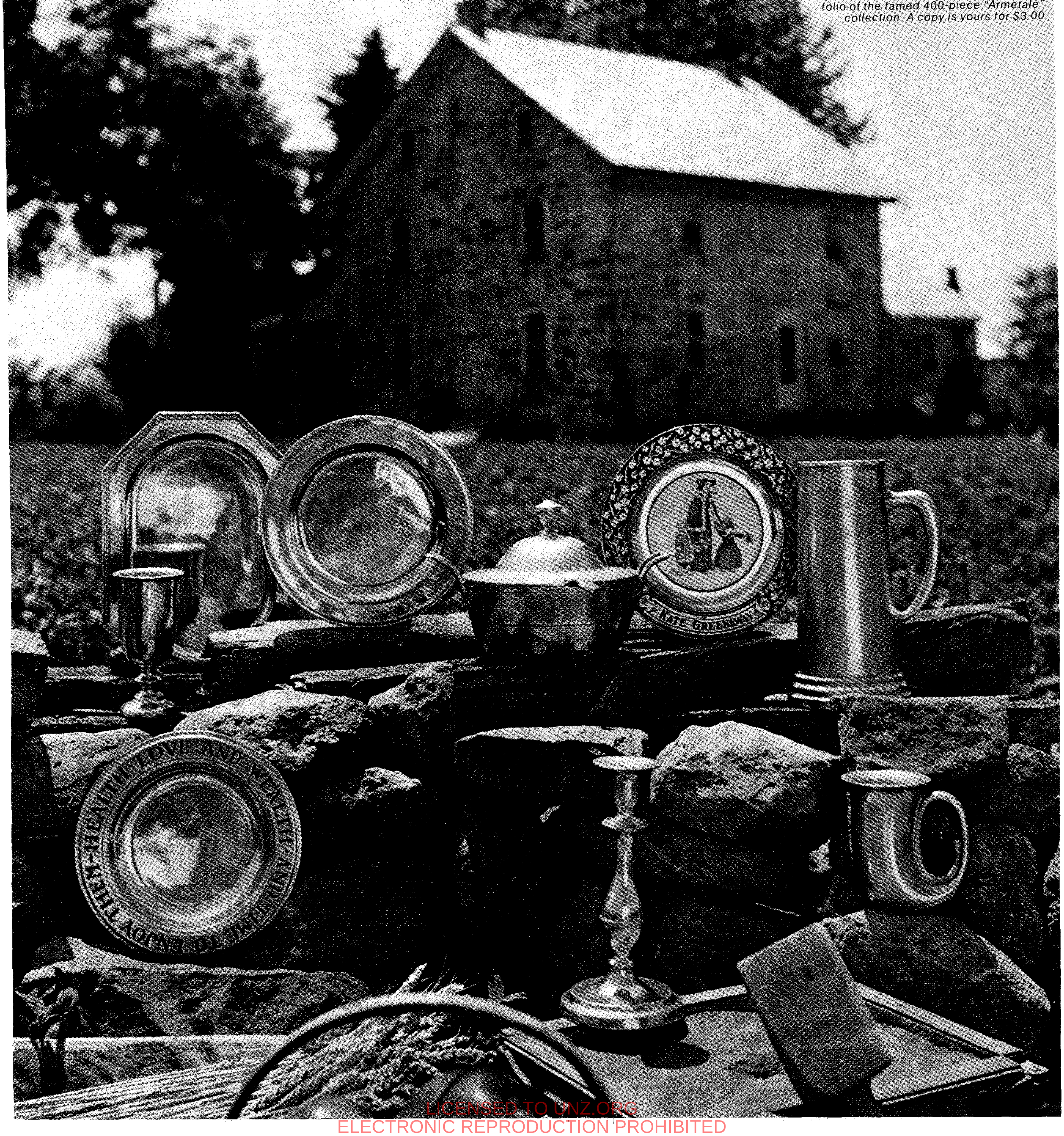

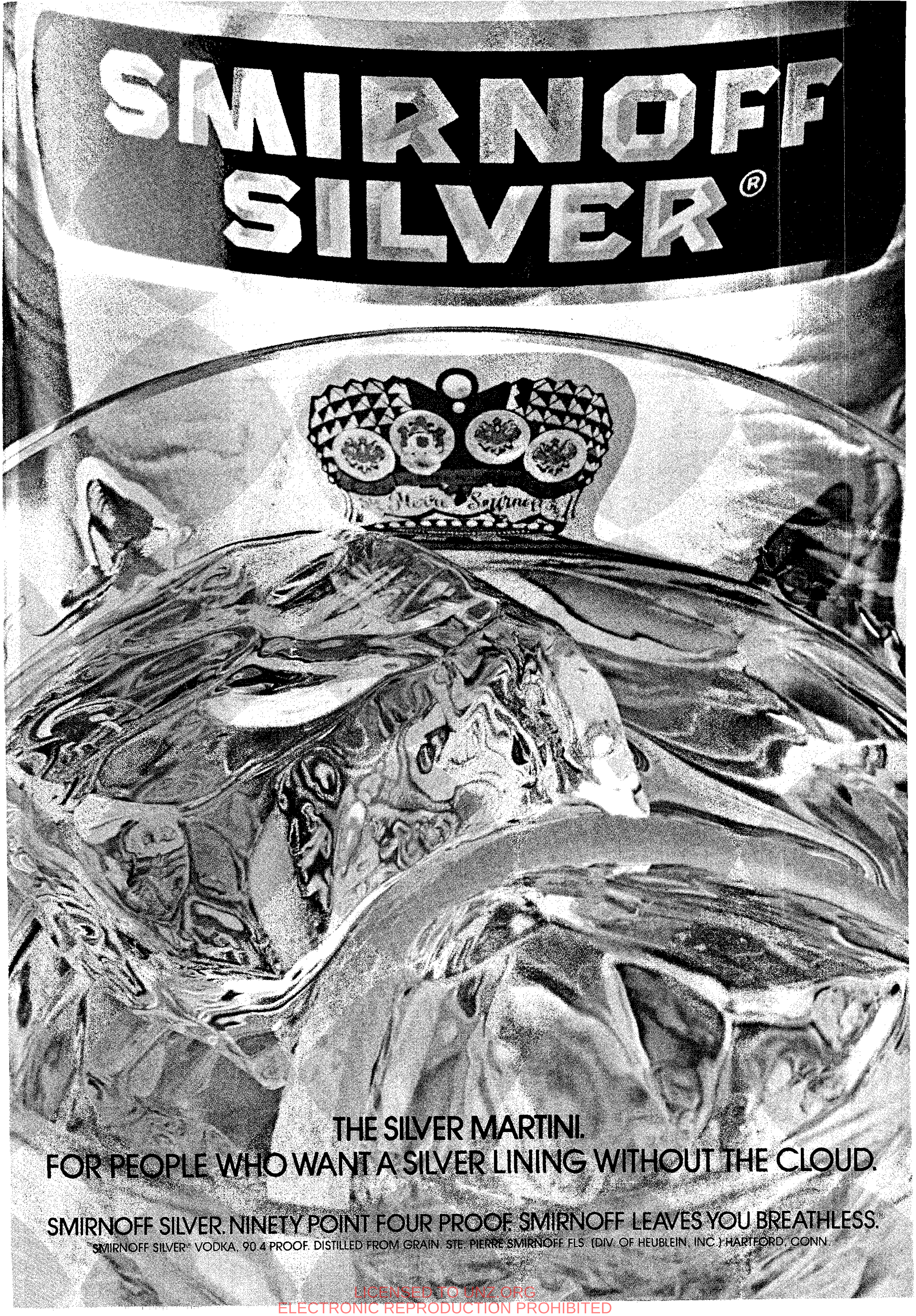

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bombed-out Wonderland; as brother and sister, Joe Dallesandro and Alexandra Stewart have a handsome, blank twinship; the late Therese Giehse is a bedridden old woman who bawls out her whimpering, apologetic rat companion. This rat and a talking unicorn—a mangy, plump old Shetland pony wearing a horn—are the two liveliest characters. You get the feeling that the animals *want* to talk, which is more than you get from the people. A pussycat who plays the piano and two kids who sing "Tristan and Isolde" are happy surprises; the flowers who squeal when they're stepped on are, however, of a whimsey that may haunt Malle. He's carried eclecticism too far with this apocalyptic "Francis, the Talking Unicorn." Not everyone has it in him to be a fantasist, and when a civilized director like Malle tries, the results may, as in "Black Moon," be colder, less inspired, less *fantastic* than in any other movie he's ever made.

THE British studio workmen employed on Ken Russell's "Lisztomania" must have had some debonair conversations when they got home. A carpenter's wife asks, "What did you do today?" and he explains, "Well, Mum, we built this phallus twelve feet long, so it would come out of this actor, Roger Daltrey, who's playing Liszt. It had to be a cannon strong enough to support five dancing girls, who get to kick and strut on it." Or he describes building a giant-size model of the crotch and legs of Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein (Sara Kestelman), so that Liszt can disappear in her voracious vagina. These adolescent demonic high jinks are the two funniest sequences in "Lisztomania"—they erupt with a wholehearted, controlled comic-strip craziness that the picture in general lacks. Russell was in better control in "Tommy," which was enjoyable at a dumb pop level; the pre-recorded score gave the picture drive, and the director found a showy crudeness that worked for him. Russell didn't even begin to get at the Dionysian-Wagnerian possibilities of the rock-opera form that the three-image footage of "Tommy" in "Woodstock" had had, but he did have Tina Turner, and there was one great shot of her, from her vibrating ankles on up. Tina Turner is what Ken Russell has always needed in a performer: she starts at climax and keeps going. In "Tommy," her Acid Queen was like pure, concentrated acid sex—the high may even have got too high for some viewers, and scared them. In

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"Lisztomania," Russell tries to use Sara Kestelman for some of the same wild, ecstatic Cobra Woman effect, but she doesn't have it in her. And he doesn't have a rock-opera score—only a mash of rocked-up Liszt and Wagner themes, plus some new songs that are so forgettable you barely register them.

Does Russell's love-hate relationship with composers have any connection with his lack of a musical sense (he can't rhythm a film, and his editing is chopsticks) and his tin ear for language? The dialogue he wrote for "The Devils" was dumbfoundingly flat; in the middle of porno orgies, people talked like pedants. The dull schoolboy slang (with puns) of "Lisztomania" sounds so remote and disembodied that you feel you're looking at "Captain Marvel" while somebody translates the captions from Russian or German. For all his lashing himself into a slapstick fury, Russell can't seem to pull the elements of filmmaking together, and it's probably inconceivable that he'd let a writer become a full collaborator. Since he doesn't use actors as creators, either (the last *performance* in a Russell movie was probably Dorothy Tutin's in "Savage Messiah"), we're getting nothing but Russell's own hangups, in the form of sacrilegious-mischief comics. Why is he making a movie about Liszt, whom he has contempt for, and Richard and Cosima Wagner (Paul Nicholas and Veronica Quilligan), whom he despises? Giggly hate of one's betters is not auspicious motivation for an artist. "Lisztomania" is more entertaining than "Black Moon," but then Malle is out of his element. Russell is *in* his—so far in that who wants to follow him? He's disappearing in a giant crotch, too.

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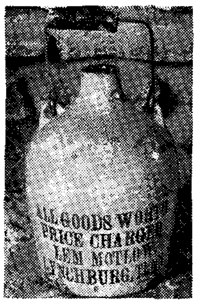

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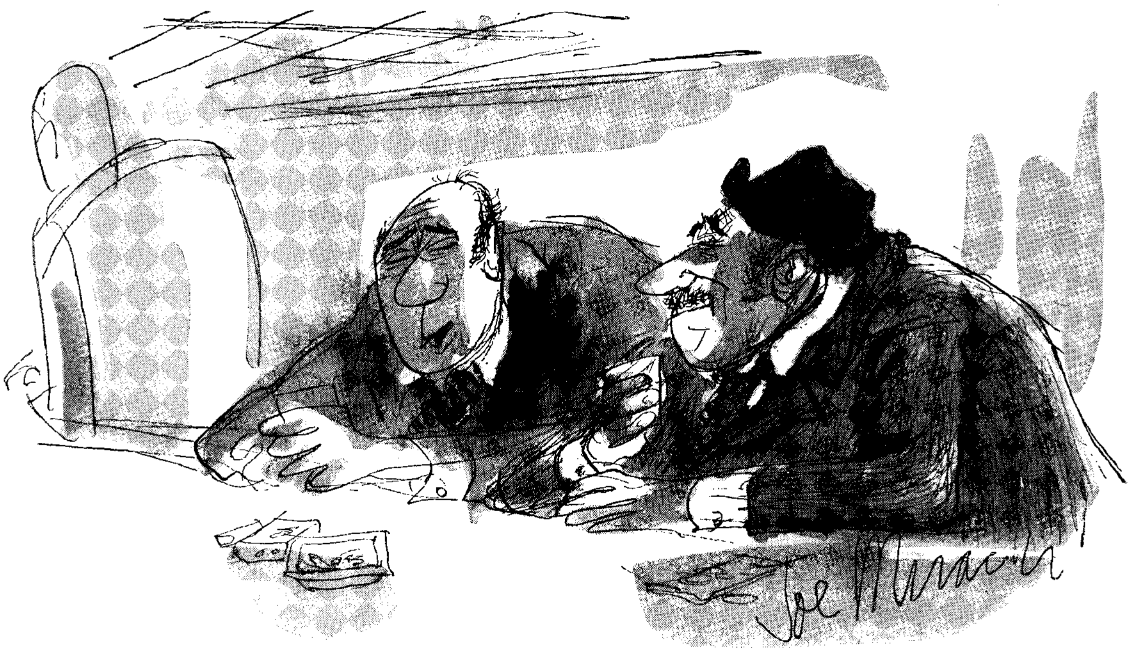
AROUND CITY HALL

ON THE MOVE

NEW YORK's long-running financial crisis has become so thoroughly accepted a part of daily life in this city that the local CBS television station has set up a Default Desk, to which the anchorman on the nightly news routinely shifts for the latest developments, just as he does to the sports desk and the weather map. Everybody knows that nothing can be done about the weather or about the New York Rangers, Knicks, Jets, and Giants, whose recent performances have only added to the city's ominous sense of being a disaster area, and most New Yorkers have had a similar feeling of being helpless spectators as the city approached what has promised to be, at best, a form of federal receivership. One curious consequence of the Ford Administration's view of the city as an irrelevancy is that the bitter public wrestling between Congress and the White House over whether New York is worth saving has turned the problems of the city into almost as much of a constant on the national news as in the local bulletins. Earlier this month, there was a report that, along with civil rights, union lettuce, and the public's right to know, the New York issue—the need to pay attention to the special problems of urban areas, starting with those of the nation's greatest city—might be a plank in the Democratic platform at the Party's Presidential Convention next year, which will be held, of course, in New York, if by then the city is still in shape to receive visitors. Local prospects improved dramatically after the appearance of polls reporting that sixty-nine per cent of the American people favored loan guarantees for the city and that the same percentage thought a default here would damage the national economy; this news apparently helped persuade the President that a good-riddance policy toward New York might not be the can't-lose political pitch that he had thought it was as the winner of all those congressional races in Grand Rapids. It may not even be surefire any longer in Grand Rapids, where an editorial in the local *Press* recently criticized his attacks on New York for "creating unnecessary division," and added, "At a time when conciliation, understanding, and, above all, coöperation will be absolutely essential in solving urban problems, the White House seems to be declaring war on failing cities and the people who live in them." Since the Ford change of heart represents one of the swiftest Presidential turnabouts within memory, the White House will undoubtedly insist on a number of rhetorical rationalizations to save Presidential face, and until it is clear that all the haggling and posturing on the New York question is finally closed out in Washington and Albany, the local Default Desk will probably remain prudently open, just in case.

THERE will also continue to be brisk discussion here of how much the widespread speculation over the plans of the Vice-President following his disaffiliation with Ford's 1976 ticket had to do with the President's amended attitude. Supporters of Ford's view of this city as a town of crazy wastrels, an alien territory whose prospective financial ruin is of little concern to right-thinking Americans everywhere, should not be surprised to learn that the local reaction to the government changes that were announced by the President on the first Monday of this month—halfway between Halloween and Guy Fawkes Day—was, as usual, somewhat out of sync with the reaction of most other parts of the country. The effects of the Washington reshuffle on détente and on the political futures of various Cabinet-level power brokers were, of course, of some interest here, but by far the largest share of the city's attention centered on the news about Nelson Rockefeller, the four-time governor of this state whose campaign for the nation's highest office New Yorkers—sometimes the victims, sometimes the beneficiaries of his maneuvers in pursuit of that ambition—have been watching at close quarters for nearly a generation. Had the old campaigner really given up? Since the President was now free to ally himself more firmly with the conservative element of the Republican Party, for whom the irrelevance of a New York disaster in the national picture is clearly an article of faith, would Rockefeller's move encourage more moderate Republicans to speak up—even to cast a vote—for the city? And what had moved him to cut loose, anyhow? The true, certified provenance of any important public event often is not settled upon by expert witnesses until long after the fact—frequently just in time for the revisionists to start taking it apart. But no matter what explanation the historians eventually agree upon in this case, or how often Rockefeller himself refers to his overriding interest in ending Party squabbles, there are many local citizens (New York solipsists to the end, some might say) who will not doubt that his withdrawal was largely the result of the untenable position in which he found himself as a proclaimed believer in the critical need for federal aid to help New York survive and, at the same time, a candidate for reappointment to membership in an Adminis-



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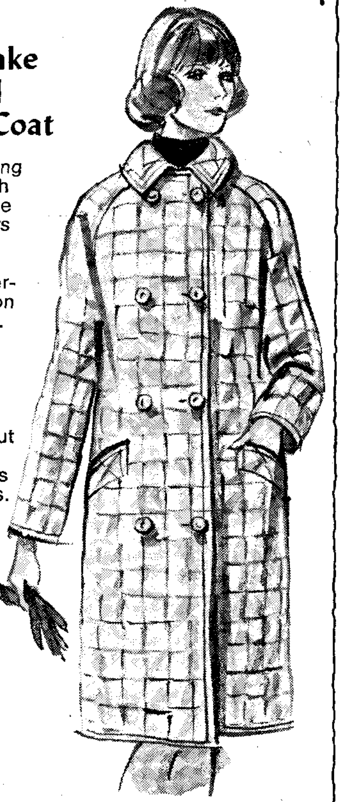

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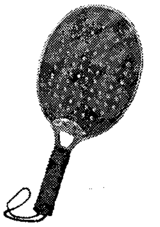

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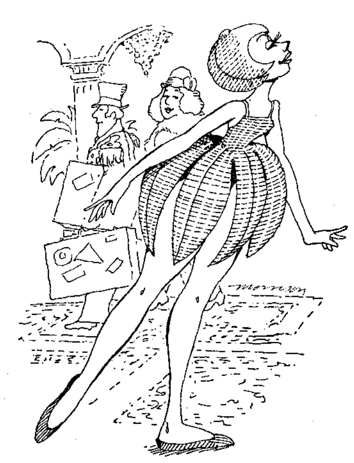
tration that was bent on reaping what it believed to be large political benefits from arranging the city's funeral. Rockefeller's removal of his name from consideration came, they point out, just five days after what will go down in history, courtesy of the *News*, as Ford's drop-dead-New York speech. The White House is not likely to discourage the theory that Rockefeller pulled out because he was about to be declared expendable, but New York Senator Jacob Javits, who spoke to Rockefeller the night the Vice-President's cool, carefully correct statement of withdrawal was made public, insisted that the disagreement over whether or not to help the city had been decisive, and another local source identified as "close to the Rockefeller family" told an Associated Press reporter, "Nelson felt that all the things he helped to build here would be in jeopardy because of Ford's policy toward New York. You can see the monumental impact of New York City's crisis . . . when it impelled Nelson to give up something he really wanted." In any event, if Rockefeller should decide to conduct an all-out campaign as a champion of the city the groundwork has been laid. Inevitably, however, quite a few of his fellow-New Yorkers, who over the years have watched his shifts and hundred-and-eighty-degree turns according to where the political profits seemed to lie, would view such a campaign with deep suspicion. So, it seems likely, would many of his fellow-politicians, including Gerald Ford. Part of New York City's problem is that it is regarded as such a weird place that a President widely known as a political sweet-talker, who would never dream of insulting, for example, Senator James Allen's state of Alabama or of standing still while somebody else laid into his own home state of Michigan, seemed to have not a glimmer of understanding that savage attacks on the home city of his chosen Vice-President might cause Rockefeller some distress. Although Ford has never displayed much sense of history, he probably knows that through the centuries politicians have renounced the chance of high office (to the profit of their political rivals) for reasons of principle, for honor, for country, even for love. But for New York City?

THE President's indifference to the fate of all New Yorkers—as it seemed to be expressed in his National Press Club speech—is subject to exceptions. On the day before this philippic, he entertained at least twelve New Yorkers, not including the Vice-Presi-



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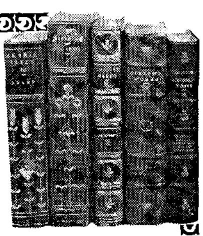

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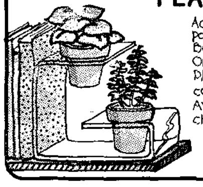

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dent, who stopped in during the afternoon before flying to Florida, where he was to preside over a forum on the Administration's domestic policies. (Ford's plan to make the address giving full vent to his views on New York City had just been announced, and it was at this meeting that Rockefeller told him of his plan to withdraw from the 1976 ticket.) One of the afternoon callers from New York was James L. Buckley, the conservative Republican senator, in whose reëlection next year the President has an interest; an example of Democratic mismanagement in New York that Ford presumably has no objection to is the fact that this state, where four Democrats are registered to every three Republicans, is represented in the Senate by two Republicans. At Buckley's request, he had been allowed to bring with him eleven officers of the city's unions. Alleged greediness on the part of city employees' unions as a general category and the city's craven attitude toward the unions' politically powerful leaders have, of course, been blamed by members of the Ford Administration for many of the city's financial troubles. On this occasion, however, lavish pension benefits after twenty years and similar advertised municipal crimes went unmentioned, perhaps because most of the visitors were leaders of the police, fire, and transit-police unions, whose endorsement of Buckley and public alliance with the catchy slogan of his supporters ("Isn't it time *we* had a Senator?") contributed significantly to his thirty-nine-per-cent plurality in 1970 over two liberal opponents. Buckley had not brought with him John De Lury, the head of the Uniformed Sanitationmen's Association, who generally supports Democratic candidates, and the President, in his speech the following day, did not specify garbage collection as one of the essential public services that must be maintained; in fact, he specifically attacked, as an example of outrageous New York prodigality, the salaries and fringe benefits of the sanitationmen. During the White House meeting, the President did not ask for any pointers on anti-city rhetoric from Ken McFeeley, the president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, although the P.B.A.'s "Fear City" pamphlets passed out last summer to warn tourists not to come to New York except at the peril of their lives are considered locally to have had much the same destructive tone and intent as the President's speech. One reason Senator Buckley asked for the meeting may have been that he badly needed the political boost of a well-

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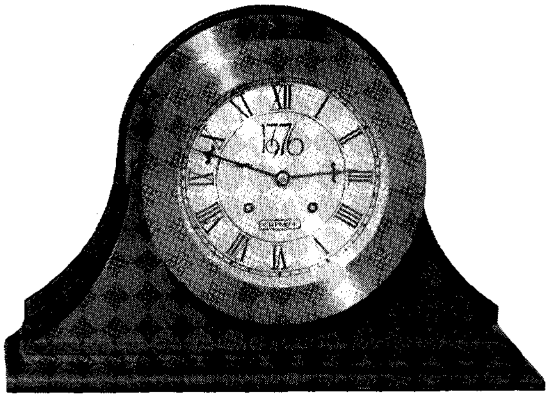

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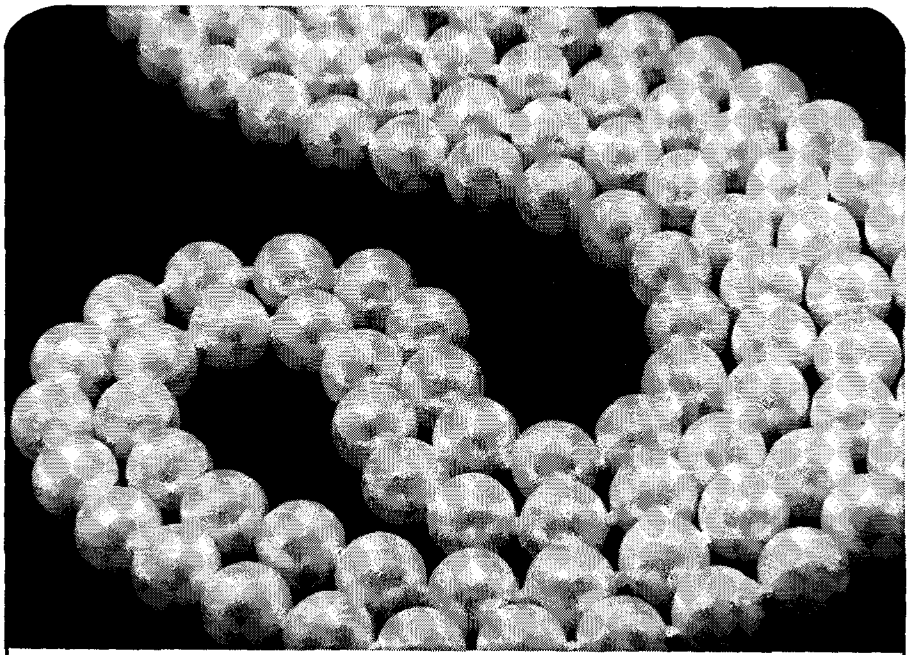

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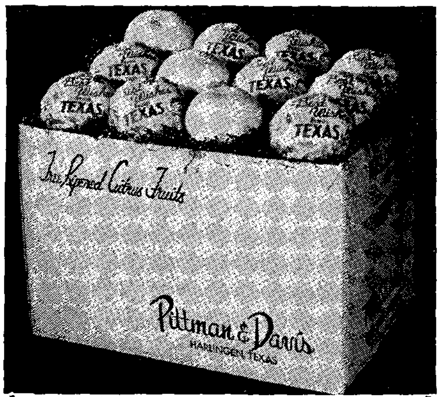

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publicized visit to the White House in the company of New Yorkers important to the city's survival. A few weeks earlier, he had stunned Republican leaders in the state, who are aware of something that Buckley seemed to have forgotten—that forty per cent of the state's votes come from the five boroughs—by announcing that he was against federal guarantees for New York bonds. "New York City has been lording it over the world for decades," he said. "It's a little like when the United States is in trouble—the rest of the world titters."

To the President's prescription of bankruptcy for the city the state's two Republican senators reacted differently. Senator Javits called it "in grave error," while Senator Buckley described it as "a proper scenario." The response of another New York Republican, the Vice-President, at the airport on his way back from Florida, was to follow what had often been his practice, and try to play it both ways. The President, he said, had "done the right thing." Reminded of Ford's prediction that bankruptcy would cause New Yorkers only "temporary inconveniences," he said that he and the President differed on this point. ("That's a comforting thought," he had remarked a few days earlier, after a similar prophecy. "And most of the people saying that are people who don't live there.") He then added thoughtfully, "And it just happens that he is President of the United States and I am Vice-President of the United States." In other quarters, the responses were less polite. City Council President Paul O'Dwyer said that "it makes one wonder whether the impeachment was really such a good idea," and the *Post* columnist James Wechsler described Ford as "Nixon's ultimate dirty trick on his countrymen." In New York for a Democratic political forum, Wisconsin Representative Henry Reuss, chairman of the House Committee on Banking, Currency, and Housing, which the next day approved a bill that would provide the city with some federal guarantees, said that the speech represented "sadism" and the desire of the Ford Administration to watch the city "twist slowly, slowly in the wind." The London *Times* called the Ford program for the city "monumental folly." The title of the editorial in the London paper, whose style is, of course, different from that of the *News*, was "Whom the Gods Wish to Destroy."

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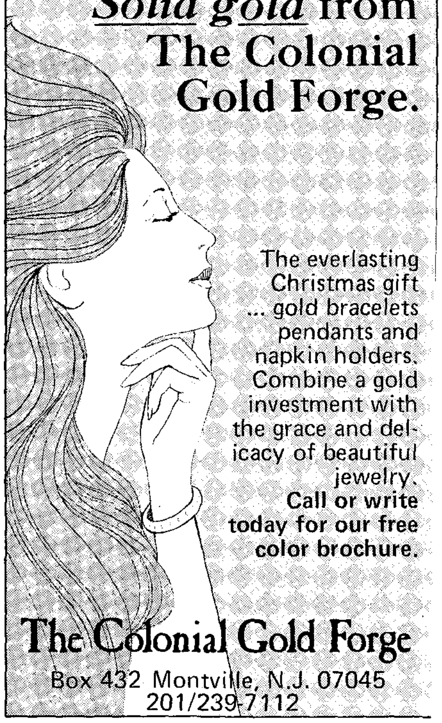

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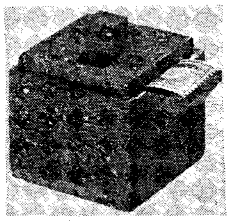

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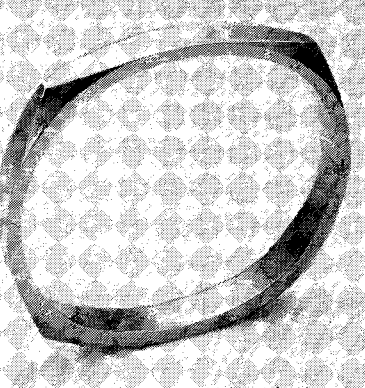

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cover that cutting off the unwholesome city from the rest of the country, and the rest of the world, is not the simple matter that the President's recent message suggested—as is indicated by some of the events on the local agenda in the days that followed his National Press Club speech. By the day of Ford's attack on his favorite enemy, the Egyptian President Anwar al-Sadat (who two days earlier, also choosing that clubhouse as a forum, had attacked *his* favorite enemy, Zionism, as a symbol of evil in the Middle East) had moved on to New York to address the United Nations. He was met at the airport by the United States Ambassador to the United Nations, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who had denounced as an "obscene act" and a means of "legitimating anti-Semitism" the October 17th resolution of a United Nations committee branding Zionism as a form of racism—a resolution that Sadat had actively supported. (Moynihan had also announced that if the resolution should pass the full Assembly—as it did last week—the United States would be forced to regard the U.N. as "not a very important place." From the viewpoint of the Administration, the single point in favor of this attitude, if it should indeed become official policy, is that it would diminish the importance of New York, whose alleged irrelevance is hard to maintain while it is, in a sense, the capital of the world.) After Sadat's National Press Club attack on Zionism, Mayor Abraham Beame had cancelled a meeting at which he was scheduled to present Sadat with the key to the city. The timing of the Mayor's refusal to greet an official visitor to the United States who had been entertained that week at the White House may have been unfortunate, since it confirmed the out-of-town view that the ways of New Yorkers are hopelessly foreign to those of other Americans, just as the President had implied. However, the formal policy of those local Jewish organizations that had brought out two hundred thousand protesters against the head of the Palestine Liberation Organization, Yasir Arafat, on his visit to the city last year was to ignore Sadat, who had, after all, gone along with the Sinai agreement. The only hostile forces to greet the Egyptian President when he arrived at the U.N. were not those which resented his attacks on Zionism but those which thought he hadn't gone far enough: local allies of the P.L.O., including members of Brooklyn's Arab community, waving signs that read "SADAT—SOLD OUT TO ISRAEL." Confused by the red armbands worn by the P.L.O. demon-

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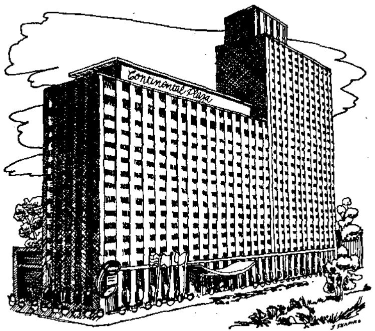

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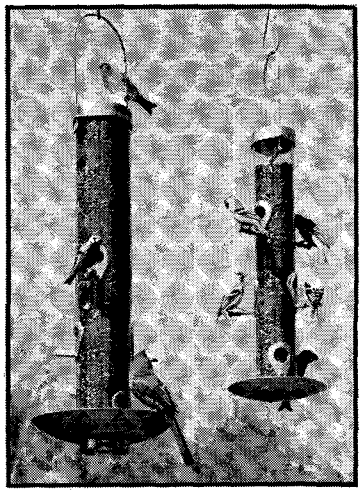

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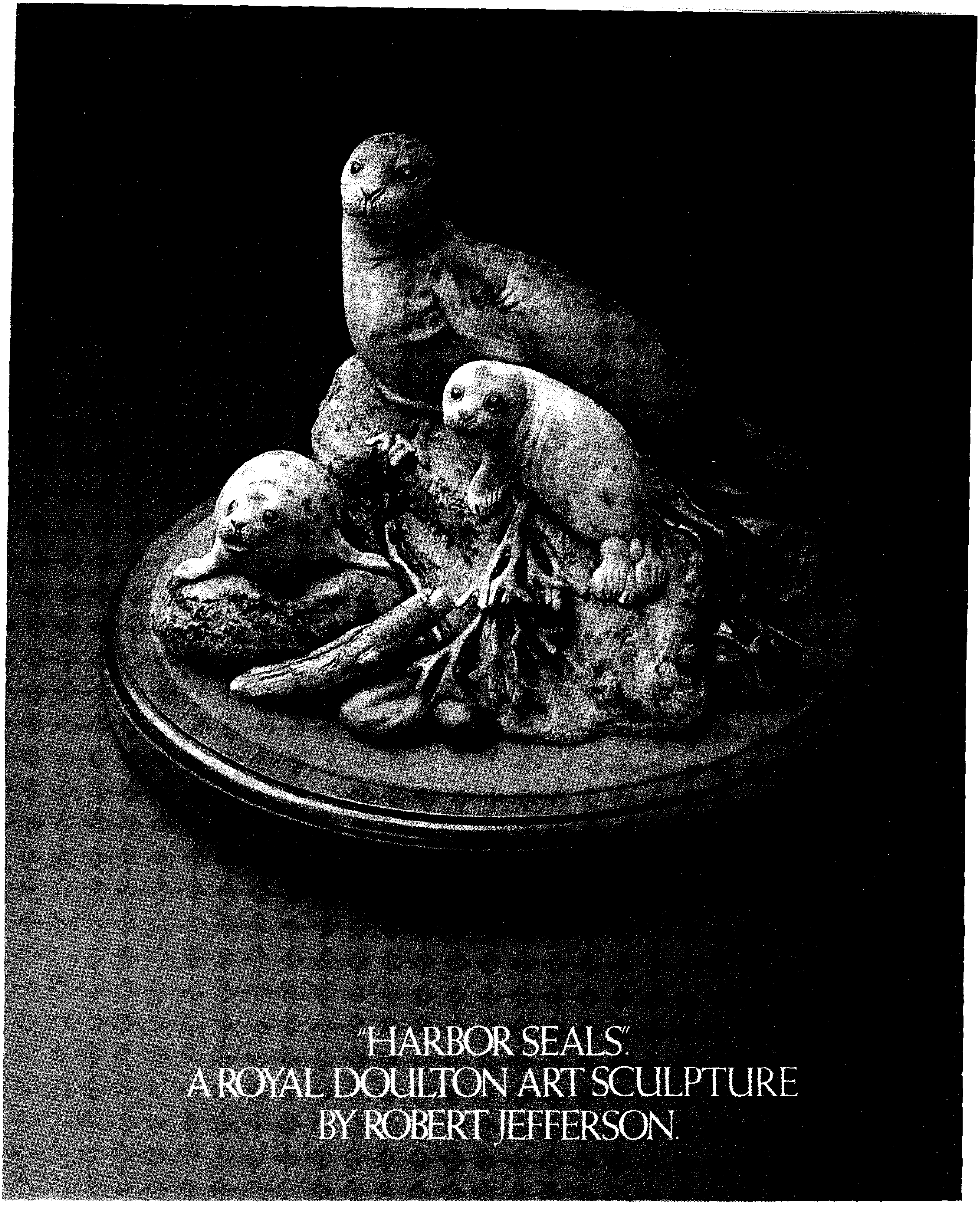

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strators, an elderly spectator attacked some of them with his fists, shouting "Commies!" and "Red traitors!" and similar terms that are still the style here among those who, like former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, haven't quite adjusted to détente. The day's events had also brought raised voices in New York's black neighborhoods, where the Muslims are an increasingly powerful force, as they are in many black communities around the country. "HARLEMITES UNANIMOUSLY AGAINST BEAME" was a headline on the front page of Harlem's *Amsterdam News*, which had supported Beame in the 1973 mayoral election but now took exception to his refusal to meet Sadat. Among those the paper quoted was the Reverend A. Kendall Smith, founder of the Task Force Against Racism, who warned, "Beame would be wise not to offend any of the darker citizens of New York. Blacks respect citizens of the East, the land of our origin." Standing across from the U.N. on the day of Sadat's address was a large delegation of blacks waving signs that bade Sadat welcome from "ALL MUSLIMS IN AMERICA" and "THE NATION OF ISLAM," and from time to time shouting an invitation to him to come to Harlem, where, they promised, he would receive the key to their part of the city.

After Gerald Ford's speech, City Council President Paul O'Dwyer commented that the apparent willingness of other Americans to stand by and watch this city go under grew out of their perception of New York as "a black and Jewish town." What is not always perceived elsewhere, and would be hard for any prospective federal overseers to adjust to, is that the two groups O'Dwyer mentioned, who in fact account for more than a third of the city's population, may take opposite sides on almost any question, and that even when they agree there will be similar conflicts among the city's large numbers of Puerto Ricans, Italians, Greeks, Dominicans, and Haitians, not to mention American Indians. Sometimes the hostilities will stem from declared loyalties to distant countries among which the federal government is having enough trouble trying to help maintain an uneasy peace without having to fight the same battles in the five boroughs. More often, the bitterness will reflect the rivalry for jobs, housing, and other sources of security about which hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers are bound to feel a growing desperation in the near future. Any outside mediators who might

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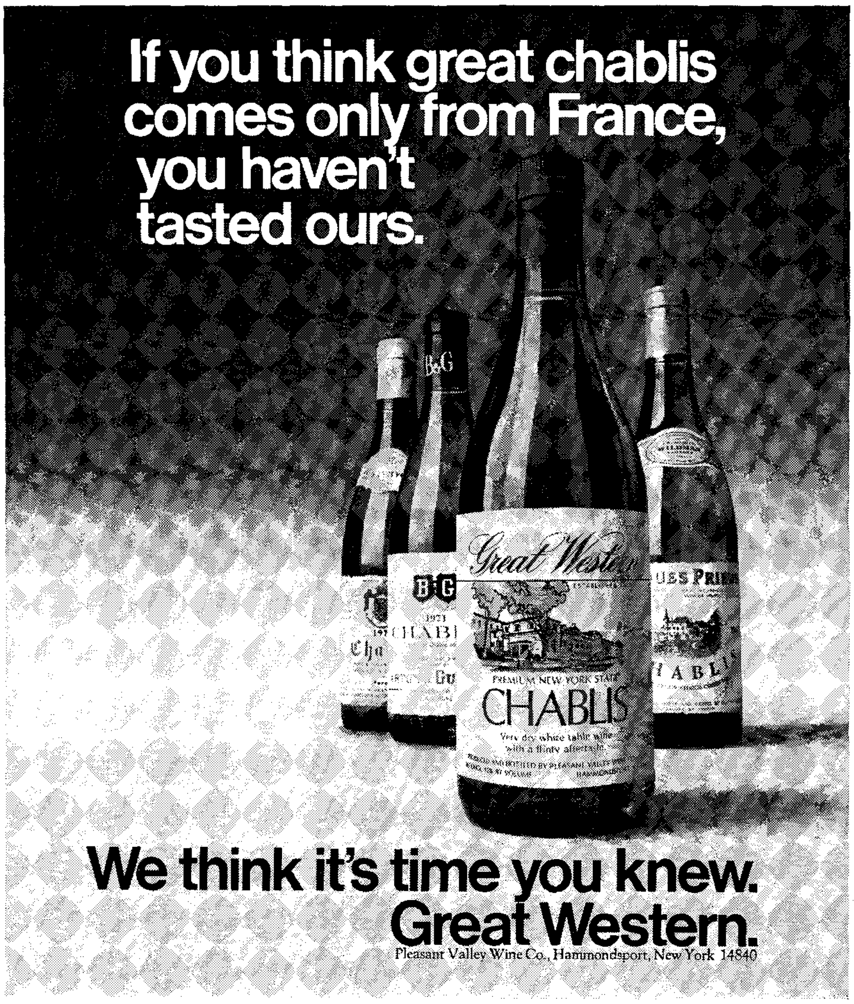
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come here as part of a federal rescue effort would find that every decision concerning the parcelling out of available funds and the priority lists for paying off the city's debts had volatile ethnic and racial implications. It was no surprise to many New Yorkers, during the last week or so, that the closer Washington came to taking a hand in the city's financial crisis the more receptive it seemed to become to arrangements that would leave the more perilous political judgments to local and state officials.

SOMETIMES it seems that many of the nation's problems might be solved with less pain to various of its citizens if there were no jet airplanes, and politicians were therefore forced to sit quietly in one place more of the time instead of being able to career out to the airport on the slightest excuse (including an invitation to speak on energy conservation) and fly to one end of the country or the other. Immediately after his National Press Club speech, the President flew off first to Los Angeles and then to San Francisco for political fund-raising affairs, at which his attacks on New York were a big hit. (He did not mention that in both cities the police are better paid than those in spendthrift New York, or that in San Francisco the sanitationmen also make higher salaries.) On being asked—as Ford got ready to take off for Milwaukee—when the President planned to visit New York, Press Secretary Ron Nessen said, "With the first wave of paratroopers." Meanwhile, on the evening of the National Press Club speech, the Vice-President had flown from Florida to New York and by the next morning was at the family compound at Pocantico Hills, in Westchester County, where Sadat joined him for lunch with Secretary of State Kissinger and Rockefeller's brother David, chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, who has been heavily involved in the struggle to save the city and had asked Gerald Ford early in the fall to take measures to prevent its default. At a dinner the night before at the Waldorf-Astoria, Sadat had urged about a thousand of America's leading financiers and industrialists to invest in his country, which, he pointed out, "is not bankrupt." (The next day, Ford sent to Congress a 4.7-billion-dollar foreign-aid bill that included 3.4 billion for the Middle East.) After Sadat's visit, the Vice-President, touching another base, flew to New York City and went to the Temple Emanu-El, where he accepted an honorary doctorate of humane letters from Hebrew Union

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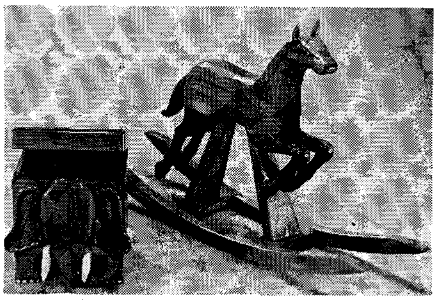

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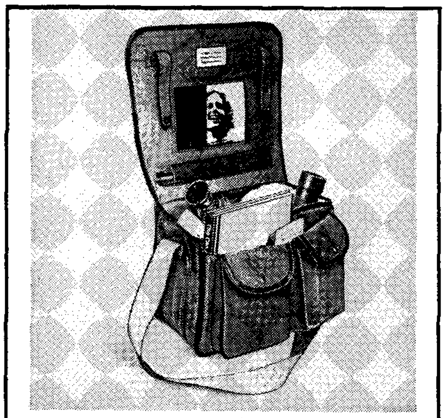

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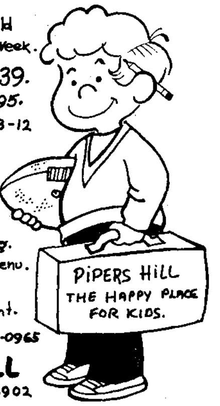
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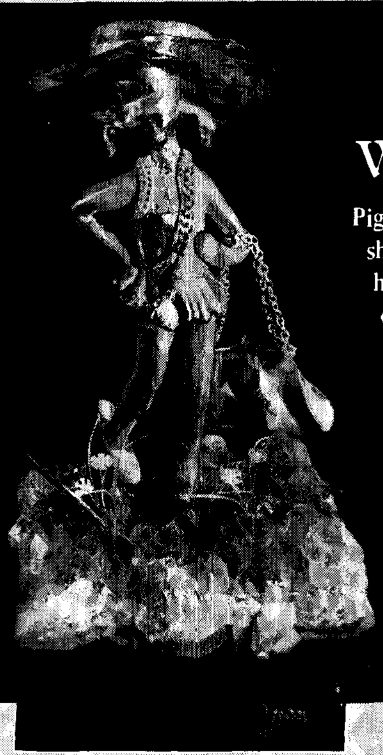
College-Jewish Institute of Religion. The following day, he was photographed giving Sadat a bear hug at the airport in Chicago, of which Mayor Richard J. Daley had just made the Egyptian President an honorary citizen. From there, the two men flew to Houston, where Sadat was made an honorary Texas Ranger. (The mayor of Houston, whose problems are different from Abe Beame's, asked the Egyptian President if Texas could apply for membership in the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries.) The Vice-President then flew back to Pocantico Hills and spent an entire day in that one place. Late the following day—this was Sunday, November 2nd—he phoned the President in Jacksonville, Florida, to which Ford had flown, on a fifteen-hundred-mile round trip, for lunch and dinner and a swim, so that he and Sadat could discuss whether Egypt should be provided with nuclear capability. (It was that morning, between 8 and 9 A.M., while a helicopter waited on the White House lawn, that the President had called in Secretary of Defense Schlesinger and C.I.A. Director William E. Colby and told them that they were fired.) Shortly before the call from Rockefeller, there had been a big laugh in the President's entourage when a Jacksonville high-school band played a medley for the President that included "Give My Regards to Broadway." Rockefeller and Ford discussed the timing of his withdrawal, and the following morning the Vice-President flew down to Washington and delivered his letter by hand.

In contrast to all this high-level tourism, most of the members of the informal New York consortium of bankers, businessmen, labor-union leaders, and city and state officials who have been working together for many months to try to keep the city out of the bankruptcy that the President had prescribed for it have been staying pretty much in one place, or, at any rate, in one city, except for occasional trips to Washington to testify on the critical nature of the New York situation. As complex financial schemes that seemed to offer some hope fell apart one by one, Felix Rohatyn, the chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, which the state set up in June to sell bonds for the city, had no apologies, explaining that he was willing to try anything. "If the Sheikh of Kuwait were to walk by the city trailing an aroma of dollars, I would chase after him," said Rohatyn, who is the grandson of a grand rabbi of Poland. Now that the White House has apparently



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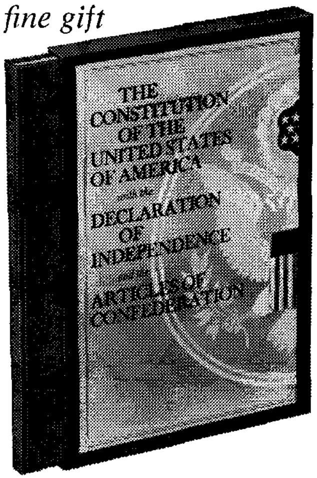

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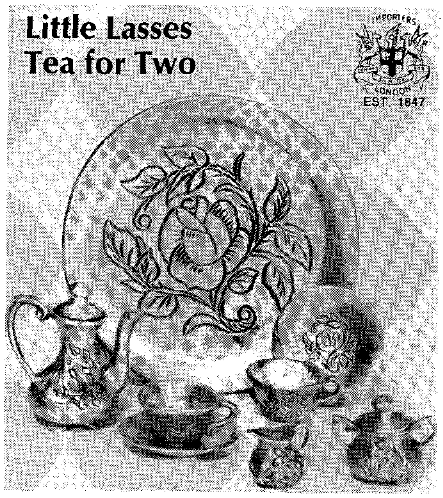

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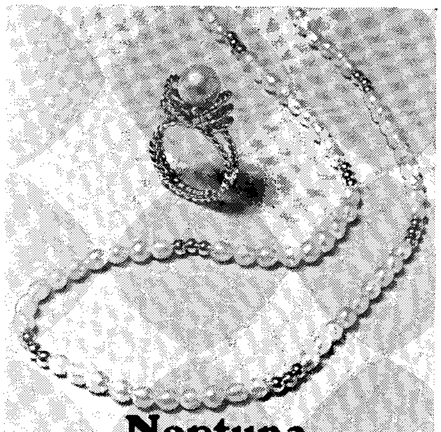
concluded that the political advantage lies in rescuing New York rather than pushing it under, it seems that the city will not have to look for help from some other nation's foreign-aid program. The terms Washington imposes will undoubtedly be hard for New Yorkers to live with, but, as Rohatyn put it to some recalcitrant local officials, the prospective ordeal will be "like growing old—you might not like it, but it's better than the alternative."

As for the Vice-President, it seems likely that, wearing the familiar grin, he will be dodging most questions whose answers might demonstrate incontrovertible disagreement with the President on New York or any other subject. An open break, after all, might require a man of principle to leave the Ford Administration entirely, and thus deprive Rockefeller of any chance of reaching his longtime goal by the most direct route. As he recently said of the Presidency, "I have to say I am closer to it right now than I have ever been." After the Vice-President's withdrawal from the 1976 ticket, Senator Buckley's columnist brother William pointed out that if a New York default should result in anything like the national catastrophe Rockefeller had warned it might bring, he could emerge as "something of an urban champion, as distinguished from merely a parochial champion of the interests of New York City and his brother David." If hard times in other urban areas should now be blamed on the slowness of the White House to act on New York's problems, the consequence might be similar. The question, of course, is how—or whether—Rockefeller would be able to profit politically from having guessed right. If there should be a rising up among liberal Republicans ("Isn't it time *we* had a Presidential candidate?"), he cannot even count on being the man they would turn to. Just in case, however, five days after his formal withdrawal the New York State Republican county chairmen in effect rescinded their previous endorsement of Gerald Ford for the Presidency and agreed to send a "united and uncommitted" delegation to the 1976 Convention, in Kansas City. All that now seems reasonably certain is that New York's perennial Presidential candidate hasn't given up—that, as he said last week, "nobody knows what might happen." He still has some hope that with luck, the changing of a number of minds, and the availability, one way or another, of quite a bit of money, he has perhaps a chance. Which is about the way things have been with the city.

—ANDY LOGAN



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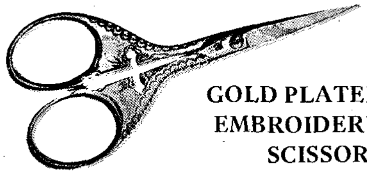

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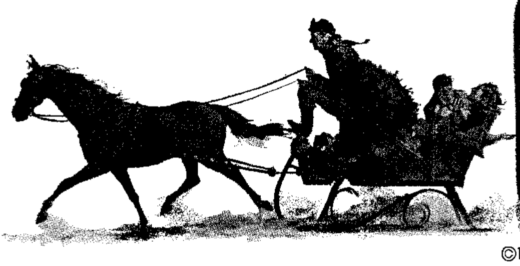

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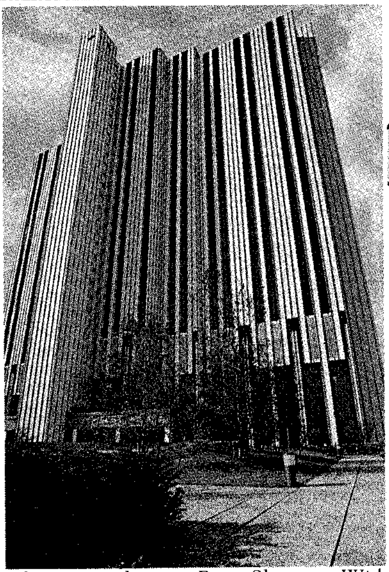
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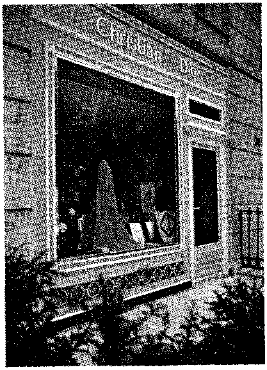
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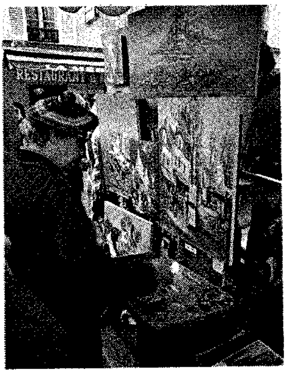
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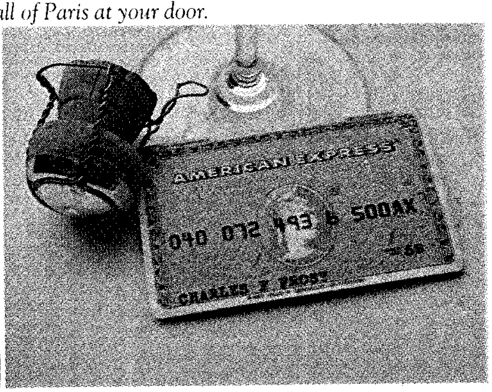

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BOOKS

Roland Barthes

THE *nouveau roman* required its *nouveaux critiques;* Roland Barthes first achieved notice in 1954, as defender of the then little-known, and scarcely published, Alain Robbe-Grillet. During the nineteen-sixties, Barthes achieved notoriety by engaging, after the publication of his book "On Racine" (1963), in a bitter and spirited public debate with such relatively old-fashioned critics as Raymond Picard, whose attack on Barthes bore the title "Nouvelle Critique ou Nouvelle Imposture?" His intellectual journey has touched on a number of requisite Gallic checkpoints; he moved from Existentialism and Marxism to the "psychoanalysis of substances" and the linguistic theories of Ferdinand de Saussure, and has lately associated himself with the "new" anthropology of Claude Lévi-Strauss. Barthes is not only an exponent of the postwar moderns but a writer on such French classics as Racine, Sade, Fourier, and Michelet. He has composed some utterly dry and technical works on semiology (the science of signs) as well as highly entertaining journalistic essays upon subjects ranging from Dutch painting to the movies, from the personality of plastic to the mystique of wine. In this country (his passage into print lubricated, perhaps, by his euphonic association with Barth and Barthelme), Barthes has been favored by the publication of six of his books by Hill & Wang, including several very slim and abstruse ones, and of a collection of his essays by Northwestern University Press. To Susan Sontag, our glamorous camp follower of the French avant-garde, he is "a man of prodigious learning, unflagging mental energy, and acutely original sensibility," and to Frank Kermode, the prince of British critics, "Roland Barthes is without visible rival, the most interesting, fertile, and ambitious critic now writing." The publication, in strikingly well-designed volumes, of "S/Z" and "The Pleasure of the Text" (both translated by Richard Miller, introduced by Richard Howard, and published by Hill & Wang) gives the American reader an opportunity to appraise a figure who, at the age of sixty, is in his own intellectual milieu indisputably charismatic and commanding.

"S/Z" is a nearly unreadable book about reading, a two-hundred-page crawl through a thirty-page story by Balzac, a "*decomposition* (in the cinematographic sense) of the work of reading: a *slow motion*, so to speak, neither wholly image nor wholly analysis." The short story, entitled "Sarrasine," is broken up into "brief, contiguous fragments, which we shall call *lexias;*" these units range from a phrase to several paragraphs in length. They are annotated, in busy ten-point medleys of italics, stars, and caps, according to a system of five "codes," or "voices," very forgettably specified as "the Voice of Empirics (the proairetisms), the Voice of the Person (the semes), the Voice of Science (the cultural codes), the Voice of Truth (the hermeneutisms), the Voice of Symbol." Between the ten-point sections, essays in eleven-point type more expansively speculate and comment on such matters as symbolic patterns, narrative suspense, historical background, and cultural biases. Five hundred and sixty-one *lexias* are thus illumined. The reader emerges, as from that machine of Kafka's which engraved commandments upon the transgressor's skin, lexically enriched but lacerated; I have no recollection of any other book ostensibly in the English language which gave me such pains to peruse. Barthes says elsewhere, of good prose, that "it grates, it cuts," and his own is notably abrasive, his vocabulary a gnashing, flashing compound of Greek ("anastomosis," "tmesis," "syntagmatic," "proairetic") and terms lifted from modern linguistics ("closure," "signifier," "seme") and common words ("code," "myth") recoined with a specific and not easily grasped meaning. His style is dense, terse, nervous, parenthetical, sometimes arch, and faintly insolent. He seems often to be recapitulating something we should have read elsewhere but haven't. He appropriates to the language of literary criticism a certain pseudo-mathematical sharpness. His method, in "S/Z," of moving by crabbed jerks through an after all rather melodramatic and romantic tale produced in this reviewer sensations of forestallment and obstruction so oppressive that relief manifested itself in the chronic form of an irresist-

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ible doze and, once, of an absolving dyspepsia.

Such a confession of readerly discomfort is appropriate here, for Barthes insists, in these two books, on the supremacy of "readerly" (*lisible*) over "writerly" (*scriptible*) literature. Prefacing his exposition of codes and significations in the Balzac story, he states that "We call any readerly text a classic text," and "To interpret a text is not to give it a (more or less justified, more or less free) meaning, but on the contrary to appreciate what *plural* constitutes it. . . . In this ideal text, the networks are many and interact, without any one of them being able to surpass the rest; this text is a galaxy of signifiers, not a structure of signifieds; it has no beginning; it is reversible; we gain access to it by several entrances, none of which can be authoritatively declared to be the main one." The interaction between the never ideal reader and the infinitely various text is more concretely, and playfully, elaborated in "The Pleasure of the Text." Skipping, for instance, weaves itself into a "rhythm of what is read and what is not read that creates the pleasure of the great narratives: has anyone ever read Proust, Balzac, 'War and Peace' word for word?" Traditional explicative criticism assumes a text from which all blemishes of inattention or miscomprehension have been removed by close study; pure text is left. Barthes, contrariwise, rejoices in the irregularities of the reading process: "Thus, what I enjoy in a narrative is not directly its content or even its structure, but rather the abrasions I impose upon the fine surface: I read on, I skip, I look up, I dip in again." Amusingly but not frivolously, he personifies the text; it seduces, yearns: "The text you write must prove to me *that it desires me*." In "S/Z," the text of Balzac's story, struggling to maintain its suspense, writhes like a criminal: "This shows us that the discourse is trying to lie *as little as possible:* just what is required to ensure the interests of reading, that is, its own survival." Barthes's detection of a multiplicity of levels in the transparent area where text and reader interact goes so far, in one brilliant annotation, as to hear the reader himself speaking in a phrase ("as though terror-struck") that neither the narrator nor the perceiving character could logically have produced:

> It is the reader who is concerned that the truth be simultaneously named and evaded, an ambiguity which the discourse nicely creates by *as though*, which indicates the truth and yet reduces it declara-

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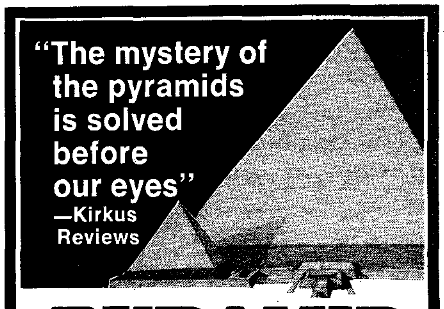
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tively to mere appearance. What we hear, therefore, is the *displaced* voice which the reader lends, by proxy, to the discourse.... Writing is not the communication of a message which starts from the author and proceeds to the reader; it is specifically the voice of reading itself: *in the text, only the reader speaks.*

Where other critics probe for the symbolical or ideological secrets of a work, Barthes, as businesslike as an editor, demonstrates an intimate concern with the verbal manipulation of suspense and such workaday details as the fiction's chronology. His feel for the labor of tale-telling produces a surprising simile, even more surprisingly extended:

> The text, while it is being produced, is like a piece of Valenciennes lace created before us under the lacemaker's fingers: each sequence undertaken hangs like the temporarily inactive bobbin waiting while its neighbor works; then, when its turn comes, the hand takes up the thread again.... Each thread, each code, is a voice; these braided—or braiding—voices form the writing.... We know the symbolism of the braid: Freud, considering the origin of weaving, saw it as the labor of a woman braiding her pubic hairs to form the absent penis. The text, in short, is a fetish; and to reduce it to the unity of meaning, by a deceptively univocal reading, is to *cut the braid,* to sketch the castrating gesture.

Whether or not Freud was correct in supposing females to feel the lack of a penis keenly enough to braid themselves one (a custom rarely observed along the Eastern Seaboard), Barthes's critical approach seems specifically manly—insisting on readerly activity rather than passivity and ever reminding itself (in this Barthes remains, as he began, a Marxist critic) that reading is a transaction, an economic exchange. When, summing up, he seeks to describe classic literature as "Replete Literature," his metaphors for repletion gravitate toward the homely, the housewifely: "literature that is replete: like a cupboard where meanings are shelved, stacked, safeguarded . . . like a pregnant female, replete with signifieds which criticism will not fail to deliver. . . ."

The next sentence in this passage asserts, "Replete Literature, readerly literature, can no longer be written." Why not? Why must there be a *nouveau roman*, and *nouveaux critiques*? This question, the end product of Barthes's ingenious critical discourse upon Balzac's narrative discourse, is raised in "S/Z" but not answered. Replete Literature, which ends, in his view, with Flaubert, is "mortally stalked by the army of stereotypes it

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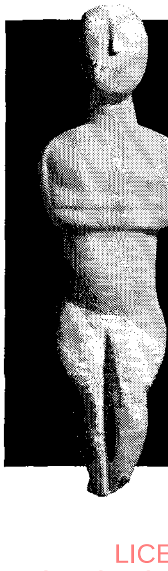

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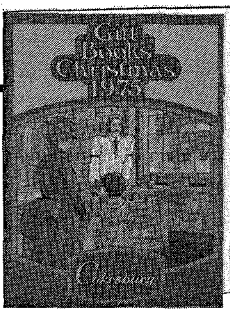

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contains." Why a crisis irreversibly arose at a specific time in history is sketched by Barthes in his first book, "Writing Degree Zero" (1953). Classical writing began in France with the ascendancy of bourgeois ideals over the doctrines of the *ancien régime* in the middle of the seventeenth century and survived the apparent disruptions of Romanticism and the Revolution. "The Revolution changed nothing in bourgeois writing, and . . . there is only a slight difference between the writing of, say, Fénelon and Mérimée. This is because bourgeois ideology remained intact until 1848 without being in the least shaken by a Revolution which gave the bourgeoisie political and social power, although not the intellectual power, which it had long held." By the eighteen-fifties, however, according to Barthes, the rise in Europe of modern industrial capitalism had created another social class—the proletariat. The bourgeois writer, until then "sole judge of other people's woes and without anyone else to gaze on him," thenceforth is "torn between his social condition and his intellectual vocation" and "falls a prey to ambiguity, since his consciousness no longer accounts for the whole of his condition." Now, in "Mythologies" (1957; reprinted in 1970), Barthes is hard pressed to explain why, at this late date, bourgeois myths, odious and stale as they are, seem to be the only ones around; myths of the left, he admits, are "poverty-stricken," "barren," "meagre," "clumsy"—the Stalin myth, for instance. As a critic dissecting from the standpoint of the left the "well-fed, sleek, expansive, garrulous" myths of the bourgeois right, he detects in his role an emptiness, a mere destructiveness. "The mythologist is condemned to live in a theoretical sociality. . . . His connection with the world is of the order of sarcasm." The same intelligence that permits Barthes to see through—as a psychologist sees through neuroses, an anthropologist through taboos—the bourgeois myths or codes, whether in the advertisements of *Elle* or in the sentences of Balzac, exposes to his vision the mysterious negativity, the terrible thinness, of the revolutionary alternative. Within the horizons of the Western world, bourgeois myths are in possession of reality: wine exists; its reality is not erased by the myths that France and its wine industry impose upon it. Goading himself to supply the revolutionary counter-world to the nauseatingly rich world of "myth-consumers," Barthes quotes a "strange saying" of Saint-Just: "What consti-

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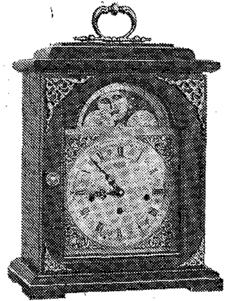

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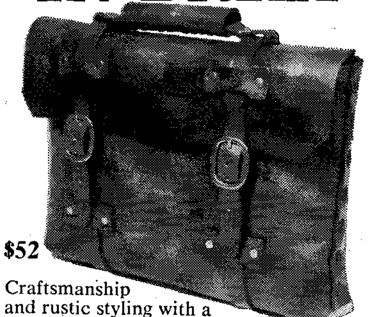

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tutes the Republic is the total destruction of what is opposed to it." A savage tautology whose proven meaning is tyranny and terrorism, and whose meaning to Barthes remains unclear.

"The Pleasure of the Text"—even after Richard Howard has explained, in his introduction to its sixty-seven aphoristic, coquettish pages, the untranslatable sexual connotations of "*jouir*"—affords slight, as well as brief, pleasure. Paragraphs, called by Howard *proses*, are arranged in alphabetical order of topic (*Affirmation*, *Babel*, *Babil*, *Bords*, *Brio*, *Clivage*, etc.)—a tour de force that does not absolutely undermine but does not much encourage, either, any sense of developing flow or over-all theme. Barthes's subtlety seems to please itself in a vacuum; there are not enough concrete instances of textual pleasure. When one is cited, it is often an author's lapse, a "gap":

> We read a text (of pleasure) the way a fly buzzes around a room: with sudden, deceptively decisive turns, fervent and futile: ideology passes over the text and its reading like the blush over a face.... Every writer of pleasure has these idiotic blushes (Balzac, Zola, Flaubert, Proust: only Mallarmé, perhaps, is master of his skin)....

> Still far too much heroism in our languages; in the best—I am thinking of Bataille's—an erethism of certain expressions and finally a kind of insidious heroism. The pleasure of the text (the bliss of the text) is on the contrary like a sudden obliteration of the warrior *value*, a momentary desquamation of the writer's hackles, a suspension of the "heart" (of courage).

The second quotation is a complete *prose* and a fair specimen of Barthes's rather foppish style of insight and expression here. He finds bliss (*jouissance*) in the odd words "horodeictic" and "fractive" coined by Leibniz and in certain moments of "pure representation" by Stendhal and Flaubert, who enumerate foodstuffs and tell us how clothes are attached to clotheslines by clothespins. The bliss of skipping is extolled, and even boredom becomes a kind of bliss: "it is bliss seen from the shores of pleasure." One cannot help but feel that the authors so whimsically cherished are being condescended to and impudently pillaged. Barthes licenses himself, and us, to roam among the classics as an atheist roams in nature, free to be amused where he will, without any thought of a Creator's intention.

But this last sentence, of course, holds a number of deliberately offended presumptions—"great books are a

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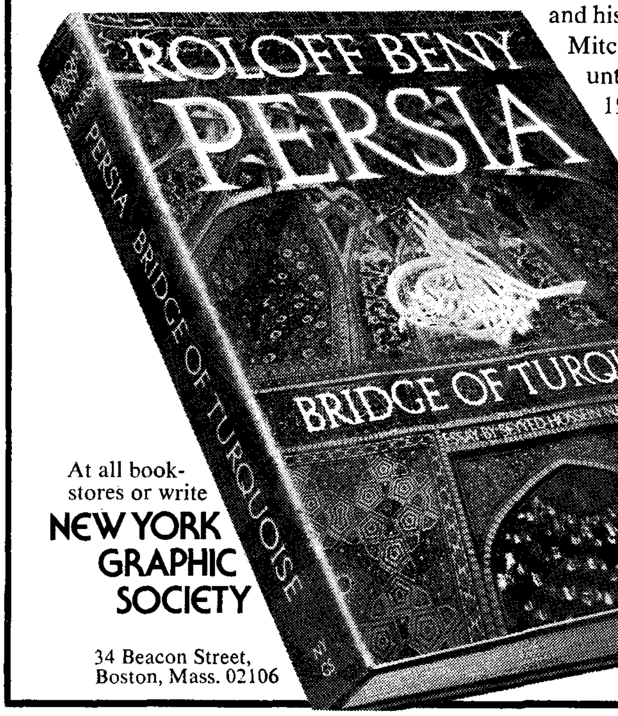

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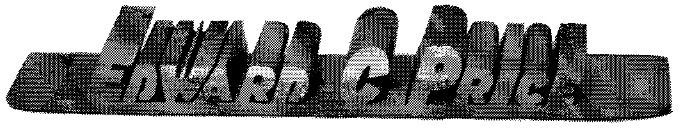

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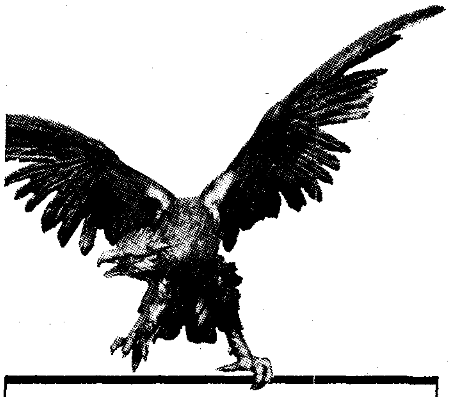

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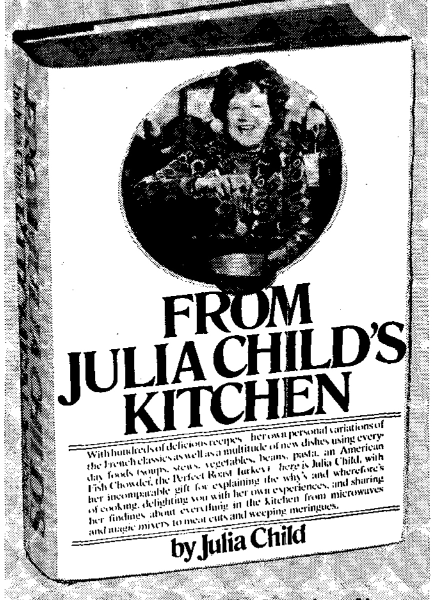

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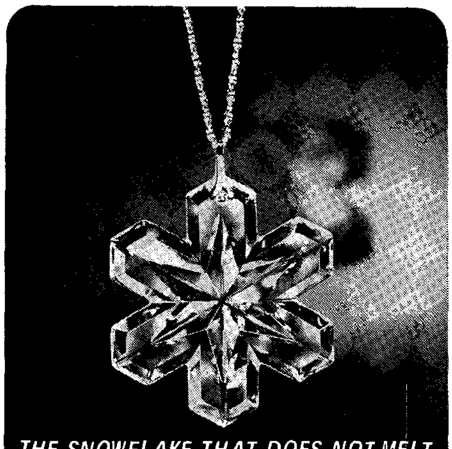
serious business," "a work of art has a single intention," etc. Barthes's scattered, playful aperçus in search of "pleasure" are, like the rigorous analysis of "S/Z," a way of combatting the "deceptively univocal reading" that castrates. "The Pleasure of the Text" is a little flirt of a text, but she ends splayed by a hearty assault of sexual imagery from Barthes, who demands to hear, as he reads, "the grain of the throat, the patina of consonants, the voluptuousness of vowels, a whole carnal stereophony," who asks writing to be "as fresh, supple, lubricated, delicately granular and vibrant as an animal's muzzle," who defines his critical lust as the wish to admit "the anonymous body of the actor into my ear." Such is his bliss; such is the strenuous relationship he proposes between the literate and literature. Strenuous, but scarcely admitting of qualitative distinctions. The muzzle that his own prose presses at our ear smiles a little curiously, even smirks, like the author's photograph on the back of these two jackets. Barthes compels our respect more by what he demands than by what he delivers; his criticism lacks only the quality of inspiring trust. It is never *relaxed*. He teaches us to see multiple layers of reader-writer interaction hovering above every page; above his own pages there is, faint but obscuring, a frosted layer of irony that blurs opus and commentary into a single plane.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE DEAD FATHER, by Donald Barthelme (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). The Dead Father lies across the city—a monumental carcass three thousand two hundred cubits long. He is an oppressive presence ("We *want* the Dead Father to be dead. We sit with tears in our eyes wanting the Dead Father to be dead"), and this novel is the story of his journey, hauled by nineteen of his children, toward a destination that is once or twice spoken of as "the Fleece" but that proves to be, as the reader might expect, the Dead Father's death. Though he is already dead "in a sense," the Dead Father is also curiously active and ordinary-sized during much of his trip, and is still capable of issuing edicts, sputtering condemnations, and running amok in his old way. Patches of the story deal with his addled attempts to assert his authority (" 'Quite wonderful,' said the Dead Father.



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SHARING THE SALVATION ARMY IS CARING

'I was offended, of course' ") and with other people's mockery of the aging and soon-to-be-rid-of fool. There are also sexual fun and games, long stretches of disembodied dialogue which seem to have been lifted from some self-important cocktail party ("Did you find the scene disgusting?" "I'm not into disgust"), astonishing flights of fancy, and a helpful but oddly discarded "Manual for Sons" (which first appeared in this magazine). The writing is Mr. Barthelme at his most facile—flicking scenes onto the page with scarcely a breath. ("The road. The caravan. People taking pictures of the caravan with little pronghorn cameras. Flashes of light.") The work can be grasped by any reader—even the least suspecting—as an appropriately slapstick homage to the spirit of anarchy.

GENERAL

CROWDING AND BEHAVIOR: THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HIGH-DENSITY LIVING, by Jonathan Freedman (Viking). An excellent writer, Professor Freedman (psychology, Columbia) here addresses himself to a subject particularly timely at present, when distrust of cities and their crowdedness seems to be bemusing the national fancy. Before setting out to discover the effect of crowding on human beings, he reviewed the work that had been done and found that much of it dealt with animals and was inapplicable to man. Among human beings, he maintains, there is no "territorial imperative"—or, at all events, the territory that most people feel they need for themselves is very little. Tests comparing how well people work and concentrate in crowded as against uncrowded rooms often find that improvement comes with crowding. (Women in groups become emotionally closer the closer they get, men less so.) High-crime areas in Manhattan are not the island's most densely populated precincts; crime is a product not of the number of people in an area but of the kind. (Studies in Hong Kong, a city more crowded than New York, turn up similar results.) Crowding seems subjective—uncomfortable when the experience itself is upsetting (a crowded hospital emergency room, for instance) but necessary for the enjoyment of other experiences (too few people in too much space makes a dull party). Professor Freedman thinks that architects and urban planners should

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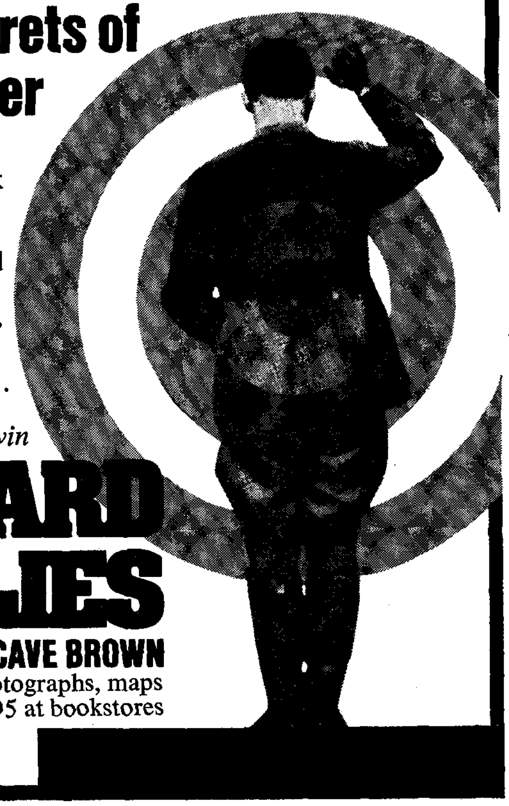

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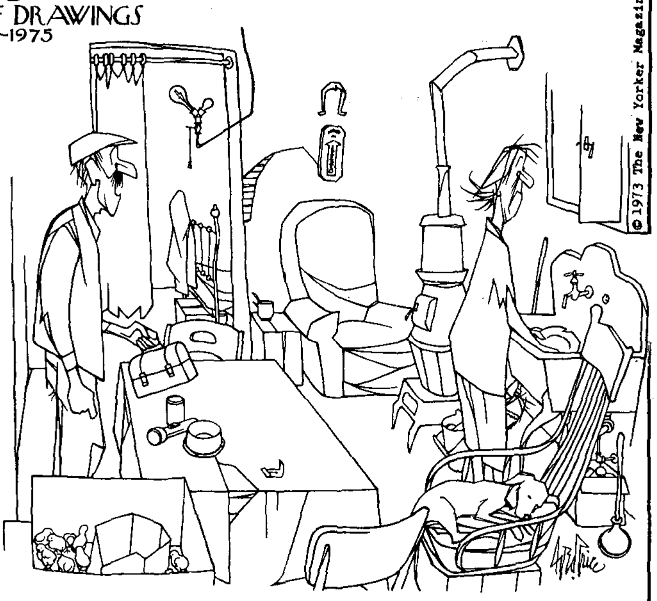

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design spaces that encourage people to meet; the chances are they will become friendly. He does not argue that everybody should live in a large city, though he does point out how useful cities are to nations. His specifics say only that cities do no harm and much good to their inhabitants.

LEAR IN THE ORIGINAL: 110 DRAWINGS FOR LIMERICKS AND OTHER NONSENSE, *by Edward Lear, with an introduction and notes by Herman W. Liebert (H. P. Kraus).* This enchanting book reproduces, in facsimile, Lear drawings that have never before been published. Some were superseded by others when the "Nonsense" books appeared, and some were not intended for publication; we are lucky to see them all, especially the series that illustrates—and makes nonsense of—the sentimental ballads of the day. Mr. Liebert's introduction is a brisk, professional account of Lear's life and work, but Lear's impish spirit could not be resisted, and Mr. Liebert successfully succumbs to it in his notes accompanying each plate. Twenty-five dollars.

NOTE: "The Survival of the Bark Canoe," John McPhee's account of the labors of Henri Vaillancourt, master builder of the birch-bark canoe, and of a canoe trip down the Penobscot River in Vaillancourt's company, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. The text first appeared in this magazine. Included in the book are a portfolio of drawings, photographs of models, and construction diagrams of bark canoes by Edwin Tappan Adney (1868-1950). . . . Knopf has published "Picked-Up Pieces," by John Updike. It is a collection of book reviews, essays, poems, and other writings, many of which were originally printed in *The New Yorker.*

•

City crews were on emergency standby during the night. Trees and tree limbs were down in many sections of Boulder. The post office recalled mail carriers early in the afternoon due to the hazardous conditions.—*Boulder (Colo.) Town & Country Review.*

There goes *that* dream!

•

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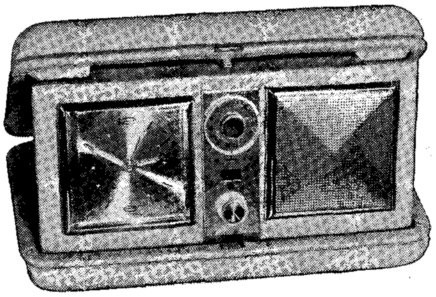

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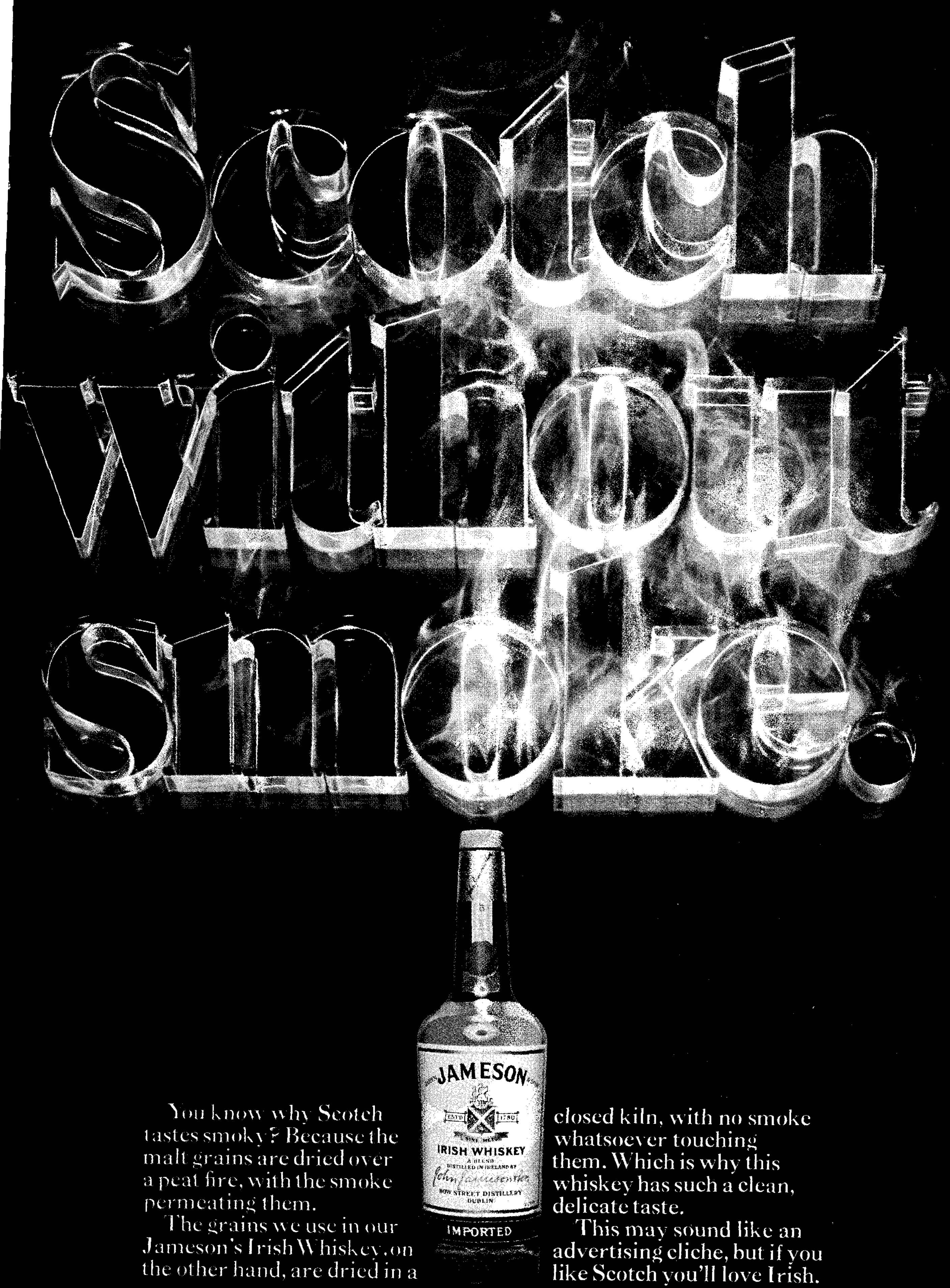
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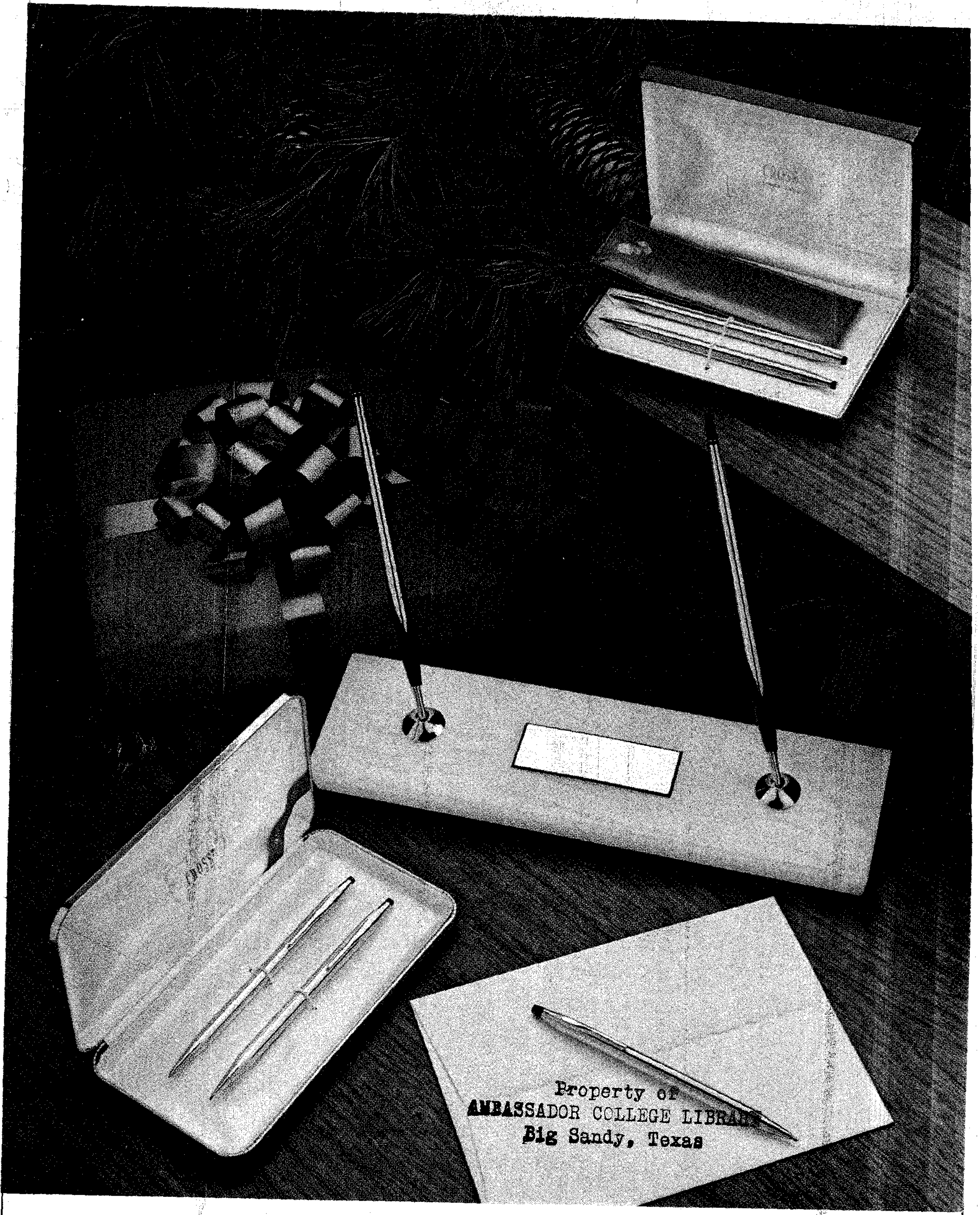

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